



Engraved by J. Swaine after Faithorne.

7
THOMAS STANLEY.



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POEMS,

BY

THOMAS STANLEY

ESQUIRE.

Barth.

*Quæ mea culpa tamen, nisi si luisse vocari
Culpa potest: nisi culpa potest & amasse, vocari?*



LONDON,

Printed for *Humphrey Moseley*, and are to be sold
at his Shop, at the Signe of the *Princes Arms*
in *S. Pauls Church-yard.*

1652.

POEMS

BY

THOMAS STANLEY

ESQUIRE.

One met cups tamen, and it is just to
Cups pots: and cups pots: and cups pots:



LONDON,

Printed for Humphry Moseley, and are to be sold
at his shop, at the sign of the Painted Horse
in St. Pauls Church-yard.

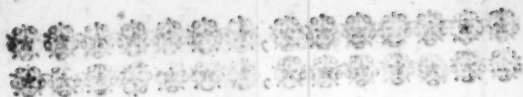
1672.



The Dedication

To LOVE.

THOU, whose sole Name all Passions doth com-
Youngest and Eldest of the Deities, (prize,
Born without Parents, whose unbounded Reign
Moves the firm Earth, fixeth the floating Main,
Inverts the Course of Heav'n; and from the Deep
Awakes those Souls that in dark Lethe sleep,
By thy mysterious Chains seeking t'unite
Once more, the long-since torn Hermaphrodite.
He who thy willing Pris'ner long was vow'd
And uncompell'd beneath thy Scepter bow'd,
Returns at last in thy soft Fetters bound,
With Victory, though not with Freedom crown'd:
And, of his Dangers past a grateful Signe,
Suspends this Tablet at thy numerous Shrine.



The Dedication

1010

Submits this Tablet with a warning sign,
 And of his Danger tells a wretched sign,
 With Victor, though now in the redoubt crown'd,
 Returns still with the lot I need demand,
 And unarm'd I demand, I repeat bow'd,
 He who the willing victim long was vow'd
 Once more the long dance with Horrors prodded,
 By the mysterious Chinaman's cunning
 Awaits those souls that in dark loath'ly sleep
 Invert the Counts of Heaven, and from the Deep
 Move the long Earth, like the floating Main,
 And with a burning flame who forwounded Reign
 A Younger and Blacker of the Dorian (prize)
 The Heart which the New all Passions doth com-



P O E M S.

The Gloworme.

Say fairest *Charieffa*, stay and mark
This animated Gem, whose fainter spark
Of fading light, its birth had from the dark.

A Star thought by the erring Passenger,
Which falling from its native Orb dropt here,
And makes the Earth (its Centre,) now its Sphere.

Should many of these sparks together be,
He that the unknown light far off should see
Would think it a terrestrial Galaxie.

Take't up fair Saint; see how it mocks thy fright,
The paler flame doth not yield heat, though light,
Which thus deceives thy Reason, through thy sight.

But see how quickly it (ta'ne up) doth fade,
To shine in darkness onely being made,
By th' brightness of thy light turn'd to a shade;

And burnt to ashes by thy flaming eyes
On the chaste Altar of thy hand it dies,
As to thy greater light a sacrifice.

The Breath.

F*avonius* the milder breath o'th' Spring,
When proudly bearing on his softer wing
Rich odours, which from the Pantheon groves
He steals, as by the Phenix pyre he moves,
Profusely doth his sweeter theft dispance
To the next Roses blushing innocence,
But from the grateful Flower, a richer scent
He back receives then he unto it lent.
Then laden with his odours richest store,
He to thy Breath hasts ! to which these are poor ;
Which whilst the amorous wind to steal essays,
He like a wanton Lover 'bout thee playes,
And sometimes cooling thy soft cheek doth lie,
And sometimes burning at thy flaming eye :
Drawn in at last by that breath we implore,
He now returns far sweeter then before,
And rich by being rob'd, in Thee he finds
The burning sweets of Pyres, the cool of Winds.

Desiring

Desiring her to burn his Verses.

THese Papers *Charissa*, let thy breath
Condemn, thy hand unto the flames bequeath;
'Tis fit who gave them life, should give them death.

And whilst in curled flames to Heaven they rise,
Each trembling sheet shall as it upwards flies,
Present it self to thee a sacrifice.

Then when about its native orb it came,
And reacht the lesser lights o'th' sky, this flame
Contracted to a Star should wear thy name.

Or falling down on earth from its bright sphere,
Shall in a Diamonds shape its lustre bear,
And trouble (as it did before) thine ear.

But thou wilt cruel even in mercy be,
Unequal in thy justice, who dost free
Things without sense from flames, and yet not Me.

The Night.

A Dialogue,

CHARIESSA.

What if Night

Should betray us, and reveal
To the light
All the pleasures that we steal?

Philocharis.

Fairest, we
Safely may this fear despise;
How can she
See our actions who wants eyes?

Charieffa.

Each dimme starre
And the clearer lights we know
Nights eyes are;
They were blind that thought her so:

Philocharis

Philocharis.

Those pale fires
Only burn to yield a light
T' our desires,
And though blind, to give us sight:

Charissa.

By this shade;
That surrounds us might' our flame
Be betraid,
And the day disclose its name.

Philocharis.

Dearest Fair,
These dark witnesses we finde
Silent are,
Light is dumb as well as blinde.

Chorus.

Then whilst these black shades conceal us,
We will scorn
Th' envious Morn,
And the Sun that would reveal us.
Our flames, shall thus their mutual light betray,
And night, wth these joys crown'd outshine the day.

Excuse

Excuse for wishing Her lesse Fair.

Why thy passion should it move
That I wisht thy Beauty lesse
Fools desire what is above
Power of nature to expresse;
And to wish it had been more,
Had been to outwish her store.

If the flames within thine eye
Did not too great heat inspire,
Men might languish yet not die,
At thy lesse ungentle fire,
And might on thy weaker light
Gaze, and yet not lose their sight.

Nor would'st thou lesse fair appear,
For detraction addes to thee;
If some parts lesse beauteous were
Others would much fairer be:
Nor can any part we know
Best be styl'd, when all are so.

Thus this great exesse of light,
Which now dazles our weak eyes,
Would, ecclips'd, appear more bright;
And the onely way to rise,
Or to be more fair, for thee
Celia, is lesse fair to be.

Chang'd, yet Constant.

WRong me no more
In thy complaint,
Blam'd for Inconstancy;
I vow'd t'adore
The fairest Saint,
Nor chang'd whilst thou wert there:
But if another Thee outshine,
Th'Inconstancy is onely Thine.

To be by such
Blind Fools admir'd
Gives thee but small esteem,
By whom as much
Thou'dst be desir'd
Didst thou lesse beautious seem;
Sure why they love they know not well,
Who why they should not cannot tell.

Women are by
 Themselves betray'd,
 And to their short joyes cruel,
 Who foolishly
 Themselves perswade
 Flames can outlast their fuel;
 None (though Platonick their pretence)
 With Reason love unlesse by Sence.

And He, by whose
 Command to Thee
 I did my heart resigne,
 Now bids me choose
 A Deity
 Diviner far then thine;
 No power can Love from Beauty sever;
 I me still Loves subject, thine was never.

The fairest She
 Whom none surpasse
 To love hath onely right,
 And such to me
 Thy Beauty was
 Till one I found more bright;
 But 'twere as impious to adore
 Thee now, as not t'have don't before.

Nor is it just
 By rules of Love
 Thou should'st deny to quit
 A heart that must
 Anothers prove
 Ev'n in thy right to it;
 Must not thy Subjects Captives be
 To her who triumphs over Thee?

Cease then in vain
 To blot my name
 With forg'd Apostasie,
 Thine is that stain
 Who dar'st to claim
 What others ask of Thee?
 Of Lovers they are onely true
 Who pay their Hearts where they are due?

The Self-Deceaver.

MONTALVAN.

DEceav'd and undeceav'd to be
 At once I seek with equal care,
 Wretched in the discovery,
 Happy if cozen'd still I were:
 Yet certain ill of ill hath lesse
 Then the mistrust of happinesse.

But

But if when I have reach'd my Aim,
 (That which I seek less worthy prove,)
 Yet still my Love remains the same,
 'Tis the subject not deserving Love;
 I can no longer be excus'd
 Now more in fault as less abus'd.

Then let me flatter my Desires,
 And doubt what I might know too sure,
 He that to cheat himself conspires,
 From falsehood doth his Faith secure
 In Love uncertain to believe
 I am deceiv'd, doth undeceive.

For if my Life on Doubt depend,
 And in distrust inconstant stay,
 If I essay the strife to end
 (When Ignorance were Wisdom here;)
 All thy attempts how can I blame
 To work my Death? I seek the same.

The Cure.

Nymph.

WHat busie Cares too timely born,
 (Young Swain!) disturb thy sleep?
 Thy early sighs awake the Morn,
 Thy tears teach her to weep.

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Shepherd

Shepherd.

Torrows fair Nymph are full alone
Nor counsel can endure.

Nymph.

Yet thine disclose, for well known
Sickness admits no Cure.

Shepherd.

My Grievs are such as but to hear
Would poyson all thy Joyes,
The Pitty which thou seem'st to bear
My Health, thine own destroyes.

Nymph.

How can diseased Minds infect?
Say what thy Grief doth move I

Shepherd.

Call up thy vertue to protect
Thy Heart, and know 'twas Love;

Nymph.

And Swain I

Shepherd.

By which I have been long
Destin'd to meet with Hate.

Nymph.

My Shepherd fy: thou dost Love wrong,
To call thy Crime thy Fate.

Shepherd.

Shepherd.

Alas what Cunning could decline,
What Force can Love repel?

Nymph.

Yet, there's a Way to unconfine
Thy Heart.

Shepherd.

For pitty tell.

Nymph.

Choose one whose Love may be allur'd
By thine : who ever knew
Inveterate Diseases cur'd
But by receiving new?

Shepherd.

All will like her my Soul perplex.

Nymph.

Yet try.

Shepherd.

Oh could there be,
But any softness in that Sex,
I'd wish it were in Thee.

Nymph.

Thy Prayer is heard : learn now t'esteem
The kindness She hath shown
Who thy lost freedom to redeem
Hath forfeited her own.

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CELIA Singing.

Roses in breathing forth their scents,
Or Stars their borrowed ornament;
Nymphs in the Watery Sphere that move,
Or Angels in their orbs above;
The winged Chariots of the Light,
Or the slow silent wheels of Night;
The shade, which from the swifter Sun,
Doth in a circular motion run;
Or souls that their eternal Rest do keep,
Make far less noise then Celia's Breath in sleep.

But if the Angel which inspires
This subtile Flame with active fires
Should mould this Breath to words, and those
Into a Harmony dispose;
The Musick of this heavenly Sphere,
Would steal each soul out at the Ear,
And into Plants and Stones infuse
A life that Cherubins would choose;
And with new Powers invert the Laws of Fate,
Kill those that live, and dead things animate.

(b)

la mesme.

Belle voir, dont mes charmes desrobent mon ame,
 En l'air d'un esprit m'animent d'une flamme,
 Dont je suis si subtile, & la douce chaleur,
 Enter par non orail & glisser dans mon coeur;
 Me faisant espérer par cette aimable vie,
 Nos ames ne cessent que d'une harmonie;
 Que la vie m'est douce, la mort m'est sans peine;
 Puisq' on les trouve toutes deux dans son haleine:
 Ne m'espargne donc pas satisfais les rigueurs;
 Car si je me souffres de vivre, je me meurs.

The Returne.

Beauty whose soft Magnetick chains
 Nor time nor absence can unite,
 I by power the narrow bounds disdain
 Of nature or Philosophie,
 That canst by unconfin'd laws
 A motion, though at distance, cause.

Drawn by the sacred influence
 Of thy bright eyes, I back return;
 And since I no where can dispence
 With flames that do in absence burn,

I rather choose 'midst them t'expire
Then languish by a hidden fire.

But if thou insulting pride
Of vulgar beauties dost despise,
Who by vain triumphs Deicide,
Their votaries do sacrifice;
Then let those flames, whose magick charm
At distance scorch'd, approach'd but warm.

Song.

Vhen I lie burning in thine eye,
Or freezing in thy brest;
What Martyrs, in with'd flames that die,
Are half so pleas'd or blest?

When thy soft accents, through mine ear
Into my soul do fly,
What Angel would not quit his sphere,
To hear such harmony?

Or when the kisse thou gav'st me last
My soul stole in its breath,
What life would sooner be embrac'd
Then so desir'd a death?

(b 2)

Then

Then think no freedom I desire,
 Or would my fetters leave,
 Since Phenix-like I from this fire
 Both life and youth receive.

The sick Lover.

GUARINI.

*My sickly breath
 Wafts in a double flame;
 Whilst Love and Death
 To my poor life lay claim;
 The savour in whose heat I melt
 By her that canst not feel.*

*Thou who alone
 Canst, yet wilt grant no ease,
 Why slight'st thou one
 To feed a new disease?
 Unequal fair! the heart is thine;
 Ah, why then should the pain be mine?*

Song.

Song.

CElinda, by what potent art
Or unresisted charm,
Dost thou thine ear and frozen heart
Against my passion arm.

Or by what hidden influence
Of powers in one combin'd
Dost thou rob love of either sense,
Made deaf as well as blind.

Sure thou as friends united hast
Two distant Deities,
And scorn within thy heart hast plac'd,
And love within thine eyes.

Or those soft fetters of thy hair,
A bondage that disdains
All liberty, do guard thine ear
Free from all other chains.

Then my complaint how canst thou hear,
Or I this passion fly,
Since thou imprison'd hast thine ear
And not confin'd thine eye?

Song.

Fool take up thy shaft again;
 If thy store
 Thou profusely spend in vain,
 Who can furnish thee with more?
 Throw not then away thy darts,
 On impenetrable hearts.

Think not thy pale flame can warm
 Into tears,
 Or dissolve the snowy charm
 Which her frozen bosom wears,
 That expos'd unmelted lies
 To the bright suns of her eyes.

But since thou thy power hast lost,
 Nor canst fire
 Kindle in that breast, whose frost
 Doth these flames in mine inspire,
 Not to thee but Her I'll sue,
 That disdains both me and you.

Delay.

Delay.

Delay? Alas there cannot be
 To Love a greater Tyrannie;
 Those cruel Beauties that have slain
 Their Votaries by their disdain,
 Or studied torments, sharp and witty,
 Will be recorded for their pittie,
 And after-ages be mislead
 To think them kind, when this is spread.

Of deaths the speediest is despair,
 Delays the slowest tortures are;
 Thy cruelty at once destroyes,
 But Expectation starves my Joyes,
 Time and *Delay*, may bring me past
 The power of Love to cure, at last;
 And shouldst thou wish to ease my pain,
 Thy pittie might be lent in vain;
 Or if thou hast decreed, that I
 Must fall beneath thy cruelty,
 O kill me soon! Thou wilt expresse
 More Mercy, ev'n in shewing lesse.

(b4)

Com.

*Commanded by his Mistris to
woe for her.*

MARINO,

*STR*ange kind of Love! that knows no President,
A Faith so firm as passeth faishes Extent,
By a Tyrannick Beauty long subdu'd,
I now must sue for her to whom I su'd.
Unhappy Orator! who though I move
For Pity, Pity cannot hope to prove,
Employing thus against my self my Breath,
And in anothers Life begging my Death.

*B*ut if such moving Powers my Accents have,
Why first my own Redresse do I not crave?
What hopes that I to pity should encline
Anothers Brest, who can move none in thine?
Or how can the griev'd Patient look for ease
When the Physician suffers the disease?
If thy sharp Wounds from me expect their Cure,
'Tis fit those first be heald that I endure.

*U*ngentle fair one! why dost thou dispence
Unequally thy sacred Influence?
Why pining me, offer'st the precious Food
To one by whom nor priz'd, nor understood;

some clear Brook to the full Main, to pay
 er needlesse Christ at Tribuna hages away.
 refusely foolish; whilst her niggard Tide
 carves the poor Flowres that grow along her side.

thou who my Glories art design'd to own
 Come then, and reap the Joyes that I have sown;
 at in thy pride acknowledge, though thou bear
 the happy Prize away, the Palm I wear.
 for the obedience of my Flame art aske,
 that what I sought, my self conspir'd to loose:
 the haplesse state where I am fix'd is such,
 to love I seem not; cause I Love too much.

The Repulse.

Not that by this disdain
 I am releas'd,
 And freed from thy tyrannick chain,
 Do I my self think blest;

Nor that thy Flame shall burn
 No more; for know,
 that I shall into ashes turn,
 Before this fire doth so.

Nor yet that unconfin'd
I now may rove,

And

And with new beauties please my mind;
But that thou ne'r didst love:

For since thou hast no part
Felt of this flame,
I onely from thy tyrant heart
Repuls'd, nor banish'd am.

To loose what once was mine
Would grieve me more
Then those inconstant sweets of thine
Had pleas'd my soul before.

Now I have not lost the blisse
I ne'r possesst;
And spight of fate am blest in this,
That I was never blest.

The Tombe.

WHEN, cruel Fair one, I am slain
By thy disdain,
And, as a Trophy of thy scorn,
To some old tombe am born,
Thy fetters must their power bequeath
To those of death;
Nor can thy flame immortal burn,
Like monumental fires within an urn;

thus freed from thy proud Empire, I shall prove
 here is more liberty in Death than Love.

And when forsaken Lovers come

To see my tombe,
 Take heed thou mix not with the croud,

And (as a Victor) proud
 To view the spoils thy beauty made

Presse near my shade,

Lest thy too cruel breath or name

should fan my ashes back into a flame,

and thou, devour'd by this revengeful fire,

this sacrifice, who dy'd as thine, expire.

But if cold Earth, or Marble must

Conceal my dust,

Whilst hid in some dark ruines, I

Dumb and forgotten lie,

The pride of all thy victory

Will sleep with me;

And they who should attest thy Glory,

Will, or forget, or not believe this story:

Then to increase thy Triumph, let me rest,

since by thine Eye slain, buried in thy Breast.

The

POEMS.

The Enjoyment.

S. AMANT.

FAr from the Courts ambitious noise
Retir'd, to those more barmlesse joys
Which the sweet Country, pleasant fields,
And my own Court, a Cottage, yields;
I liv'd from all disturbance free,
Though Prisoner (Sylvia) unto Thee;
Secur'd from fears, which others prove,
Of the inconstancie of Love;
A life, in my esteem, more blest,
Then a're yet boot to deaths Arrest.

My senses and desires agreed;
With joynt delight each other feed;
A bliss, I reach'd, as far above
VVords, as be Beauty, or my Love;
Such as compar'd mish which, the joys
Of the most happie seem but Toys
Affection I receive and pay,
My pleasures knew not griefs allay;
The more I tasted I desir'd,
The more I quench't my Thirst was fir'd.

Now in some place where Nature shewes
Her naked Beauty we repose;

VVbe

There she allures the wandering eye
 With colours, which faint Art can't dye;
 Pearls scatter'd by the weeping Morn,
 Each where the glist'ring Flowers adorn;
 The Mistress of the youthful year
 To whom kind Zephyrus doth bear
 His amorous Vows and frequent Prayer)
 Locks with these Gems her Neck and Hair.

Wiser, to quicken Time with sport,
 The little sprightly Loves resort,
 And dancing o're th' enamel'd Mead,
 Their Mistresses the Graces lead;
 When to refresh themselves, repaire
 To the soft Bosome of my faire;
 There from the Kisses they bestow
 Upon each other, such sweets flow
 As carrie in their mixed Breath
 The mutual Power of Life and Death.

Next in an Elms dilated shade
 We see a rugged Satyre laid,
 Teaching his Reed in a soft strain
 Of his sweet Anguish to complain;
 Then to a lonely Grove retreat,
 Where day can no admittance get,
 To visit peaceful solitude;
 Whom seeing by Repose pursu'd,
 All busie Cares, for fear to spoile
 Their calmer Courtship we exile.

There

*There underneath a Myrtle, thought
 By Fairies sacred: where was wrought
 By Venus hand Loves Mysteries;
 And all the Trophies of her eyes,
 Our Solemn Pray'rs to Heaven we send,
 That our firm Love might know no End;
 Nor time its Vigor e'er impair:
 Then to the winged God we swear,
 And grav'd the Oath in its smooth Rind,
 Which in our Hearts we deeper find.*

*Then to my Dear (as if afraid,
 To trie her doubted faith) I said,
 Would in thy Soul my Form as clear
 As in thy Eyes I see it, were.
 She kindly angry saith, Thou art
 Drawn more at large within my Heart,
 These Figures in my Eye appear.
 But small, because they are not near.
 Thou through these Glasses seest thy Face,
 As Pictures through their Chrystal Case.*

*Now with delight transported, I
 My wreathed Arms about her tie;
 The flatt'ring Ivice never holds
 Her Husband Elme in stricter Folds,
 To cool my fervent Thirst, I sip
 Delicious Nectar from her lip.
 She pledges, and so often past
 This amorous health, till Love at last
 Our Souls did with these pleasures fate,
 And equally in:briate.*

while, our senses stain away,
 In this Extasie we lay,
 All both together rais'd to Life,
 In reingage in this kind strife,
 Thzra with her Syrian Boy,
 Could never reach our meanest Joy,
 The Childish God of Love ne're try'd,
 Much of Love with his cold Bride,
 We in one embrace include,
 Testing each to be subdu'd.

To Celia pleading want of Merit.

Dear urge no more that killing cause
 Of our divorce;
 Love is not fetter'd by such laws,
 Nor bows to any force;
 Though thou deniest I should be thine,
 Yet say not thou deserv'st not to be mine.
 Oh rather frown away my breath
 With thy disdain,
 Or flatter me with smiles to death,
 By joy or sorrow slain,
 'Tis lesse crime to be kill'd by thee,
 When I thus cause of mine own death should be.
 Thy self of beauty to deuest
 And me of love,

Or

Or from the worth of thine own breast
 Thus to detract, would prove
 In us a blindness, and in thee
 At best a sacrilegious modestie.

But (*Celia*) if thou wilt despise
 What all admire,
 Nor rate thy self at the just price
 Of beauty or desire,
 Yet meet my flames and thou shalt see
 That equal love knows no disparity.

Loves Innocence.

SE how this Ivy strives to twine
 Her wanton arms about the Vine,
 And her coy lover thus restrains,
 Entangled in her amorous chains;
 See how these neighb'ring Palms do bend
 Their heads, and mutual murmurs send,
 As whisp'ring with a jealous fear
 Their loves, into each others ear.
 Then blush not such a flame to own
 As like thy self no crime hath known;
 Led by these harmless guides, we may
 Embrace and kiss as well as they.

And like those blessed souls above,
 Whose life is harmony and love,
 Let us our mutual thoughts betray
 And in our will our minds display;

This silent speech is swifter far,
Then the ears lazy species are;
And the expression it affords
(As our desires) 'bove reach of words:

Thus we (my Dear) of these may learn
A Passion others not discern;
Nor can it shame or blushes move,
Like Plants to live, like Angels love:
Since All excuse with equal Innocence
What above Reason is, or beneath Sense.

The Bracelet.

TRISTAN.

NOW Love be prais'd! that cruel Fair,
Who my poor Heart restrains
Under so many Chains,
Hath weav'd a new one for it of her Hair.

These threads of Amber us'd to play
With every courtly wind,
And never were confin'd,
But in a thousand Curls allow'd to stray!

Cruel each part of her is grown,
Nor lesse unkinde then She
These fetters are to Me,
Which to restrain my Freedom, loose their own.

The Kisse.

When on thy lip my soul I breath,
 Which there meets thine,
 Freed from their fetters by this death
 Our subtile Forms combine;
 Thus without bonds of sence they move,
 And like two Cherubins converse by love.

Spirits to chains of earth confin'd
 Discourse by sence;
 But ours that are by flames refin'd
 With those weak ties dispence;
 Let such in words their minds display,
 We in a kisse our mutual thoughts convey,

But since my soul from me doth flie,
 To thee retir'd,
 Thou canst not both retain; for I
 Must be with one inspir'd;
 Then, Dearest, either justly mine
 Restore, or in exchange let me have thine:

Yet if thou dost return mine own,
 Oh tak't again!
 For 'tis this pleasing death alone
 Gives ease unto my pain:
 Kill me once more, or I shall find
 Thy pity then thy cruelty, lesse kind.

Apollo and Daphne.

GARCILASSO MARINO.

When Phæbus saw a rugged Bark beguile
His Love, and his Embraces intercept,
The Leaves instructed by his Grief to smile,
Taking fresh Growth and verdure as he wept:
How can, saith he, my woes expect Release,
When Tears, the Subject of my Tears, increase?

His chang'd yet scorn-retaining Fair he kist,
From the lov'd Trunk plucking a little Bough;
And though the Conquest which he sought he mist,
With that Triumphant spoil adorns his Brow.
Thus this disdainful Maid his aim deceives,
Where he expected Fruit he gathers Leaves.

Speaking and Kissing.

THe air which thy smooth voice doth break
Into my soul like lightning flies,
My life retires whil'ft thou dost speak,
And thy soft breath its room supplies.

ost in this pleasing Extasie

I joyn my trembling lips to thine,

(c a)

And

And back receive that life from thee,
Which I so gladly did resign.

Forbear, Platonick fools, t' enquire
What numbers do the soul compose ;
No harmony can life inspire
But that which from these accents flows.

The Snow-ball.

DOris, I that could repell
All those darts about thee dwell,
And had wisely learn'd to fear,
Cause I saw a Foe so near ;
I that my deaf ear did arm,
'Gainst thy voices powerful charm,
And the lightning of thine eye
Durst (by closing mine) defie,
Cannot this cold snow withstand
From the whiter of thy hand ;
Thy deceit hath thus done more
Than thy open force before :
For who could suspect or fear
Treason in a face so clear,
Or the hidden fires descry
Wrapp in this cold out-side lie ;
Flames might thus involv'd in ice
The deceiv'd world sacrifice ;
Nature, ignorant of this
Strange Antiphrasis,

Would her falling frame admire,
That by snow were set on fire.

The Deposition.

THough when I lov'd thee thou were fair,
Thou art no longer so,
Those glories all the pride they wear
Unto Opinion ow;
Beauties, like stars, in borrow'd lustre shine,
And 'twas my Love that gave thee thine.

The flames that dwelt within thine eye,
Do now, with mine, expire;
Thy brightest Graces fade, and die
At once with my desire;
Loves fires thus mutual influence return,
Thine cease to shine, when mine to burn.

Then (proud *Celinda*) hope no more
To bee implor'd or woo'd;
Since by thy scorn thou dost restore
The wealth my love bestow'd;
And thy despis'd Disdain too late shall find
That none are fair but who are kind.

To his Mistress in Absence.

T A S S O,

FAr from thy dearest self, (the Scope
Of all my Aims)
I waste in secret Flames;
And only live because I hope.
O when will Fate restore
The Joys, in whose bright fire
My Expectation shall expire,
That I may live because I hope no more!

Loves Heretick.

HE whose active thoughts disdain
To be Captive to one foe,
And would break his single chain,
Or else more would undergo;
Let him learn the art of me,
By new bondage to be free.

What tyrannick Mistress dare
To one beauty love confine?
Who unbounded as the aire
All may court but none decline:

Wh

Why should we the Heart deny
As many objects as the Eye?

Wherefoe're I turn or move
A new passion doth detain me:
Those kind beauties that do love,
Or those proud ones that disdain me;
This frown melts, and that smile burns me;
This to tears, that ashes turns me.

Soft fresh Virgins not full blown,
With their youthful sweetnesse take me;
Sober Matrons that have known
Long since what these prove, awake me;
Here staid coldnesse I admire,
There the lively active fire.

She that doth by skill dispence
Every favour she bestows,
Or the harmlesse innocence
Which nor Court nor City knows,
Both alike my soul enflame,
That wilde beauty, and this tame.

She that wisely can adorn
Nature with the wealth of art,
Or whose rural sweets do scorn
Borrow'd helps to take a heart,
The vain care of that's my pleasure,
Poverty of this my treasure.

Both

Both the wanton and the coy
 Me with equal pleasures move;
 She whom I by force enjoy,
 Or who forceth me to love;
 This because she'll not confesse,
 That not hide, her happinesse.

She whose loosely flowing hair,
 Scatter'd like the beams o'th Morn,
 Playing with the sportive Air,
 Hides the sweets it doth adorn,
 Captive in that net restrains me,
 In those golden setters chains me,

Nor doth she with power lesse bright
 My divided heart invade,
 Whose soft tresses spread like Night,
 O're her shoulders a black shade;
 For the star-light of her eyes
 Brighter shines through those dark Skies.

Black, or fair, or tall, or low,
 I alike with all can sport;
 The bold sprightly Thais woo,
 Or the frozen Vestal court;
 Every beauty takes my minde,
 Tied to all, to none confin'd.

La

La belle Confidente.

Thou earthly Souls that court a wanton flame,
 Whose pale weak influence
 Can rise no higher than the humble name
 And narrow laws of Senec,
 Learn by our friendship to create
 An immortal fire,
 Whose brightness Angels may admire,
 But cannot emulate.
 Sickness may fright the roses from her cheek,
 Or make the Lilies fade,
 But all the subtle wayes that death doth seek
 Cannot my love invade;
 Flames that are kindled by the eye
 Through time and age expire;
 But ours that boast a reach far higher
 Can not decay, nor die.

For when we must resign our vital breath,
 Our Loves by Fate benighted,
 We by this friendship shall survive in death,
 Even in divorce united,
 Weak Love through fortune or distrust
 In time forgets to burn,
 But this pursues us to the Urn,
 And marries either's Dust.

La belle Ennemie.

I Yield, dear Enemy, nor know
 How to resist so fair a Foe;
 Who would not thy soft yoke sustain,
 And bow beneath thy easie chain,
 That with a bondage blest might be
 Which far transcends all liberty.

But since I freely have resign'd
 At first assault my willing mind,
 Insult not o're my captiv'd heart
 With too much tyrannie and art,
 Lest by thy scorn thou lose the prize,
 Gained by the power of thy bright eyes,
 And thou this conquest thus shalt prove,
 Though got by Beauty, kept by Love.

The Dream.

Lope de vega.

To set my jealous Soul at strife
 All things maliciously agree,
 Though sleep of Death the Image be,
 Dreams are the Portraiture of Life.

Now, when last I clos'd my Eyes,
 Celinda stoop to anothers Will;
 If specious Apprehension kill,
 What would the truth without disguise?

The joys which I should call mine own
 Me thought this Rival did possess:
 Like Dreams is all my happiness;
 Yet Dreams themselves allow me none.

To the Lady D.

Madam,

THe Blushes I betray,
 When at your Feet I humbly lay
 These Papers, beg you would excuse
 Th' obedience of a bashful Muse,
 Who (bowing to your strict command)
 Trusts her own Errours to your hand,
 Hasty Abortives, which (laid by)
 She meant, ere they were born should die:
 But since the soft power of your Breath
 Hath call'd them back again from Death,
 To your sharp Judgement now made known,
 She dares for Hers no longer own;
 The worst she must not, these resign'd
 She hath to th' fire, and where you find
 Those your kinde Charity admir'd,
 She writ but what your Eyes inspir'd.

Love

Love Deposed.

You that unto your Mistress eyes
Your hearts do sacrifice,
And offer sighs or tears at Loves rich shrine,
Renounce with me
Th' Idolatrie,
Nor this Infernal Power esteem divine.

The Brand, the Quiver, and the Bow,
Which we did first bestow,
And he as tribute wears from every Lover,
From him have we
And the Impostor now unvail'd discover,

I can the feeble Child disarm,
Unty his mystick charm,
Devest him of his Wings and break his Arrow,
We will obey
No more his fury,
Nor live confin'd to laws or bounds so narrow.

And you bright Beauties that inspire
The Boyes pale torch with fire,
We safely now your subtil power despise,

And (unscorch'd) may
Like Atoms play
And wanton in the sun-shine of your eyes.

Nor think hereafter by new arts
You can bewitch our hearts,
Or raise this Devil by your pleasing charms;
We will no more
His power implort,
Unlesse like Indians, that he do no harm.

The Divorce.

Dear, back my wounded heart restore,
And turn away thy powerful eyes;
Flatter my willing soul no more,
Love must not hope what Fate denies.

Take, take away thy smiles and kisses,
Thy Love wounds deeper then Disdain,
For he that sees the Heaven he misses,
Sustains twb Hells, of losse and pain.

Shouldst thou some others suit prefer,
I might return thy scorn to thee,
And learn Apostasie of her
Who taught me first Idolatry.

Or

Or in thy unrelenting breast
Should I disdain or coyneſſe move,
He by thy hate might be releas'd,
Who now is priſoner to thy love.

Since then unkind Fate will divorce
Those whom Affection long united,
Be thou as cruel as this force,
And I in death ſhall be delighted.

Thus whiſt ſo many ſuppliants woe
And beg they may thy pitty prove,
I onely for thy ſcorn do ſue,
'Tis charity here not to love.

Time Recover'd.

C A S O N E.

COME (my dear) whiſt youth conſpires
With the warmth of our deſires;
Envious Time about thee watches,
And ſome Grace each minute ſnatches:
Now a ſpirit, now a Ray
From thy Eye he ſteals away,
Now he blaſts ſome blooming Roſe
Which upon thy freſh Cheek grows:

And now plunders in a Hair ;
 By the Rubies doth impair
 Thy lips ; and with sure haſt
 Thy wealth will take at laſt ;
 Only that of which Thou mak'ſt
 In time, from time Thou tak'ſt.

The Bracelet.

Rebellious fools that ſcorn to bow
 Beneath Loves eaſie ſway,
 Whoſe ſtubborn wils no laws allow,
 Diſdaining to obey,
 Mark but this wreath of hair and you ſhall ſee
 One that might wear ſuch ſetters would be free.

I once could boaſt a ſoul like you
 As unconfin'd as aire ;
 But mine, which force could not ſubdue,
 Was caught within this ſnare ;
 And (by my ſelf betray'd) I for this gold,
 Heart that many ſtorms withſtood, have ſold,

No longer now wiſe Art enquire
 (With this vain ſearch delighted)
 How ſouls that humane breſts inſpire
 Are to their frames united ;
 Material chains ſuch ſpirits well may bind,
 When this ſoft brayd can tie both Arm and Mind.

Now

Now (Beauties) I denie your charm,
 Rul'd by more powerful Art,
 This mystick wreath which crowns my
 Defends my vanquish't Heart;
 And I, subdu'd by one more fair, shall be
 Secur'd from Conquest by Captivity.

The Farewell.

Since Fate commands me hence, and I
 Must leave my soul with thee, and die,
 Dear, spare one sigh, or else let fall
 A tear to crown my Funeral,
 That I may tell my griev'd heart
 Thou art unwilling we should part,
 And Martyrs that embrace the fire
 Shall with less joy then I expire.

With this last kiss I will bequeath
 My soul transfus'd into thy breath,
 Whose active heat shall gently slide
 Into thy breast, and there reside,
 And be in spite of Fate thus blest
 By this sad death of Heaven posses't;
 Then prove but kind, and thou shalt see
 Love hath more power then Destiny.

Claim to Love.

GUARINI.

A Lasse! alasse! thou turnst in vain
 Thy beauteous Face away,
 Which (like young Sorcerers) rais'd a Pain
 Above its Power to lay.

Love moves not as thou turnst thy Look;
 But here doth firmly rest;
 He long ago thy Eyes forsook
 To revel in my Breast.

Thy Power on him why hap'st thou more
 Than his on me should be,
 The Claim thou lay'st to him is poor
 To that he owes from Me.

His Substance in my Heart excelle,
 His shadow in thy Sight;
 Fire where it burns more truly dwells,
 Than where it scatters Light.

(d)

T.

To his Mistress who dreamed He
was wounded.

IN I T A L I A

GUARINI,

THine Eyes (bright Saint) disclose
And thou shalt find,
Dreams have not with illusive shewes
Deceiv'd thy Mind,
What Sleep presented to thy view,
Awake, and thou shalt finde is true.

Those mortall Wounds I bear
From thee begin,
Which though they outward not appear
Yet bleed within,
Loves Flame like active Lightning flies,
Wounding the Heart, but not the Eyes.

But now I yeeld to die
Thy sacrifice,
Nor more in vain will hope to live
From thy bright Eyes;
Their killing Power cannot be shunn'd
Open or clos'd alike thy Wound.

The Exchange.

Dialogue.

Phil.

That kisse which last thou gav'st me, stole
My fainting Life away,
Yet (though to thy Breast fled) my Soul
Still in mine own doth stay;

Char.

And with the same warm Breath did mine
Into thy Bosom slide,
There dwell contracted unto thine,
Yet still with me reside;

Chor.

Both Souls thus in desire are one,
And each is two in Skill,
Doubled in Intellect alone
Unixed in the Will;
Weak Nature no such Power doth know,
Love only can these Wonders show.

(d 2)

Walter

Unaltered by Sicknesse.

Sicknesse, in vain thou dost invade
 A Beauty that can never fade.
 Could all thy Malice but impair
 One of the sweets which crown this fair,
 Or steal the spirits from her Eye,
 Or kisse into a paler dye.
 The blushing Roses of her Cheek,
 Our drooping hopes might justly seek,
 Redress from thee, and thou mightst save
 Thousands of Lovers from the Grave :
 But such assaults are vain, for she
 Is too divine to stoop to thee ;
 Blest with a Form as much too high
 For any Change, as Destiny ;
 Which no attempt can violate ;
 For what's her Beauty, is our Fate.

On His Mistresse's Death.

PETRARCH.

*Love the Ripe Harvest of my toils
 Began to cherish with his Smiles
 Preparing me to be indued
 With all the Joies I long pursued,*

When

*When my fresh Hopes fair and full blown
Death blasts ere I could call my own.*

*Malicious Death why with rude Force
Dost thou my fair from me divorce ?
False Life why in this loathed Chain
Me from my fair dost thou detain ?
In whom assistance shall I finde ?
Alike are Life and Death unkinde.*

*Pardon me Love thy power outsbines,
And laughs at their infirm designs.
She is not wedded to a Tomb,
Nor I to sorrow in her room.
They what thou joynt can nere divide :
She lives in me in her I dy'd.*

The Exequies.

*Draw neer
You Lovers that complain
Of Fortune or Disdain,
And to my Ashes lend a tear ;
Melt the hard marble with your grones,
And soften the relentlesse Stones.
Whose cold imbraces the sad Subject hide
Of all Loves cruelties, and Beauties Pride.*

No Verse
 No Epicedium bring,
 Nor peaceful Requiem sing,
 To charm the terrors of my Herse;
 No prophane Numbers must flow near
 The sacred silence that dwells here;
 Vast Griefs are dumb, softly, oh softly mourn
 Left you disturb the Peace attends my Urn.

Yet strew
 Upon my dismall Grave,
 Such offerings as you have,
 For saken Cypresse and sad Ewe;
 For kinder Flowers can take no Birth
 Or growth from such unhappy Earth.
 Weep only o're my Dust, and say, Here lies
 To Love and Fate an equal Sacrifice.

The Silkworm.

THis Silk-worm (to long Sleep retir'd)
 The early Year hath re-inspir'd,
 Who now to pay to thee prepares
 The Tribute of her pleasing cares;
 And hastens with industrious toyl
 To make thy Ornament her Spoil:
 See with what pains she spins for thee
 The thread of her own Destinie,
 Then growing proud in Death, to know
 That all her curious Labours thou

Wilt, as in Triumph, deign to wear,
Retires to her soft Sepulchre.

Such, Dearest, is that hapless State,
To which I am design'd by Fate,
Who by thee (willingly) o'recome,
Work mine own Fetters and my Tomb,

A Ladie weeping.

MONTALVAN.

AS when some Brook flies from it self away,
The murm'ring Chrystal loosely runs astray.
And as about the verdant Plain it windes,
The Meadows with a silver ribband bindes,
Printing a kisse on every Flower she meets,
Loosing her self to fill them with new sweets,
To scatter frost upon the Lilies Head,
And Scarlet on the Gilliflower to spread;
So melting sorrow, in the fair disguise
Of humid Stars, flow'd from bright Cloris Eyes,
Which watring every Flower her Cheek discloses,
Melt into Jesmines here there into Roses.

(d4)

Ambition.

Ambition.

I Must no longer now admire
 The coldness which possessest
 Thy snowy Breast,
 That can by other Flames be set on Fire;
 Poor Love to harsh Disdain betray'd
 Is by Ambition thus out-weigh'd.

Hadst thou but known the vast extent
 Of Constant Faith, how farre
 'Bove all that are
 Born slaves to Wealth, or Honours vain ascent;
 No richer Treasure couldst thou finde
 Than hearts with mutual Chains combin'd

But Love is too despis'd a name,
 And must not hope to rise
 Above these ties.
 Honour and Wealth our-shine his paler Flame;
 These unite Souls, whilst true desire
 Unpitied dies in its own Fire,

Yet, cruel Fair one, I did aim
 With no less Justice too,
 Than those that sue
 For other hopes, and thy proud Fortunes claim,
 Wealth honours, honours wealth approve
 But Beauty's only meant for Love.

Song.

When (Dearest Beauty) thou shalt pay
 Thy faith and my vain hope away
 To some dull soul that cannot know
 The worth of that thou dost bestow ;
 Left with my sighs and tears I might
 Disturb thy unconfin'd delight,
 To some dark shade I will retire,
 And there forgot by all expire.

Thus whilst the difference thou shalt prove,
 Betwixt a feign'd and real Love,
 Whilst he, more happy, but lesse true,
 Shall reap those joyes I did pursue,
 And with those pleasures crowned be
 By Fate, which Love design'd for me,
 Then thou perhaps thy self wilt finde
 Cruel too long, or too soon kinde.

The Revenge.

RONSARD.

Fair Rebell to thy self, and Time,
 Who laughst at all my tears,

When

*When thou hast lost thy youthfull prime
And age his Trophie rears,*

*Weighing thy inconsiderate pride
Thou shalt in vain accuse it,
Why Beauty am I now deni'd
Or knew not then to use it?*

*Then shall I wish ungentle Fair
Thou in like flames may'st burn;
Venus, if just will hear my prayer
And I shall laugh my turn.*

Song.

I Will not trust thy tempting graces,
Or thy deceitful charms,
Nor pris'ner be to thy embraces,
Or fetter'd in thy arms;
No, *Celia*, no, not all thy art
Can wound or captivate my heart.

I will not gaze upon thy Eyes,
Or wanton with thy Hair,
Lest those should burn me by surprize,
Or these my soul ensnare:
Nor with those smiling dangers play,
Or fool my Liberty away.

Since then my wary heart is free,
 And unconfin'd as thine,
 If thou would'st mine should captiv'd be,
 Thou must thine own resigne,
 And gratitude may thus move more
 Than Love or Beauty could before,

Song.

NO, I will sooner trust the Wind,
 When falsely kind
 It courts the pregnant Sails into a storm,
 And when the smiling Waves perswade
 Be willingly betray'd,
 Then thy deceitful Vows or Form.

Go and beguile some easie heart
 With thy vain art;
 Thy smiles and kisses on those fools bestow,
 Who only see the Calms that sleep
 On this smooth flatt'ring Deep,
 But not the hidden dangers know.

They that like me thy Falsehood prove,
 Will scorn thy Love.
 Some may deceiv'd at first adore thy Shrine
 But He that as thy sacrifice
 Doth willingly fall twice,
 Dies his own Martyr, and not thine.

To a blinde Man in Love.

MARINO.

L Over than Love more blinde, whose bold thought
Fix on a Woman is both young and fair: (d
If Argus with a hundred Eyes not one
Could guard, hop'it thou to keep thine, who hast m

Answer.

*I'm blinde, 'tis true, but in Loves rules, defett
Of sence, is aided by the Intellect.
And senses by each other are suppl'd,
The touch enjoys what's to the sight deny'd.*

Song.

I Prethee let my heart alone
Since now tis rais'd above thee
Not all the Beauty thou dost own
Again can make me love thee:

He that was shipwrack'd once before
By such a Syrens call,
And yet neglects to shun that shore,
Deserves his second fall.

Each flatt'ring kiss, each tempting smile
Thou dost in vain bestow,

Som

me other Lovers might beguile
Who not thy falsehood know.

I am proof against all art,
No vovves shall e're perswade me
vice to present a wounded Heart
To her that hath betray'd me

ould I again be brought to love
Thy form though more divine,
might thy scorn as justly move,
As now thou sufferest mine,

The Losse.

Y Et ere I go,
ifdainful Beauty thou shalt be
So wretched, as to know
that Joys thou fling'st away with me.

A Faith so bright,
s Time or Fortune could not rust;
So firm, that Lovers might
ave read thy story in my dust,

And crown'd thy Name
With Laurel verdant as thy Youth,
Whil'st the shrill voice of Fame
pread wide thy Beauty and my Truth.

This

This thou hast lost;
For all true Lovers, when they finde
That my just aims were crost,
Will speak thee lighter then the winde.

And none will lay
Any oblation on thy shrine,
But such as would betray
Thy faith, to faiths as false as thine.

Yet if thou chuse
On such thy freedom to bestow,
Affection may excuse,
For love from Sympathy doth flow.

The Self-cruel.

CAst off for shame ungente maid
That misbecoming Joy thou wear'st,
For in my Death (though long delay'd)
Unwisely cruel thou appearest.
Insult o're Captives with disdain,
Thou canst not triumph o're the slain.

No, I am now no longer thine,
Nor canst thou take delight to see
Him whom thy Love did once confine
Set, though by Death, at Liberty.
For if my fall a smile beget,
Thou gloriest in thy own Defeat.

Behold

hold how thy unthrifty pride
 Hath murdered him that did maintain it;
 And wary Souls who never tride
 Thy Tyrant Beauty, will disdain it:
 But I am softer, and that me
 Thou wouldst not pity, pity thee:

Song.

By M. W. M.

Wert thou yet fairer then thou art,
 Which lies not in the power of Art,
 Or hadst thou in thine Eyes more Darts;
 Then ever Cupid shot at Hearts;
 Yet if they were not thrown at me
 I would not cast a Thought on Thee.

I'd rather marry a Disease,
 Than court the thing I cannot please:
 She that will cherish my Desires
 Must meet my Flames with equal Fires.
 What pleasure is there in a Kisse
 To him that doubts the Hearts not his?

I love thee not because th' art fair
 Softer then down smoother then Air;
 Nor for the Cupids that do lie
 In either Corner of thine Eye:

Wouldst

Wouldst thou then know what it might be
 'Tis I love you, 'cause you love me.

Answer.

Wert thou by all Affections sought,
 And fairer then thou wouldst be thought :
 Or had thine Eyes as many Darts
 As thou believ'st they shoot at Hearts,
 Yet if thy Love were paid to me,
 I would not offer mine to thee.

Ide sooner court a Feavers heat,
 Then her that owns a Flame as great,
 She that my Love will entertain,
 Must meet it with no lesse disdain.
 For mutual Fires themselves destroy,
 And willing Kisses yield no Joy.

I love thee not because alone
 Thou canst all Beauty call thine own,
 Nor doth my passion fuel seek,
 In thy bright Eye or softer Cheek :
 Then fairest if thou wouldst know why
 I love thee cause thou canst deny.

The Relapse.

OH turn away those cruel Eyes;
The stars of my undoing.
Or death in such a bright disguise;
May tempt a second wooing.

Punish their blindly impious Pride;
Who dare contemn thy glory;
It was my fall that deifi'd
Thy name, and seal'd thy Story.

Yet no new sufferings can prepare
A higher praise to crown thee;
Though my first death proclaim thee fair,
My second will unthrone thee.

Lovers will doubt thou canst entice
No other for thy fuel,
And if thou burn one Victim twice,
Both think thee poor and cruel.

*To the Countess of S. with
the holy Court.*

Madam,

Since every place you blesse, the name
This Book assumes may justlier claim,
(What more a Court then where you shine?
And where your soul, what more divine?)
You may perhaps doubt at first sight,
That it usurps upon your right;
And praising vertues that belong
To you in others, doth yours wrong;
No, 'tis your self you read, in all
Perfections earlier Ages call
Their own; all Glories they e're knew
Were but faint Prophecies of you.
You then have here sole Int'rest whom 'tis meant
As well to entertain, as represent.

Song.

DE VOITURE.

I *Languish in a silent Flame;
For she to whom my vov'es encline*

Doth own perfections so divine,
That but to speak were to disclose her Name.

If I should say that she the Store
Of Natures Graces doth comprize,
The Love and wonder of all Eyes,
Who will not guesse the Beauty I adore?

Or though I warily conceal
The Charms her looks and Soul possess;
Should I her cruelty expresse,
And say she smiles at all the Pains we feel,
Among such suppliants as implore
Pitty, distributing her Hate,
Inexorable as their Fate:
Who will not guesse the Beauty I adore?

Drawn for Valentine by the

L. D. S.

THough 'gainst me Love and Destiny conspire,
Though I must waste in an unpitied fire,
By the same Deity, severe, as fair,
Commanded adoration and despair:
Though I am mark'd for Sacrifice to tell
The growing age what dangerous Glories dwell
In this bright dawn, who when she spreads her raies
Will challenge every heart, and every praise;

(c 2)

Yet

Yet she who to all hope forbids my claim
By Fortune's taught indulgence to my Flame.
Great-Queen of chance ! unjustly we exclude
Thy Power an int'rest in Beatitude :
Who, with mysterious judgement dost dispence
The Bounties of unerring Providence ;
Whilst we, to whom the causes are unknown,
Would stile that blindness thine, which is our own,
As kinde in Justice to thy self as me,
Thou hast redeem'd thy Name and Votarie :
Nor will I prize this lesse for being thine,
Nor longer at my Destinie repine,
Counsel and choice are things below thy State,
Fortune relieves the cruelties of Fate.

The

The modest Wish.

BARCLAY.

R Each Incense Boy ! Thou pious Flamen pray
To genial Deities these Rites we pay.
Fly far from hence such as are only taught
To fear the Gods by guilt of Crime or Thought.
This is my Suit, grant it Celestial Powers,
If what my will Affects oppose not yours.

First, pure before your Altars may I stand,
And practise studiously what you command.
My Parents Faith devoutly let me prize,
Nor what my Ancestors esteem'd despise.
Let me not vex enquire, (When thriving Ill
Depresseth good) why thunder is so still ?
No such ambitious knowledge trouble Me;
Those curious Thoughts advance not Piety :
Peaceful my House, in Wife and Children blest,
Nor these beyond my Fortunes be increast.
None couzen me with Friendships specious Glosse.
None dearly buy my Friendship with their Losse.
To Suits nor wars my quiet be betray'd;
My quiet, to the Muses justly pay'd :
Want never force me court the rich with Lies,
And intermix my suit with Flatteries :
Let my sure friends deceive the tedious Light,
And my sound sleeps, with Debts not broke, the Night.

Cheerfull my Board, my Smiles shar'd by my Wife,
 O Gods ! yet mindful still of humane Life,
 To die nor let me Wish nor fear ; among
 My Joies mix Griefs, Griefs that not last too long.
 My Age be happy, and when Fate shall claim
 My thread of Life, let me survive in Fame.
 Enough : the Gods are pleas'd ; the Flames aspire,
 And crackling Laurel triumphs in the Fire.

E Catalectis vet. Poet.

A Small well-gotten Stock and Countrey seat
 I have, yet my content makes both seem great.
 My quiet Soul to fears is not inur'd,
 And from the sins of Idlenesse secur'd :
 Others may seek the Camp, others the Town,
 And fool themselves with pleasure or renown ;
 Let me unminded in the common crowd
 Live Master of the time that I'm allow'd.

On

On the Edition of M. Fletchers
Works. *in folio 1647*

Fletcher, (whose Fame no Age can ever walt;
Envie of ours, and glory of the last)
Is now alive again; and with his Name
His sacred ashes wak'd into a Flame;
Such as before did by a secret Charm
The wildest Heart subdue, the coldest warm,
And lend the Ladies Eyes a power more bright,
Dispensing thus to either, Heat and Light.

He to a sympathie those Souls betray'd
Whom Love or Beauty never could perswade;
And in each mov'd Spectator could beget
A real passion by a Counterfeit:
When first *Bellarion* bled, what Ladie there
Did not for every drop let fall a tear?
And when *Asspasia* wept, not any Eye
But seem'd to wear the same sad Livery;
By him inspir'd the feign'd *Lucina* drew
More streams of melting sorrow then the true;
But then the *Scornful Ladie* did beguile
Their easie griefs, and teach them all to smile.

Thus he Affections could, or raise or lay;
Love, Grief, and Mirth thus did his Charms obey:

He Nature taught her passions to out-do,
How to refine the old, and create new;
Which such a happy likeness seem'd to bear,
As if that Nature Art, Art Nature were.

Yet all had nothing been, obscurely kept
In the same Urn wherein his Dust hath slept,
Nor had he ris' the Delphick Wreath to claim,
Had not the dying Scene expir'd his Name.
O, the indulgent Justice of this Age,
To grant the Press, what it denies the Stage!
Despair our Joy hath doubled; He is come
Twice welcome by this *Post liminium*;
His losse preserv'd him; They that silenc'd Wit
Are now the Authors to eternize it:

Thus Poets are in spite of Fate reviv'd,
And Playes by intermission longer liv'd.

To Mr. W. Hammond.

THou best of friendship, knowledge and of Art!
The charm of whose lov'd name, preserves my
From female vanities (thy name, which there (heart
Till time dissolves the Fabrick, I must wear)
Forgive a Crime which long my soul oppress,
And crept by chance in my unwary Brest,
So great, as for thy pardon were unfit,
And to forgive were worse then to commit,
But that the fault and pain were so much one,
The very act did expiate what was done.

I (who so often sported with the flame,
Plaid with the Boy, and laught at both as tame)
Betray'd

stray'd by Idlentie and Beauty, fell
 at last in love, love both the sin and Hell a guinea
 to punishment great as thy fault esteem'd,
 but to be that which I so long had seem'd.
 behold me such, a Face, a Voice, a Lute,
 the sentence in a Minute execute.
 yield, recant, the Faith which I before
 deny'd, profess; the Power I scorn'd, implore.
 alas in vain I no prayers, no vowes can bow
 My stubborn heart, who neither will allow
 but see how strangely what was meant no lesse
 Then torment, prov'd my greatest happinesse;
 Delay, that should have sharpen'd, starv'd desire,
 And cruelty not fann'd, but quench'd my fire.
 Love bound me, now by kinde disdain set free,
 I can despise that Love as well as she.
 That sin to friendship I away have thrown,
 My heart thou may'st without a rival own,
 While such as willingly themselves beguile,
 And sell away their freedoms for a smile,
 Blush to confesse our joyes as far above
 Their hopes, as friendship's longer liv'd then Love.

On M. Shirley's Poems.

When dearest Friend, thy verse doth re-inspire
 Loves pale decaying Torch with brighter fire,
 Whilst every where thou dost dilate thy flame,
 And to the World spread thy *Odelias* Name,
 The Justice of all Ages must remit
 To Her the Prize of Beauty, Thee of Wit.

Then

Then like some skilful Artist, that to wonder
 Framing a peece, displeas'd, takes it asunder,
 Thou Beauty dost depose, her Charms deny,
 And all the mystick chains of Love untie ;
 Thus thy diviner Muse a power 'bove Fate
 May boast, that can both *make* and *uncreate*.

Next thou call'st back to life that Love-sick Boy
 To the kinde-hearted Nymphs lesse fair then coy,
 Who, by reflex Beams burnt with vain desire,
 Did Phoenix-like, in his own flames expire :
 But should he view his *shadow* drawn by thee,
 He with himself once more in love would be.

Eccho (who though she words pursue, her
 Can only overtake and stop the last)
 Shall her first Speech and human veil obtain
 To sing thy softer numbers o're again.
 Thus into dying Poetry, thy Muse
 Doth full perfection and new life infuse.
 Each line deserves a Laurel, and thy praise
 Asks not a Garland, but a Grove of Bayes :
 Nor can ours raise thy lasting Trophies higher,
 Who only reach at merit to admire.

But I must chide thee Friend, how canst thou
 A Patron, yet a Foe to Poetrie ?
 For while thou dost this Age to Verse restore,
 Thou dost deprive the next of owning more ;
 And hast so far even future Aims surpasst,
 That none dare write ; Thus being first and last,
 All, their abortive Muses will suppress,
 And Poetry by this increase grow lesse.

n M. Sherburn's *Translation*
of Seneca's Medea, and vin-
dication of the Author.

That wise Philosopher, who had design'd
 To life the various passions of the Minde,
 And wrong'd *Medea's* Jealousie prefer
 To entertain the Roman Theater;
 Both to instruct the Soul, and please the Sight,
 At once begetting Horrour and delight.

This cruelty thou dost once more expresse
 Though in a strange, no lesse becoming dress;
 And her revenge hast rob'd of half its pride,
 To see it self thus by it self outvi'd,
 That boldest Ages past may say, our times
 Can speak, as well as act their highest Crimes.

Nor was't enough to do his Scene this right,
 But what thou gav'st to us, with equal light
 Thou wouldst bestow on him, nor wert more just
 Into the Authors work, then to his Dust;
 Thou dost make good his title, aid his Claim,
 Both vindicate his Poem and his Name,
 So shar'st a double wreath; for all that we
 Unto the Poet owe, he owes to thee.

Though change of tongues stoln praise to som afford,
 Thy Version hath not borrow'd but restor'd.

On M. Halls *Essayes*.

WIts that matur'd by time have courted
 Shall see their works outdone in these *Essays*
 And blush to know, thy earlier years display
 A dawning, clearer then their brightest day.
 Yet I'll not praise thee, for thou hast outgrown
 The reach of all mens praises, but thine own.
 Encomiums to their objects are exact;
 To praise and not at full is to detract.
 And with most justice are the best forgot,
 For praise is bounded when the Theam is not:
 Since mine is thus confin'd, and far below
 Thy merit, I forbear it, nor will show
 How poor th' Autumnal Pride of some appears,
 To the ripe fruit thy vernal season bears.
 Yet though I mean no praise, I come t' invite
 Thy forward Aims still to advance their flight;
 Rise higher yet, what though thy spreading wings
 Lesser to their dull sight who stay beneath?
 To thy full Learning how can all allow
 Just praise, unless that all were learn'd as thou?
 Go on in spite of such low souls, and may
 Thy growing worth know Age, though not decay
 Till thou pay back thy theft; and live to climb
 As many years as thou hast snatch'd from Time.

*On Sir J. S. his Picture
and Poems.*

UCKLING, whose numbers could invite
Alike to wonder, and delight,
And with new spirit did inspire,
The Thespian Scene, and Delphick Lyre.
Thus exprest in either part,
Above the humble reach of Art.
Drawn by the Pencil, here you finde
His Form, by his own Pen his Minde.

The Union.

Mia Luxi sub umbra.

By Mr. William Fairfax.

AS in the Chrystal Center of the sight
Two subtile beams make but one Cone of light,
Or when one flame twin'd with another is,
They both ascend in one bright Pyramis;
Our spirits thus into each other flow,
One in our being, one in what we know,
In what we will, desire, dislike, approve,
In what we love, and one is that pure love.
As in a burning glasse th' aerial Flame,
With the producing Ray is still the same:

*We to Loves purest quintessence refin'd,
 Do both become one, undesided minde.
 This sacred fire into it self converts
 Our yielding spirits, and our melting hearts,
 Till both our souls into one spirit run,
 So several lines are in their center one.
 And when thy fair Idea is impress,
 In the soft tablet of my easier breast,
 The sweet reflexion brings such sympathie,
 That I my better self behold in thee;
 And all perfections that in thee combine,
 By this resaultance are intirely mine;
 Thy Rayes disperse my shades who only live
 Bright in the Lustre thou art pleas'd to give.*

Answer.

IF we are one dear friend! why shouldst thou
 At once unequal to thy self and me?
 By thy release thou swell'st my debt the more,
 And dost but rob thy self to make mee poor.
 What part can I have in thy *luminous Cone*?
 What *Flame* (since my loves thine) can call my own
 The palest star is lesse the son of night,
 Who but thy borrow'd know no native light:
 Was't not enough thou freely didst bestow
 The Muse, but thou wouldst give the Laurel too?
 And twice my aims by thy assistance raise,
 Conferring first the merit, then the praise?

ut I should do thee greater injurie,
 Did I believe this praise were meant to me,
 Or thought, though thou hast worth enough to spare
 To enrich another soul, that mine should share,
 Thy Muse seeming to lend calls home her fame,
 And her due wreath doth in renouncing claim.

Pythagoras his moral Rules.

First to immortal God thy duty pay,
 Observe thy Vow, honour the Saints : obey
 Thy Prince and Rulers, nor their Laws despise.
 Thy Parents reverence, and neer allies :
 Him that is first in Vertue make thy Friend,
 And with observance his kind speech attend :
 Nor (to thy power) for light faults cast him by,
 Thy power is neighbour to necessity.

These know, and with intentive care pursue ;
 But Anger Sloth, and Luxury subdue.
 In fight of others or thy self forbear
 What's Ill ; but of thy self stand most in fear.
 Let Justice all thy words and actions sway,
 Nor from the even course of reason stray ;
 For know that all men are to die ordain'd,
 And riches are as quickly lost as gain'd.
 Crosses that happen by divine decree
 (If such thy Lot) bear not impatiently.
 Yet seek to remedie with all thy Care
 And think the just have not the greatest share.

Mongst

'Mongst men discourses good and bad are spread,
 Despise not those, nor be by these misled.
 If any some notorious falshood say,
 Thou the report with equal judgement weigh.
 Let not mens smoother promises invite,
 Nor rougher threats from just resolves thee fright.
 If ought thou wouldst attempt, first ponder it,
 Fools only inconsiderate acts Commit.
 Nor do what afterward thou may'st repent,
 First learn to know the thing on which th' art bent.
 Thus thou a life shalt lead with joy repleat.

Nor must thou care of outward health forget :
 Such Temperance use in exercise and diet
 As may preserve thee in a settled quiet.
 Meats unprohibited, not curious, chuse,
 Decline what any other may accuse :
 The rash expence of vanity detest,
 And sordidnesse : a Mean in all is best.
 Hurt not thy self ; act nought thou dost not weigh ;
 And every business of the following day
 As soon as by the Morn awak'd dispose,
 Nor suffer sleep at night thy Eyes to close
 Till thrice that Diary thou hast overrun,
 How steps ? What Deeds ? What duty left undone ?
 Thus thy account summ'd up from first to last
 Grieve for the Ill, jey for what good hath past.

These if thou studie, practise, and affect,
 To sacred Verine with thy steps direct.
 Natures eternall Fountain I attest,
 Who did the soul with fourfold power invest.
 Ere thou begin pray well thy work may end,
 Then shalt thy knowledge to all things extend

Divine and humane; where enlarg'd; restrain'd;
 How nature is by generall likeness chain'd.
 Vain hope nor ignorance shall dim thy sight,
 Then shalt thou see that haplesse men invite
 Their Ills, to good (though present) Deaf and Blinde;
 And see the cure of their Misfortunes finde;
 This only is the fate that harms and rots
 Through miseries successive, humane souls.
 Within is a continuall hidden sight,
 Which we to see must study, not excite;
 Good God! how little trouble should we know
 If thou to all men wouldst their Genius show.
 But fear not thou; Men come of heav'nly Race,
 Taught by another Nature what to embrace,
 Which if pursu'd, Thou all I nam'd shalt gain,
 And keep thy soule cleer from thy Bodies stain;
 In time of Pray'r and cleansing meate deny'd
 Abstain from; Thy mindes ruins let reason guide:
 Then rais'd to Heaven, thou from thy Bodie free
 A deathlesse Saint, no more shalt mortal be.

The common received Opinion that Pythagoras
 is not the Author of these verses, seems to be de-
 fended by Chrysippus in Agellius, Plutarch, Laertius,
 and Iamblichus, who affirm, that the rules and Sence
 onely were his, digested into Verse by some of his
 Schollers. But it is not improbable, that they did
 no more than collect the verses, and so gave occa-
 sion, to the mistake; for Laertius confesseth that
 Pythagoras used to deliver his precepts to his Disci-
 ples in verse, one of which was

Πῶς παρέβλω; τί δ' ἔπειξα; τί μοι δέον ἔκτελέδω;
How slips? what deeds? what duty left undone?

Of this Opinion I believe *Clemens Alexandrinus* who cites one of these lines under his Name, and *Proclus* when he calls him ὁ χρυσοῦν ἐπὶ πῶν πατήρ
The Father of the golden verses.

[thy duty pay]

Νόμῳ ὡς διακίτται; Though *Hierocles* in another
 Sense read διακίτται.

[thy Vow]

Ὅρκῳ. *Hierocles*, τήρησις τῶν θεῶν νόμων, observance
 of religious Rules.

[Honour the Saints]

Ἡρώας. *Laertius* on these words explains *Souls* where
 of the Air is full. *Hierocles*, Angels, the sons of
 God, &c.

[Thy Prince and Rulers]

Καταχθονίους, δαίμονας. *Hierocles* τὸς ἐπὶ γῆς πολιτεῖας
 δυναμένους; Capable of Government.

[Nor their Laws despise]

Ἐννομῶς βέζον. *Hierocles* Πειθεσθῶν τοῖς ἀπολαοῖσι πᾶσι
 παραγγέλμασι; to obey their Commands.

[With observance]

Ἐργάετο πόλιν, that is, ἐν ἐργασίᾳ διακίτται: Yet *Hierocles*
 otherwise.

[Thy]

[*Thy power is neighbour to necessity*]

Whatsoever necessity can force thee to bear, it is in thy power to bear voluntarily. If thy friend have wrong'd thee, how canst thou say, thou art not able to endure his Company, when Imprisonment might constrain thee to it & See *Hierocles*.

[*Mongst men discourses good and bad are spread, / Despise not these, nor be by those mistad.*]

So *Hierocles*, *Marcilius* reads *δν* (that is *εν*) for *δν*, which best agrees with this sence.

[*what any other may accuse*]

εθβον *Hierocles* interprets *μεμψιν*, *Invidia*; so taken sometimes by *Cicero*, *Marcil*:

[*And every businesse of the following day / As soon as by the Morn awak'd dispose*]

These two lines I have inserted upon the Authority of *Porphyrus*, *Περὶ μὲν τῶ ὕπνου ταῦτα ἑαυτῷ τὰ ἑπὶ τῷ δυνέεσθαι.*

Μήδ' ὕπνον μαλακοῖσιν, &c.

Περὶ δὲ τῆς ὕπνου ἀνάστασις ἐκείνα.

Πρῶτα μὲν ὕπνῳ μελίσσων & ὕπνου πρὸς

Εὐ μάλα ποιητέον ὅς ἐν ἡματι ἔργα τελείωσι.

He advised every one before he slept to repeat these verses to himself,

Nor suffer Sleep at Night, &c.

And before he rose these,

And every businesse, &c.

(f 2)

How

How much this confirms *Pythagoras* the Author and his Schollers but disposers of the Verses (who as it appears forgot these two) is evident enough. The main argument they insist upon who labour to prove the contrary is derived from these words,

[*Natures eternal fountain I attest
Who did the soul with fourfold power invest*]

Where *Marcilius* expounds *ἡ τετράων ψυχῶν ἀρχὴ* illud a quo *Scientiam* *ἡ τετράων* accepit, is autem deus *et* *eorum Pythagoras*, as if it were

Him who the *Tetrad* to our souls expresseth

(*Natures eternal fountain*) I attest;

And then takes pains to show that his Scholars used to swear by Him. But *ἡ τετράων ψυχῶν ἀρχὴ* is not without a little violence to *ἀρχὴ* *ψυχῶν* (which makes *Iamblicus* read *ἀρχὴ τῶν ψυχῶν*) *Marcilius* in this being the less excusable for confessing immediately, *Anima vero nostra dixerunt Pythagorei quoniam quaternarius anime numerus* is an explanation inconsistent with the other, but (I conceive) truer; *Macrobius* expressly agrees with it; *Imo tibi per eum qui dat anima nostra quaternarium numerum*, or as others

Per qui nostra anima numerum dedit ipse quaternarius

By him who gave us Life, God. In which sense *ἡ τετράων ἀρχὴ* much more easily will follow *ἡ τετράων* than *ἡ τετράων*, The four powers of the soul are, *Mens*, *Scientia*, *Opinio*, *Sensus*, which *Aristotle* calls the four instruments of judgement. *Hierocles* *ἡ τετράων ἀρχὴ*. The *Minde* is compo

to an unit in that of many singulars is in-
 science. Science to the number two, (which
 amongst the Pythagoreans is *numerus inscriptus*) be-
 cause it proceeds from things certain and granted
 uncertain and infinite. Opinion to three, a num-
 ber of indefinite variety. Sense to four, as fur-
 thing the other three. In this exposition I am
 more easily persuaded to dissent from Plurarch,
 Hierocles, Iamblichus and other Interpreters, since
 they differ no less amongst themselves.

[Within is a continual hidden fight]

between Reason and Appetite.

[How little trouble]

as Marcellinus reads, ἡ πόλις, &c.

[Their Genius]

ὁ δὲ δαίμων Hierocles expounds διὰ ψυχῆ. Genius
 includes both.

[what it embrace]

Hierocles, πάντα τὰ δεόντα, all that they ought to do.

[from the bodies stain]

Hierocl. from the Infection of the Bodie.

[In times of Prayer]

Ἐν τοῖς αἵματι ψυχῆς, Meditation. See Plato in Pha-
 done.

[and cleansing]

Which extended (saith Hierocles) τὸν αἵματι καὶ πύ-
 τω

τοῦ καὶ τὰς σαρκὶς καὶ τοῦ αἵματος, to meat
drink, &c.

[Meats denied]

what they were is expressed by *Laertius*, *Snida*,
Hierocles, *Agellius*, &c. *Hierocles* affirms that
these words ἐν ἀσφαλει, he cites his sacred Ap-
othegms: τὸ δ' οὐ μὲν ἐν τοῖς ἱεροῖς ἀποθέγμασι
ἐν ἀσφαλει παραδίδωμι. Concerning meat is particu-
larly delivered in his holy Apothegms that which
was not lawful to make known to every one. Which
is a great testimony that *Pythagoras* and not
of his Disciples writ these verses; for if the Au-
thor had cited him before in the third person (as
they argue from ἐξ ἄλλου τερψαλιῶ) he would have
cited him now in the first.

FINIS.

ANACREON.

B I O N.

MOSCHVS.

K I S S E S,

by *Secundus*.

CVPID CRVCIFIED,

by *Ausonius*.

VENVS VIGILS.

Incerto Authore.



Printed in the year,

1 6 5 1.

ANAGREON

BION

MOSCHIVS

ISSUES

by

WIPID CRVITIED

by

WIPID CRVITIED

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Printed in the year

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ANACREON.

The Lute. I.

OF th' *Atrides* I would sing,
Or the wandring *Theban* King;
But when I my Lute did prove,
Nothing it would sound but Love;

I new strung it, and to play
Herc'les labours did essay;
But my pains I fruitlesse found,
Nothing it but Love would sound;
Heroes then farewell, my Lute
To all strains, but Love, is mute.

Beauty. II.

HOrnes to Bulls wise Nature lends:
Horses she with hoofs defends:
Hares with nimble feet relieves:
Dreadful teeth to Lions gives:
Fishes learns through streams to slide:
Birds through yeelding air to glide:
Men with courage she supplies:
But to Women these denies.

A 2

What

ANACREON

What then gives she? Beauty, this
Both their arms and armour is:
She, that can this weapon use,
Fire and sword with ease subdues.

Loves Night-walk. III.

Downward was the wheeling Bear
Driven by the Waggoner:
Men by powerful sleep oppress,
Gave their busie troubles rest:
Love, in this still depth of night,
Lately at my house did light:
Where perceiving all fast lockt,
At the door he boldly knockt:
Who'se that (said I) that does keep
Such a noise, and breaks my sleep?
Ope saith Love, for pity hear;
Tis a Childe, thou need'st not fear,
Wet and weary, from his way
Led by this dark night astray:
With compassion this I heard;
Light I struck; the door unbarr'd:
Where a little Boy appears,
Who wings, bow, and quiver bears;
Near the fire I made him stand;
With my own I chaf't his hand;
And with kindly busie care
Wrung the chill drops from his hair:
When well warm'd he was, and dry,
Now saith he tis time to try

AN ACREON.

If my bow no hurt did get,
For me thinks the string is wet:
With that, drawing it, a dart
He let fly that pierc'd my heart:
Leaping then, and laughing said,
Come my friend with me be glad;
For my Bow thou seest is found,
Since thy heart hath got a wound.

IV.

ON this verdant *Zorus* laid,
Underneath the Myrtles shade,
Let us drink our sorrows dead,
Whilst Love plaies the Gantimed.
Life like to a wheel runs round;
And ere long, we underground
(Tane by Death asunder) must
Moulder in forgotten dust.
Why then graves should we bedew?
Why the ground with odours strew?
Better whilst alive, prepare
Flowers and unguents for our hair:
Come my fair One, come away;
All our cares behinde us lay;
That these pleasures we may know,
Ere we come to those below.

Roses.

V.

Roses (Love's delight) let's joy
To the red-check'd God of wine:

Roses crown us, while we laugh,
 And the juyce of Autumn quaff:
 Roses of all flowers the King:
 Roses the fresh pride o'th' Spring:
 Joy of every Deitie;
 Love, when with the Graces he
 For the Ball himself disposes,
 Crowns his golden hair with Roses.
 Circling then with these our brow
 Wee'l to *Bacchus* Temple go:
 There some willing Beauty lead,
 And a youthful measure tread.

Another. VI.

NOW with Roses we are crown'd
 Let our mirth and cups go round:
 Whilst a Lasse, whose hand a spear
 Branch'd with Ivy twines doth bear,
 With her white feet beats the ground,
 To the Lutes harmonious sound,
 Playd on by some Boy whose choice
 Skill is heightened by his voice:
 Bright-haired Love, with his divine
 Mother, and the God of wine
 Will flock hither, glad to see
 Old men of their companie.

The Chace. VII.

WITH a whip of Lillies, Love
 Swifly me before him drove:

ANACREON.

On we court it, through deep floods,
Hollow valleys, and rough woods,
Till a Snake that lurking lay
Chanc'd to sting me by the way:
Now my soul was nigh to death,
Ebbing, flowing with my breath,
When Love, fanning with his wings,
Back my fleeting spirit brings;
Learn (saith he) another day
Love without constraint t' obey.

The Dream. VIII.

AS on Purple Carpets I
Charm'd by wine in slumber ly,
With a troop of Maids (resorted
There to play) me thought I sported:
Whose companions, lovely Boies,
Interrupt me with rude noise:
Yet I offer made to kisse them,
But o'th' sudden wake and misse them:
Vext to see them thus forsake me,
I to sleep again betake me.

The Dove. IX.

VVHither flies my pretty Dove?
Whither nimble Scout of Love?
From whose wings perfumes distill,
And the air with sweetness fill.

Is't

Is't to thee which way I'm bent?
 By *Anacreon* I am sent
 To *Rodantha*, she who all
 Hearts commands; *Loves* Generall.
 I to *Venus* did belong,
 But she sold me for a song
 To her Poet, his *Gram*,
 And from him this Letter came,
 For which he hath promis'd me
 That ere long hee'll set me free:
 But though freedom I should gain,
 I with him would still remain;
 For what profit were the change,
 Fields from tree to tree to range,
 And on Hips and Haws to feed,
 When I may at home pick bread
 From his hand, and freely sup
 Purest wine from his own cup?
 Hovering then with wings displaid
 I my Master overshade:
 And if night invite to rest,
 In his Harp I make my Nest.
 Now thou do'st my errand know,
 Friend, without more questions go:
 For thy curiosity
 Makes me to outchat a Py.

Love in Wax. X.

A S Loves image, to be sold,
 Wrought in wax I did behold,

ANACREON.

To the man I went ; what is
Friend said I the price of this ?
Give me what you please (he said)
This belongs not to my trade,
And so dangerous a guest
In my house I'm loth should rest.
Give m'him for this piece, said I,
And the Boy with me shall ly :
But Love see thou now melt me,
Or Ile do as much for thee.

The old Lover. XI.

BY the women I am told.
Lasse *Anacreon* thou grow'st old,
Take thy glasse and look else, there
Thou wilt see thy temples bare ;
Whether I be bald or no
That I know not, this I know,
Pleasures, as lesse time to try
Old men have, they more should ply.

The Swallow. XII.

CHattering Swallow, what shall we,
Shall we do to punish thee ?
Shall we clip thy wings, or cut
Tereus like thy shrill tongue out ?
Who *Rodantha* driv'st away
From my dreams, by break of day.

Aria

XIII.

AT is though deserted groves
Cybele invoking roves:
 And like madness them besell
 Who were drunk at *Phæbus* Well:
 But I willingly will prove
 Both these Furies, Wine, and love.

The Combat. XIV.

*N*ow will I a lover be,
 Love himself commanded me,
 Full at first of stubborn pride,
 To submit, my soul denide:
 He his Quiver takes and Bow,
 Bids defiance, forth I go,
 Arm'd with spear and shield; we met:
 On he charges, I retreat:
 Till perceiving in the fight
 He had wasted every sight,
 Into me, with fury hot,
 Like a dart himself he shot,
 And my cold heart melts: my shield
 Uselesse, no defence could yield;
 For what boots an outward skreen
 When (alas) the fights within?

XV.

Not care for Gyges sway,
 Or the Lydian scepter weigh;
 I am covetous of gold,
 Or with envy Kings behold:
 My care is to prepare
 Fragrant unguents for my hair:
 My care is where to get
 Roses for a Coronet;
 All my care is for to day;
 What's to morrow who can say?
 Come then, let us drink and dice
 And to Bacchus sacrifice,
 Ere death come and take us off,
 Dying, hold! th' hast drunk enough.

The Captive. XVI.

Thou of Thebes, of Troy sings He,
 I my own captivity;
 'Twas no Army, horse or foot,
 Nor a Navy brought me too't,
 But a stranger Enemy
 Shot me from my Mistress's eye.

The Cup. XVII.

Vulcan come, thy hammer take,
 And of burnisht silver make

(Not

(Not a glittering armour, for
 What have we to do with war?
 But) a large deep Bowle, and on it
 I would have thee carve, (no Planet
Pleiads Waines nor Waggoners,
 What have we to do with stars?
 But to life exactly shape)
 Clusters of the juicy grape;
 Whilst brisk Love, their bleeding heads
 Hand in hand with *Bacchus* treads.

Another. XVIII.

ALL thy skill if thou collect,
 Make a Cup as I direct:
 Roses climbing ore the brim,
 Yet must seem in Wine to swim;
 Faces too there should be there,
 None that frowns or wrinkles weare,
 But the sprightly Son of *Jove*,
 With the beauteous Queen of Love;
 There, beneath a pleasant shade
 By a Vines wide branches made,
 Must the Loves, their armes laid by,
 Keep the Graces company:
 And the bright-haired God of day
 With a youthful Beavy play.

XIX.

FRUITFUL Earth drinks up the rain,
 Trees from Earth drink that again,

Sea drinks the Air, the Sun
 sips the Sea, and him the Moon:
 reason then, 't' think
 could thirst when all else drink?

The Wish. XX.

(Iobe on Phrygian sands

Turn'd a weeping Statue stands:

the Pandionian Maid

Swallows wings arraid;

a Mirrour I would be,

be lookt on still by Thee;

the Gown wherein thou'rt drest,

at I might thy Limbs invest;

a Chrystal Spring, wherein

thou might'st bath thy purer skin;

sweet Unguents, to anoint

and make supple every Joynt;

a Knot, thy Breast to deck;

a Chain, to clasp thy Neck;

thy Shoe I wish to be,

that thou might'st but tread on me.

XXI.

Each me here that full crown'd Cup,

And at once I'll drink it up;

my overcharged Breast

lets for drowth, with care oppress;

Whilst

Whilst a Chaplet of cool Roses
My distemper'd Brow incloses;
Love I'll drench in Wine; for these
Flames alone can his appease.

The Invitation. XXII.

Come my Fair, the heat r'evade
Let us sit beneath this shade;
See, the Tree doth bow his head,
And his armes t'invite thee spread;
Hark, the kinde perswasive Spring
Murmurs at thy tarrying;
Who molested by the Sun
Would so sweet a refuge shun?

XXIII.

I F I thought that Gold had power
To prolong my Life one hour,
I should lay it up, to see
Death, when come to summon me;
But if Life cannot be bought,
Why complain I then for nought?
Death not brib'd at any price,
To what end is Avarice?
Fill me then some Wine; but see
That it brisk and racy be,
Such as may cold bloods inflame,
For by *Bacchus* arm'd, wee'l aime

at Cythera's highest pleasure;
Wine and Love's the onely treasure.

XXIV.

I Am sprung of humane seed,
For a lives short race decree'd;
Though I know the way I've gone,
That which is to come's unknown;
Busie thoughts do not disturb me;
What have you to do to curb me?
Come, some Wine and Musick give;
Ere we dye, 'tis fit we live.

XXV.

VVhen with Wine my soul is arm'd,
All my grief and tears are charm'd;
Life in toils why should we wast,
When we're sure to dye at last?
Drink we then, nor *Bacchus* spare;
Wine's the Antidote of Care.

XXVI.

VVhen my sense in Wine I steep,
All my cares are lull'd asleep:
Rich in thought, I then despise
Craesus, and his royalties:
Whilst with Ivy twines I wreath me,
And sing all the World beneath me;

Others

Others run to martial fights,
 I to *Bacchus's* delights;
 Fill the cup then Boy, for I
 Drunk then dead had rather ly.

XXVII.

Love born *Bacchus* when posselt
 (Care exiling) of my breast,
 In a sprightly Saraband
 Guides my foot and ready hand,
 Which an even measure sets
 'Twixt my voice and *Castanets*;
 Tir'd we sit and kils; and then
 To our dancing fall agen.

The Picture. XXVIII.

PAinter, by unmatch'd desert
 Master of the Rhodian art,
 Come, my absent Mistress take
 As I shall describe her; make
 First her Hair, as black as bright,
 And if colours so much right
 Can but do her, let it too
 Smell of Aromatick dew;
 Underneath this Shade, must thou
 Draw her Alabaster Brow;
 Her dark Eye-brows so dispose
 That they neither part nor close.

But

But by a divorce so slight
 Be disjoyn'd, may cheat the sight
 From her kindly killing Eye
 Make a flash of lightning flye,
 Sparkling like *Minerva's*, yet
 Like *Cythera's* mildly sweet
 Roses in milk swimming seek
 For the pattern of her Cheek
 In her lip such moving blisses
 As from all may challenge kisses;
 Round about her neck (ourving
Parian stone) the Graces flying;
 And o're all her Limbs at last
 A loose purple mantle cast,
 But so ordered, that the eye
 Some part naked may desery,
 An Essay by which the rest
 That lies hidden may be ghest.
 So; to life th' hast come so neer
 All of her, but voice, is here.

Another. XXIX.

Draw my Fair as I command,
 Whilst my fancy guides thy hand.
 Black her hair must be, yet bright,
 Tipt, as with a golden light,
 In loose curls thrown o're her Dresse
 With a graceful carelesnesse;
 On each side her forehead crown
 With an Arch of Sable down;

B

In

In her black and sprightly Eye
 Sweetness mix with Majesty,
 That the soul of every Lover
 There 'twixt hope and fear may hover :
 In her Cheek a blushing red
 Must by Bashfulness be spread ;
 Such her lips, as if from thence
 Stole a silent Eloquence :
 Round her Face, her Forehead high,
 Neck surpassing Ivory ;
 But why all this care to make
 Her description need we take ?
 Draw her with exactest Art
 After *Venus* in each part ;
 Or to *Samos* go, and there
Venus thou mayst draw by Her.

Love imprison'd. XXX.

Love, in Rosy Fetters caught,
 To my Fair the Muses brought ;
 Gifts his Mother did prefer
 To release the Prisoner ;
 But hee'd not be gone though free,
 Pleas'd with his Captivity.

XXXI.

PRethee trouble me no more ;
 I will drink, be mad, and rore :

Alcema'en

Alcma'on and *Orestes* grew
 Mad, when they their Mothers slew :
 But I no man having kill'd
 Am with hurtless fury fill'd ;
Hercules with madness strook
 Bent his Bow, his Quiver shook ;
Ajax mad, did fiercely wield
Hectors Sword, and graspt his Shield :
 Inor Spear nor Target have,
 But this Cup (my weapon) wave :
 Crown'd with roses, thus for more
 Wine I call, drink, dance, and rore.

The Accompt. XXXII.

IF thou dost the number know
 Of the Leaves on every Bough,
 If thou canst the reck'ning keep
 Of the Sands within the Deep ;
 Thee of all men will I take,
 And my Loves Accomptant make.
 Of *Athenians* first a score
 Set me down ; then fifteen more :
 Adde a Regiment to these
 of *Corinthian* Mistresses ;
 For the most renown'd for fair
 In *Acha*a, sojourn there ;
 Next our *Lesbian* beauties tell ;
 Those that in *Ion*ia dwell ;
 Those of *Rhodes* and *Caria* count ;
 To two thousand they amount.

Wonder'ft thou I love ſo many?
 'Lats of *Syria* we not any;
Egypt yet, nor *Creet* have told,
 Where his *Orgies* Love doth hold.
 What to thoſe then wilt thou ſay
 Which in Eaſtern *Bactria*,
 Or the *Western Gades* remain?
 But give o're, thou toiſt in vain;
 For the Sum which thou doſt ſeek
 Puzzels all *Arithmetick*.

The Swallow. XXXIII.

GEntle Swallow, thou we know
 Every year doſt come and go,
 In the Spring thy neſt thou makeſt;
 In the Winter it forſak'ſt,
 And diver't'ſt thy ſelf awhile
 Near the *Memphian Towers*, or *Nile*;
 But Love in my ſuff'ring breaſt
 Builds, and never quits his neſt;
 Firſt one Love's hatcht; when that flies
 In the ſhell another lies;
 Then a third is half expos'd;
 Then a whole brood is diſclos'd,
 Which for meat ſtill peeping cry,
 Whilſt the others that can fly
 Do their callow brethren feed,
 And grown up, they young ones breed.
 What then will become of me,
 Bound to pain inceſſantly,

Whilſt

Whilst so many Loves; conspire
Or by heart by turns to tire !

XXXIV.

Though my aged head be gray
And thy youth more fresh then May,
Fly me not ; oh rather see
In this wreath how gracefullie
Roses with pale Lillies joÿne,
Learn of them, so let us twine.

Europa. XXXV.

This the figure is of *Jove*,
To a Bull transform'd by Love,
On whose back the *Tyrian* Maid
Through the Surges was convoid :
See how swiftly he the wide
Sea doth with strong hoofs divide ;
He (and he alone) could swim,
None o'th' Heard ere follow'd him.

XXXVI.

Ex no more thy self and me
With demure Philosophy ;
Hollow precepts, only fit
To amuse the busier wit ;

Teach

Teach me brisk *Lycas* wine;
 Teach me *Venus* blithe delights;
Jove loves Water, give me Wine;
 That my soul ere I resign
 May this cure of sorrow have;
 There's no drinking in the Grave.

The Spring. XXXVII.

SEE the Spring her self discloses,
 And the Graces gather Roses:
 See how the becalmed Seas
 Now their swelling waves appease;
 How the Duck swims, how the Crane
 Comes from's Winter Home again;
 See how *Titans* cheerful ray
 Chaceth the dark Clouds away;
 Now in their new robes of green
 Are the Plowmans labours seen:
 Now the lusty teeming Earth
 Springs each hour with a new birth;
 Now the Olive blooms: the Vine
 Now doth with plump pendants shine;
 And with leaves and blossoms now
 Freshly bourgeons every Bough.

XXXVIII.

OLD I am, yet can (I think)
 Those that younger are out-drink;
 Whence

ANACREON.

When I dance no staff I take
But a well fill'd Bottle shake :
He that doth in war delight
Come and with these arms let's fight ;
Fill the Cup, let loose a flood
Of the rich Grapes luscious blood ;
Old I am, and therefore may
Like *Silenns* drink and play.

XXXIX.

When I ply the cheering Bowl
Brisk *Lyaus* through my soul
Strait such lively joy diffuses
That I sing, and bless the Muses ;
Full of Wine I cast behinde
All my sorrows to the winde ;
Full of Wine my head I crown
Roving loosely up and down ;
Full of Wine I praise the life
Calmly ignorant of strife ;
Full of Wine I court some Fair,
And *Cythera's* worth declare ;
Full of Wine my close thoughts I
To my Jovial Friends unty :
Wine makes Age with new years sprout :
Wine deni'd, my life goes out.

The Bee. XL.

Love, a Bee that lurkt among
Roses saw not, and was stung :

B 4

Who

Who for his hurt finger crying,
 Running somerimes, ~~somerimes flying~~;
 Doth to his fair Mother hic,
 And oh help cries he; I dy;
 A wing'd Snake hath bitten me,
 Call'd by Countreymen a Bee:
 At which *Venus*, if such smart
 A Bees little sting impart,
 How much greater is the pain
 They whom thou hast hurt sustain.

XLI.

VV Hilft our Joyes with wine we raise
 Youthful *Bacchus* we will praise:
Bacchus dancing did invent;
Bacchus is on songs intent;
Bacchus teacheth Love to court,
 And his Mother how to sport;
 Graceful confidence He lends;
 He oppressive trouble ends;
 To the Bowle when we repair
 Grief doth vanish into air;
 Drink we then, and drown all sorrow;
 All our care not knows the morrow;
 Life is dark, let's dance and play.
 They that will be troubled may:
 We our joyes with wine will raise,
 Youthful *Bacchus* we will praise.

I divine

XLII.

Divine *Lyens* prize,
 Who with mirth and wit supplies :
 Compact with a Jovial Quire,
 Affect to touch the Lyre :
 Out of all my greatest Joy
 With sprightly Maids to toy :
 My free heart no Envy bears,
 Nor anothers envy fears ;
 Proof against invective wrongs,
 Little shafts of pois'nous tongues.
 Wine with quarrels sower'd I hate,
 Or feasts season'd with debate ;
 But I love a harmless Measure ;
 Life, to Quiet hath no pleasure.

The Grasshopper. XLIII.

Grasshopper thrice-happy I who
 Sipping the cool morning dew,
 Queen-like chirpest all the day
 Feated on some verdant spray ;
 Thine is all what ere earth brings,
 Or the howrs with laden wings ;
 Thee, the Ploughman calls his Joy,
 Cause thou nothing dost destroy :
 Thou by all art honour'd ; All
 Thee the Springs sweet Prophet call ;

By

By the Muses thou admir'd,
 By *Apollo* art inspir'd,
 Ageless, ever singing, good,
 Without passion flesh or blood,
 Oh how near thy happy state
 Comes the Gods to imitate !

The Dream. XLIII.

AS I late in slumber lay
 Wing'd me thought I ran away,
 But Love (his feet clogg'd with Lead)
 As thus up and down I fled
 Following caught me instantly :
 What, may this strange dream imply ?
 What but this ? that in my heart
 Though a thousand Loves had part,
 I shall now (their snares declin'd)
 To this onely be confin'd.

Loves Arrows. XLIV.

IN the *Lemnian* Forge of late
Vulcan making Arrows fate ;
 Whilst with Honey their barb'd points
Venus, Love with Gall anoints :
 Armed *Mars* by chance comes there,
 Brandishing a sturdy Spear,
 And in scorn the little shaft
 Offering to take up, he laugh't :

This (saith Love) which thou dost slight
 Is not (if thou try it) light;
 Up *Mars* takes it, *Venus* smil'd;
 But He (fighing) to the Child
 Take it, cries, its weight I feel;
 Nay (sayes Love) e'en keep it still.

Gold. XLVI.

Not to love a pain is deem'd,
 And to love's the same esteem'd:
 But of all the greatest pain
 Is to love unlov'd again;
 Birth in love is now rejected,
 Parts and Arts are disrespected,
 Onely Gold is look'd upon;
 A curse take him that was won
 First to doat upon it; hence
 Springs 'twixt Brothers difference;
 This makes Parents slighted; this
 Wars dire cause and fuel is:
 And what's worst, by this alone
 Are we Lovers overthrown.

XLVII.

Young Men dancing, and the old
 Sporting I with joy behold;
 But an old Man gay and free
 Dancing most I love to see:

Age and youth alike he shares,
For his Heart belies his Haires.

XLVIII.

Bring me hither *Homers* Lute,
Taught with mirth (not wars) to suit;
Reach a full Cup, that I may
All the laws of Wine obey,
Drink, and dance, and to the Lyre
Sing what *Bacchus* shall inspire.

XLIX.

Best of Painters come, pursue
What our Muse invites thee to,
And *Lyent*, whose shrill Flute
Vies with her harmonious Lute;
Draw me a full City, where
Several shapes of mirth appear;
And the Laws of Love, if cold
Wax so great a flame can hold.

L.

Ho his cups can stoutly bear,
In his cups despiseth fear,

In his cups can nimble dance,
 Him *Lycus* will advance;
 Nectar of us mortals Wine,
 The glad off spring of the Vine;
 Screen'd with leaves, preserv'd within
 The plump Grapes transparent skin,
 In the Body all diseases,
 In the Soul all grief appeases.

*On a Basin wherein Venus
 was engrav'd. LI.*

Vhat bold hand the Sea engraves,
 Whilst its undetermin'd waves
 In a Dishes narrow Round
 Arts more powerful rage doth bound?
 See, by some *Promethean* Mind
Cytherea there design'd,
 Mother of the Deities,
 Expos'd naked to our eyes
 In all parts, save those alone
 Modesty will not have shown,
 Which for covering onely have
 The thin Mantle of a wave
 On the surface of the Main,
 Which a smiling calm lyes plain,
 She, like frothy Sedges, twims
 And displays her snowy Limbs
 Whilst the foaming billow swells
 As her breast its force repells
 And

And her form striving to hide
 Her doth by her Neck divide,
 Like a Lilly round beset
 By the Purple Violet;
 Loves, who Dolphins do bestride
 Ore the silver surges ride,
 And with many a wanton smile
 Lovers of their hearts beguile;
 Whilst the People of the Floud
 To her side, like Wantons, scud.

The Vintage. LII.

MEn and Maids at time of year
 The Ripe clusters joyntly bear
 To the Press, but in when thrown
 They by Men are trod alone,
 Who in *Bacchus* praises join,
 Squeeze the Grape, let out the Wine:
 Oh with what delight they spy
 The new must when tun'd work high!
 Which if old Men freely take
 Their gray heads and heels they shake;
 And a young Man, if he finde
 Some fair Maid to sleep resign'd
 In the shade, He strait goes to her,
 Wakes, and roundly 'gins to woe her;
 Whilst Love sily stealing in
 Tempts her to the pleasing sin:
 Yet she long resists his offers,
 Nor will hear what ere he proffers,
 Till perceiving that his prayer
 Melts into regardless air,

Her

Her, who seemingly refrains,
 He by pleasing force constrains;
 Wine doth boldness thus dispence,
 Teaching young Men Insolence.

The Rose. LIII.

With the flowry Crowned Spring
 Now the Vernal Rose we sing;
 Sons of mirth, your sprightly layes
 Mix with ours, to sound its praise:
 Rose, the Gods and Mens sweet flower;
 Rose, the Graces Paramour;
 This of Muses the delight,
 This, is *Venus* Favourite;
 Sweet, when guarded by sharp Thorns;
 Sweet, when it soft hands adorns;
 How at mirthful boards admir'd!
 How at *Bacchus* Feasts desir'd!
 Fair without it what is born?
 Rosy finger'd is the Morn;
 Rosy arm'd the Nymphs we name,
 Rosy-cheek'd Loves Queen proclaim:
 This relief 'gainst sickness lends;
 This the very dead befriends;
 This Times Malice doth prevent,
 Old retains its Youthful Scent.
 When *Cythera* from the Main,
Pallas sprung from *Jove's* crackt Brain,
 Then the Rose receiv'd it's Birth,
 From the youthful teeming Earth;

Every

Every God was its Protector,
 Watring it by turns with Nectar;
 Till from Thorns it grew, and prov'd
 Of *Lyans* the belov'd.

LIV.

When I see the young Men play;
 Young ~~me~~ thinks I am as they;
 And my aged thoughts lay'd by;
 To the Dance, with Joy I fly:
 Come, a flowry Chaplet lend me,
 Youth, and mirthful thoughts attend me;
 Age be gone, wee'l dance among
 Those that young are and be young:
 Bring some Wine Boy, fill about;
 You shall see the old Man's stout;
 Who can laugh and tipple too,
 And be mad as well as you.

LV.

Horses plainly are descri'd
 By the Mark upon their side:
Parthians are distinguished
 By the Miters on their Head:
 But from all Men else a Lover
 I can easily discover,
 For upon his easie Breast
Love his Brand-Mark hath impress.

BION.

BION.

Epitaph on Adonis.

Idyll. I.

Adonis I lament; he's dead & the fair
 Adonis dead is! Loves his mourners are;
 Venus, no more in Scarlet coverings rest,
 Rise cloth'd in Black; & beating thy sad breast
 Adonis dead is, to the World declare;

I wail Adonis, Loves his mourners are:
 On barren Mountains doth Adonis lie,
 A Boares white musk hath gor'd his whiter thigh:
 His short Pants Venus grieve; black blood distains
 His snowy Skin, his Eye no life retains:
 The Rose is from his pale Lip fled, with it
 Died that dear Kiss which Venus nere will quit:
 His liveless kisse to Venus pleasing is,
 But dead Adonis not perceiv'd her kisse.

I wail Adonis, Loves his mourners are.
 In young Adonis thigh a deep deep wound,
 But deeper far in Venus breast is found.
 His lov'd Hounds o're the Boy a howling keep,
 And all the mountain-Nymphs about him weep;
 Venus, with hair dishevel'd, through the groves
 Frantick, in loose attire and barefoot roves;
 About her legs the blood-stain'd brambles cling,

C

And

And the wide valleys with her shrill cries ring,
 She calls her Boy, her lov'd Assyrian Spouse,
 Whilst bubling gore, sprung from his thigh, oreflows
 His breast; the whiteness which so late orespread
 His limbs, is now converted into red.

I wail Adonis Loves his, &c.

Her beauty with her beauteous Spouse she lost
 Whilst her *Adonis* liv'd *Venus* could boast
 Her form; but that (alas) did with him dy:
 Mountains and Oaks, Ah poor *Adonis* cry;
 Rivers *Cythera's* miseries resent;
 And Fountains young *Adonis* losse lament;
 Flowers are with grief turn'd purple; all the Hills
 And City with her sad shrieks *Venus* fills

Poor *Venus* thy *Adonis* murder'd lies!

Adonis murder'd lies, *Eccho* replies.

Thy hapless love tears from all eyes would draw;
 Soon as *Adonis* ghastly wound She saw,
 Soon as his thigh which bath'd in black gore lay,
 Spreading her arms She cries, *Adonis* stay,
 Hapless *Adonis* stay but till I twine
 Thee in my arms, and mix my lips with thine;
Adonis wake so short a while, to give
 A dying kisse but whilst a kisse may live;
 Thy fleeting spirit to my breast bequeath,
 And I will suck Loves Nectar in thy breath,
 Thy love Ile drink, and in *Adonis* sted
 Will keep that kisse when thou unkinde art fled,
 Fled far *Adonis*, gone to *Acheron*
 To the deaf King, and I left all alone
 As Goddess am to follow thee denied.

Take my Spouse *Proserpine*, thy power's more wide
 Then

Then mine ; to thee and *Pluto* all that's fair
 Devolves ; unhappy Me lost in despair,
 Jealous of thee for my *Adonis* dead !
 He's dead, and like a dream our loves are fled.
Venus a widow, Loves are Orphans now,
 My *Cestus* lost with Thee : why huntedst thou ?
 To cope with beasts thy softness was not made :
 Thus *Venus* mourns whilst Loves her sorrows aid.

Poor *Venus* thy *Adonis* murder'd lies !
 For every drop of blood he shed, her eyes
 Let fall a tear, which earth in flowers bestows,
 Tears rais'd th' *Anemomy* and Blood the Rose.

Adonis, dead *Adonis* I deplore ;
Venus thy husband wail in woods no more ;
 A bed, a bed is for *Adonis* made ;
 On thy bed *Venus* is *Adonis* layd ;
 Lovely in death, dead lovely as in sleep ;
 Down gently lay him, in soft coverings keep
 His body, wrapt in which he slept with thee
 On a guilt bed ; unhappy though he be
 Neglect him not ; 'mongst wreaths let him be laid,
 Not any flower but with his life did fade :
 In sweet Myrrhe-water wash each softer limb,
 The sweetness of all waters dy with him !
 In purple winding clothes *Adonis* lies,
 Whilst loves about him weep his obsequies,
 And strew him with their hair ; His Bow one kicks,
 His Shafts another ; This his Quiver breaks ;
 His shooe another looses ; That stands by
 With a gold Bason, whilst this bathes his thigh ;
 One sits behind, and fans him with his wings :
 Loves weep for *Cytherea's* sufferings.

The wedding garment *Hymen* in the porch
 Cast quite away, and quench the genial torch;
 To Elegies our Hymeneals turn,
 We for *Adonis*, we for *Hymen* mourn:
 The Graces (griev'd for *Cynara's* fair son)
Adonis, to each other say, is gone:
 Lowder then thine (*Dione*) are their cries;
Adonis, in their songs the destinies
 Call back *Adonis*, but their lure disdain'd
 He never minds, by *Proserpine* detain'd.
 Dry thy eyes *Venus* for to day, and keep
 Some tears in store, for thou next year must weep.

II.

A Youth (a Fowler) in a shady Grove
 As he a birding went spied runaway Love
 Sitting upon a Box-tree branch, and glad
 (The Bird seem'd fair) that such a prize he had,
 His Gins he all in order doth bestow,
 Observing Love who skipt from bough to bough;
 Angry at last he watch'd so long in vain,
 To an old Husbandman who first did train
 Him in that Art he goes, and doth relate
 His frustrate sport, and shews him where Love late.
 The old Man shook his hoary head and smil'd;
 Pursue (saith he) this Bird no longer Child;
 Fly, 'tis an evil beast, whom whilst you can
 Avoid thou happy art; but once grown Man
 He of himself, who now avoids thy search
 Will freely come, and on thy head will perch.

In

III.

IN sleep before me *Venus* seem'd to stand,
 Holding young *Cupid* in her whiter hand,
 His eyes cast on the ground; lov'd Swain I bring
 My son (saith she) to learn of thee to sing;
 Then disappear'd; I my old pastoral layes
 Began, instructing *Cupid* in their wayes,
 How *Pan* the Pipe, *Minerva* found the Flute,
Phœbus the Harp, and *Mercury* the Lute:
 He minds not what I sing, but sings agen
 His Mothers acts, the loves of Gods and Men:
 What I taught *Cupid* then, I now forget;
 But what he then taught me, remember yet.

IV.

Fierce Love the Muses fear not, but affect,
 And gladly by his steps their own direct;
 If One whose Genius is not am'rous try
 To sing him they, to teach refusing, fly;
 But if some Lover his sweet song begin,
 To him they joyfully come thronging in;
 This witness the disorder of my tongue
 When God or Man is subject of my song
 But Love and *Lycidas*; what I compose
 Of them in streams of verse untroubled flows.

V.

IF good my verses are, they will augment
 By fame the life which Fate already lent;
 If bad why longer do I toyl in vain?
 Could we indeed a double life obtain
 Of *Jove* or his successive Destinie,
 That this for pleasure, that for toyl might be,
 Then might we reap the Joyes our Labours sow;
 But since the Gods Man but one life allow,
 And that more short then other things acquire,
 Ah why our selves with labour do we tire?
 How long to Gain and Arts will we apply
 Our studies, and still more, more riches cry?
 We have forgot that we all mortal are,
 And what a little part of time we share.

CLEODEMUS, MYRSON.

VI.

CLEOD.

Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter, wth delight
 Thee most? w^{ch} (*Myrson*) should thy wish invite?
 Doth Winter, when the Earth left unmanur'd
 Men are by sloth unto the fire allur'd,
 Or fairer Spring best please thee? say which fits
 Thy choice? our want of businesse talk permits.

MYR.

MYR.

Men must not censure what the Gods create;
 Delightful and divine is every state;
 But thou shalt know with which I most am won;
 Not Summer, for the scorching of the Sun,
 Nor Autumn, for th'unwholsomnesse of fruit,
 Nor Winter, for its snows with me doth suit.
 Lov'd Spring be all the year & when no excesse
 Of heat or cold our spirits doth oppresse;
 In Spring are all things fruitful, all things sweet,
 Then nights and dayes in even measure meet.

C 4 MOSCHUS.

MOSCHVS.

Love Cried.

Idyll. I.

HEr lost son *Cupid* careful *Venus* cried ;
 If any in the streets Love wandring spied,
 He is my runaway, to *Venus* come
 And have a kisse; but he that brings him home
 Not a meer kisse shall have but further Joyes;
 Hee's easie to be known from twenty Boyes;
 Fiery, not white is his Complexion; Eyes (guise.
 Sparkling, fair words his treacherous thoughts dis-
 His Lips and Heart dissent; like Honey sweet
 His tongue, in's minde malice and anger meet:
 A crafty lying Boy, mischief his play,
 Curl'd headed, knavish-look'd; no little way
~~But~~ *He*, can an arrow throw;
 To Hell he shoots, and wounds the Powers below.
 His body he disrobes, his minde he covers,
 And like a swift bird up and down he hovers
 From Man to Woman, pearching on the heart:
 A little Bow he hath, a little Dart,
 Whose nimble flight can pierce the highest spears,
 A golden Quiver at his back he bears,

And

And poison'd shafts, with which he doth not spare
 Ev'n Me to wound : All cruel, cruel are ;
 But most his little Torch, which fires the Sun ;
 Take, bring him bound, nor be to pitty won ;
 Let not his tears thy easiness beguile,
 Nor let him circumvent thee with a smile ;
 If he to kisse thee ask, his kisses fly ;
 Poyson of Asps Between his lips doth ly :
 If to resigne his weapons he desire,
 Touch not, his treacherous Gifts are dipt in fire.

Europa. by Theophrastus

II.

A Sweet dream *Venus* once *Europa* lent,
 In nights third quarter, near the morn's ascent ;
 Whilst slumber which her eyelids sweetly crown'd,
 Her limbs unt'd, and her eyes softly bound
 (That time which doth all true dreams beget.)

Europa Phoenix-child, a Virgin yet,
 Alone in a high chamber taking rest,
 Beholds two Countries that for her contest,
 The Asian and her opposite ; both seem'd
 Like women ; that a stranger, this esteem'd
 A native who (a Mother like) doth plead
 That she of her was born, by her was bred ;
 The other violent hands upon her laid,
 And drew by force the unresisting Maid,
 Urging she was a prize to love design'd :
 Out of the bed she starts with mumbled mind :

And

And panting heart ; the dream to life's so near :
 Long fate she silent ; long both women were
 After she wak'd presented to her sense,
 Till thus at length she breaks her deep suspense.

Which of the Gods as now I did repose,
 Perplext my fancy with delusive shewes ?
 My calmer sleeps disquieting with fear :
 What Stranger in my slumber did appear ?
 Her love shot suddenly into my breast
 And kindnesse like a Mother she exprest.
 The Gods vouchsafe this dream a good event !

She rose and for her lov'd companions sent,
 In years and friendship equal nobly born
 With them for Balls she us'd her self t' adorn ;
 Or in *Ananrus* current baths, with them
 She plucks the fragrant Lilly from her stem ;
 These straight come to her ; each a basket held
 To gather flowers ; so walk they to a field
 Neighb'ring to th' Sea, whither they often went
 Pleas'd with the Waters noise and Roses-scent.

A golden basket fair *Europa* bare,
 Rich yet in *Vulcanus* workmanship more rare,
 Which *Neptune* first to *Lybia* gave when he
 Obtain'd her bed, to *Telephassa* she
 Wife to her son, from *Telephassa* last
 This to unwed' *Europe* her daughter past
 Which many figures neatly wrought did hold.
Inachian Io was here carv'd in gold,
 Not yet in *Womans* shape, but like a Cow,
 Who seem'd to swim, and force (enraged) through
 The briny Sea her way ; the Sea was blew ;
 Upon the highest point of land to view

The wave-dividing Heifer, two Men stand;
 One strokes the wet Cow with his sacred hand,
 Who unto seven mouth'd *Nilus* crossing over,
 Both cast her horns, and Womans shape recover.
 In silver *Nilus* flood, the Cow in brass,
 And *Jupiter* in gold engraven was;
Mercury's figur'd on the furthest round,
 And next him lies distended on the ground
Argos endu'd with many watchful eyes,
 Out of whose purple blood a Bird doth rise,
 Proud of his various flowry plumes, his tail
 He spreadeth like a swift ship under sail,
 And comprehends the border with his wings;
 Such is the basket fair *Europa* brings.

All at the painted field arive, where these
 With several flowers their several fancies please.
 One sweet *Narcissus* plucks, another gets
 Wild Savory, Hyacinths, and Violets, (share,
 Many faine Spring-born flowers the ground doth
 Some strive which yellow *Crocus* fragrant hair
 Should faster pluck; i'th' midst the Queen doth stand
 Gathering the *Roses* beauty with her hand;
 The Graces so by *Venus* are out-shin'd.
 Nor must she long with flowers divert her mind,
 Nor long preserve unstain'd her Virgin zone,
 For *Jove* upon the Meadow looking down,
 By *Venus* subtle darts was struck in love,
Venus hath power to captivate great *Jove*.
 Who of frowr'd *Juno's* jealousy afraid,
 And that he might deceive the tender Maid,
 In a Bulls shape his deity doth vail,
 Not such as are in stables bred, or trail

The

The crooked plough the furrow'd earth to wound
 Or run amongst the herds in pasture ground,
 Or are to draw the laden Waggon us'd.
 Yellow o're all his body is diffus'd,
 Save a white circle shines amidst his brow.
 His brighter eyes with amorous sparkles glow.
 His horns with equal length rise from his head
 Like the Moons orb, to half a circle spread.

Into the Mead he comes, nor (seen) doth fright
 The Virgins to approach him all delight,
 And stroke the lovely Bull, whose divine smell
 Doth far the Meads perfumed breath excell :
 Before unblam'd *Europa's* feet he stood
 Licking her neck, and the Maid kindly woo'd :
 She stroak'd and kiss'd him ; and the foam that lay
 Upon his lip wip'd with her hand away :
 He softly bellow'd, such a humming sound
 Forth breathing as *Mygdonian* Pipes resound.
 Down at her feet he kneels viewing the Maid
 With writhed neck, and his broad back displai'd,
 When she to th' fair-hair'd Virgins thus doth say ;
 Come hither dear companions, let us play,
 Securely with this Bull, and without fear ;
 Who like a Ship all on his back will bear.
 He tame appears to fight, and gently kind,
 Diff'ring from others, a discursive mind
 Bearing like Men, and onely voice doth lack.

This said, she smiling gets upon his back ;
 Which the rest off ring, the Bull leaps away,
 And to the Sea bears his desired prey ;
 She cal's with stretch'd out hands, she turns to view
 Her friends, alas unable to pursue ;

Down

own leaps he, Dolphin-like glides through the
from the deep rise the *Nereides*, (Seas:
mounted on Whales to meet her on the way;
Whilst hollow-sounding *Neptune* doth allay
the waves, and is himself his brothers guide
this Sea-voyage; *Tritons* on each side,
(the deeps inhabitants) about him throng,
and sound with their long shells a nuptial song;
he by transformed *Jupiter* thus born,
With one hand holding fast the Bulls large horn
her purple garment with the other saves
her by the swollen Oceans froathy waves:
her mantle (flowing o're her shoulders swell'd
like a full sail, and the young maid upheld.
Now born away far from her native coast,
her sight the wave-washt shore and mountains lost
she sees the Heav'ns above, the Seas beneath,
And looking round about these cries doth breathe.
O whither sacred Bull? who art thou, say?
That through undreaded floods canst break thy way:
The Seas are pervious to swift ships alone,
But not to Bulls is their fear'd voyage known;
What food is here? or if some God thou be
Why dost what misbefseems a Deity?
Upon the Land no Dolphins, no Bulls move
Upon the Sea; Thou sea and land dost prove
Alike; whose feet like Oares assist thy hast;
Perhaps thou'lt soar through the bright air at last
On high, and like the nimble Birds become,
Me most unhappy, who have left my home,
A Bull to follow, voyages unknown
To undertake, and wander all alone.

But

But *Neptune* thou that rul'st the foaming Main
Be pleas'd to help me ; sure I shall obtain
A sight of this great God who is my guide,
Nor else could I these fluid paths have tride.

The largely horned Bull thus answer'd ; Maid
Be bold, nor of the swelling waves afraid,
For I am *Jove* who now a Bull appear,
And whatsoever shape I please can wear ;
In this to measure the wide Sea constrain'd
For love of thee , thou shalt be entertain'd
By *Creet* my Nurse ; our nuptials shall be there
Perform'd, and thou of me great sons shalt bear,
To whose imperious scepters all shall bow.

What he had said event made good ; *Creet* now
Appears in view ; *Jove* his own form doth take,
And loos'd her zone; the howers their bed did make
She late a Virgin, Spouse to *Jove* became,
Brought him forth sons, and gain'd a mothers name.

Epith

Epitaph on Bion the Pastoral Poet.

III.

(breath,
Mourn, and your grief ye Groves in soft sighs
Ye Rivers drop in tears, for *Bions* death:
His losse ye Plants lament, ye Woods bewaile
Ye Flowers your odours with your griefs exhale;
In purple mourn; Anemony and Rose;
Breath Hyacinth that sigh, and more, which grows
Upon thy cheek; the sweet voic'd Singers gone:

Begin Sicilian Muse, begin your mone.

Ye Nightingales that mourn on thickest boughs,
Tell gentle *Arethusa's* stream which flows
Through *Sicily*, *Bion* the Shepherds dead,
And with him Poetry and Musick fled:

Begin Sicilian, &c.

Strimonian Swans vent from your mournful throats
(Gliding upon the waves such dying notes
As heretofore in you the Poet sung;
Tell the *Oeagrian*, tell the *Thracian* young
Virgins, the *Dorick Orpheus* hence is gone;

Begin Sicilian Muse, begin your mone.

He never more shall pipe to his lov'd flock,
Laid underneath some solitary Oak,
But songs of *Lethe* now, by *Plato* taught;
The Hils are dumb; the Heifers that late songht
The Bull lament, and let their meat alone.

Begin Sicilian Muse, begin your mone.

Apollo

NOTES.

Apollo wept thy death, thy silenc'd reeds
 Satyrs *Prinpsles* in mourning weeds (dwe
 And *Fawns* bewail: 'mongst woods the *Nymphs* the
 In fountains weep, whose tears to fountains swell;
Eccho 'mongst rocks her silence doth deplore,
 Nor words (now thine are stopt) will follow more;
 Flowers fade; abortive fruit falls from the trees;
 The *Ewes* no Milk, no *Honey* give the *Bees*,
 But wither'd combs; the sweetness being gone
 Of thy lov'd voice, *Honey* it self hath none.

Begin Sicilian Muse begin your move.
 So *Dolphin* never wail'd upon the strand;
 So never *Nightingale* on craggy land;
 So never *Swallow* on the mountains mourn'd;
 Nor *Halcyons* sorrows *Ceyx* so return'd.

Begin Sicilian, &c.
 So *Cerylus* on blew waves never sung;
 In Eastern vales, the bird from *Memnon* sprung
Aurora's son so mourn'd not, hovering o're
 His Sepulcher, as *Bion* they deplore.

Begin Sicilian, &c.
 Swallows and *Nightingales*, whom he to please
 Once taught to sing, now sitting on high trees
 Sing forth their grief in parts, the rest reply,
 And *Doves* with murmuring keep them company.

Begin Sicilian, &c.
 Who now can use thy Pipe, or dare betray
 Such boldness to thy Reeds his lips to lay?
 They yet are by thy lips and breath inspir'd,
 And *Eccho* thence hath harmony acquir'd;
Pan keeps thy Pipe, but will its use decline,
 Fearing to prove his own skill short of thine.

Begin Sicilian, &c.

Thee

Thee *Galathea* wails, whom heretofore
 Thy songs delighted sitting on the shore :
 The Cyclop sung not so ; She through the Sea
 (Though him she fled) darted kind looks at Thee ;
 And now in desert sands she sits, the deep
 Forsaking quite, and doth thy Oxen keep.

Begin Sicilian, &c.

With thee (lov'd Swain) dy all the Muses joyes,
 The kisses of young Maids and amorous Boyes ;
 The Cupids weep about thy Sepulcher ;
 Thee *Venus* did beyond the kisse prefer
 Which from *Adonis* dying she receiv'd.
 Thou hast new cause great River to be griev'd,
 New sorrow *Melus* : *Homer* first by death
 Was seiz'd (*Calliopes* harmonious breath)
 Then thy fair Son thy troubled waves deplor'd,
 And over all the Sea their current roar'd ;
 Thou now must languish for another Son :
 Both Fountains lov'd ; the *Pegasean* One,
 The other courted *Arethusa's* spring :
 One did of *Tyndarus* fair Daughter sing,
Thetis great Son, and *Menelaus* wrong ;
 Nor wars nor tears, *Pan* was the others song,
 And Shepherds : As he sung he us'd to feed
 His flock, milk Cows, or carve an oaten reed,
 Taught the Youth courtship, in his bosom love
 He nurs'd, and *Venus* onely did approve.

Begin Sicilian, &c.

Thy death each City every Town resents ;
 Above her *Hesiod Ascra* thee laments ;
 Lesse *Pindar* by *Boetian* woods is lov'd ;
 Lesse with *Alcans* fate was *Lesbus* mov'd ;

D

Their

Their Poets losse lesse griev'd the *Ceian* town;
Parus lesse love t' *Archilochus* hath shown;
 Thy verse 'bove *Sapphos Mytilene* admires;
 All whom th'indulgence of the *Muses* fires
 With pastoral heat, bewail thy sad decease;
 The *Samian* glory mourns, *Sicelides*;
 Amongst *Cydonians* (whose late mirth their pride)
Licidas weeps; his grief by *Hales* tide
Philetas, 'mongst *Triopians*, doth diffuse,
Theocritus 'mongst those of *Syracuse*;
 And with *Ansonian* grief my verse is fraught;
 Such thy own Scholers by thy self were taught,
 Who as thy heirs claim Dorick poesie;
 Thy wealth to others, verse thou left'st to me.

Begin Sicilian, &c.

Alas though time the garden Mallows kill,
 The verdant Smallage and the flowry Dill,
 Yet these revive, and new the next year rise;
 But Man, though ne're so great, so strong, so wise,
 Once dead, inclos'd in hollow earth must keep
 A long, obscure, inexcitable sleep.
 And thou art thus laid silent in the ground;
 For thy sweet voice we onely hear the sound
 Of the hoarse Frogs unintermitted grone.

Begin Sicilian Muse, begin your mane.

Cam'st thou by Poyson *Bion* to thy death?
 Scapt that the Antidote of thy sweet breath?
 What cruel Man to thee could poyson bear?
 Against thy musick sure he stopt his ear.

Begin Sicilian, &c.

But a just vengeance is reserv'd for all;
 Mean time, with others, I bewail thy fall,

Might

Might I like *Orpheus* view the states below,
 And like *Alcides*, or *Uliſſes* go
 To *Pluto's* court, I would enquire if there
 To him thou ſingſt, & what thou ſingſt would hear;
 Court Her with ſome *Sicilian* paſ't'ral ſtrain,
 Who ſporting on *Sicilian Aetna's* plain
 Sung *Dorik* laies; thine may ſucceſſful be,
 And as once *Orpheus* brought *Euroidice*
 Thee back perphaps they to theſe hills may bring,
 Had I ſuch ſkill to *Pluto* I would ſing.

D 2

Megara

Megara and Alcmena.

IV.

WHy these afflictions (Mother) dost thou seek?
 Thy fresh complexion hath forsook thy cheek;
 Why do thy sorrows past all limits run?
 Is't, that a worthlesse Man thy worthy son
 Oppresseth, as a Lion stoops t'a Hind?
 Alas why was I by the Gods design'd,
 by parents why begot to such hard fate?
 I met in marriage with a noble Mate,
 One whom as deer as my own eyes I deem'd,
 And still is by my soul no less esteem'd;
 But through like miseries none ever past,
 Nor did as he so bitter sorrows tast:
 Who with a fatal Bow by *Phæbus* sent,
 And arrows by some cursed Fury lent,
 The lives of his dear children did divide,
 His hands in blood, his soul in fury di'de;
 These by their Father slain I saw, a deed,
 Had I not view'd it, would belief exceed:
 Nor could I, though call'd often, lend them aid,
 Whom death inevitable did invade:
 As a Bird mourns that sees her young distressed,
 And ready to be swallow'd in the nest
 By some fell Snake, the pious old One over
 Their heads (alas in vain) doth shrieking hover;
 Help she is able to afford them none,
 And to come neer, their danger were her own;

So hapless Mother, up and down I went
 Enrag'd, and my dear children did lament;
 Would I had kept them company in death,
 And by a poison'd arrow lost my breath
 From vext *Diana*, who our Sex commands!
 With tears and funeral rites, then the dear hands
 Of parents in one Pyre had help'd to burn,
 And all our bones clos'd in one golden Urn;
 Our birth and burial owing to one place;
 They're now at *Thebes*, fam'd for a generous race
 Of steeds; or fat grounds of *Aonia* plow;
 Whilst I in *Tyrins* *Juno's* City bow
 Beneath the weight of an unbounded grief,
 Nor intermission gives my tears relief:
 My husband I so little see at home;
 So many labours must he overcome;
 Great toils by Sea and Land hath he outgrown;
 The manly heart his breast contains of stone,
 Or steel is fram'd: Thou melt'st in tears away,
 And by thy sorrows count'st each night and day:
 Yet other friend for comfort have I none,
 To remote countries all the rest are gone,
 Their seats beyond the wooddy *Isthmus* ly;
 Nor yet of them knew I to whom to fly,
 To ease the passion of my troubled breast,
 Except my sister *Pyrrha*, who's oppress'd
 With the same grief for *Iphiclus* thy son
 Her husband through like toils thy children run,
 Though one a God begot, t'other a Man.

This said, down her soft cheeks & white brest ran
 A stream of tears, which her fair eyes let fall
 When sons and parents she to mind did call:

Nor lesse *Alcmena* did bedew her cheek,
 And with a deep-fetcht sigh she first did break
 Way for her words; then to her daughter said,
 Crost in thy children, what sad thoughts invade
 Thy soul! why griev'st us both with the review
 Of troubles past? these sorrows are not new.
 Each day with such fresh cause our grief supplies,
 That he must be well verst in miseries
 Whose skill should undertake to sum up ours:
 But droop not daughter, these the heavenly powers
 Sent not; thy lively spirit grief destroyes,
 Nor can I blame; even joy excessive cloyes:
 Yet thy misfortunes I commiserate,
 Make a sad partner in the hapless fate
 Which on my wretched head threatens to fall;
 I *Proserpine* and neat-vail'd *Ceres* call
 To witnesses, who on perjur'd souls severe
 Vengeance inflict, thou art to me as dear
 As if thou hadst thy being from my wombe;
 And I had bred thee of a childe at home:
 I know lov'd daughter thou believ'st no less;
 Think me not unconcern'd in thy distress:
 No, should I fair-hair'd *Niobe* out-weep,
 A Mother justly for a Son may keep
 Her griefs awake; him ten long moneths before
 I ever saw near to my heart I bore:
 To *Pluto's* gates he almost brought me, pain
 So great I in my labour did sustain.
 But now he's gone away, more proofs to show
 Of valour, whilst unhappy I not know
 If him these arms shall evermore inclose.
 Besides a strange dream broke my sweet repose;

Me

Me thought that *Hercules* my Son did stand
 Before me with a Pickax in his hand;
 (As being hir'd to compass with a ditch
 A fruitful field by various flowers made rich)
 Naked, his Lions skin aside was laid;
 At last of all his task an end he made,
 And had enclos'd the Meadow with a mound,
 Then stuck his iron Pickax in the ground,
 When as he went to put his mantle on,
 Out of the earth a sudden lightning shone,
 And round about him flash'd a dreadful fire,
 But with a leap he nimbly did retire,
 The active flame endeav'ring to evade,
 And shield-like 'gainst its rage oppos'd his Spade,
 Whilst round about he rowls his sparkling eyes
 To shun on every side the fires surprize;
 Straight (as I thought) did to his aid appear
 Stout *Iphiclus*, but ere he could come near
 Down falls he, and unable to arise,
 As a decrepid old man helpless lyes,
 Whom his declining years to fall compell, (fell,
 And keep him with their weight down where he
 Till help'd up by some passenger that bears
 Respect to his weak age and silver hairs,
 So tumbled warlike *Iphiclus*, whilst I
 Wept to behold my children helpless ly;
 Till from my eyelids sleep were chac'd away,
Aurora then arose to bring in day.
 With such illusions was my sleep all night
 Disturb'd, but on *Euristheus* may they light,
 Diverted from our house; to my desire
 With these prophetick dreams just fate conspire.

V.

When still winds gently creep ore the blue Main,
 The calm allures me to the liquid plain;
 And less the Muses, then the Sea invite;
 But when the billows roar, when they grow white
 With breaking one another, and swell high,
 To land and trees back from the Sea I fly:
 Then trees, and safer land best please my mind;
 Where tall Pines sing, inspired by the wind;
 A dangerous life a Fisher leads! to float
 For so small purchase in his house a boat;
 Me sleep in shades by purling streams delights,
 Whose noise the labourer pleaseth, not affrights.

VI.

Pan neighb'ring *Eccho* lov'd; *Eccho* desir'd
 Brisk *Satyrus*, *Satyrus* *Lyda* fir'd;
 As *Eccho* Pan, *Satyrus* did *Eccho* wound,
 And *Lyda* *Satyrus*, so love went round:
 As each did scorn for others love return,
 So justice paid their love with others scorn;
 Mark this disdainful Lover; would'st thou be
 Belov'd of those thou lov'st? love who love thee.

VII.

VII.

Vesper, below'd *Cythera's* golden light ;
Vesper, the sacred joy of Azure Night ;
 Thou other Stars out-shin'st, as *Cynthia* Thee ;
 Hail dearly welcome ! come along with me,
 And with thy light our past'ral sports befriend ;
 The Moon scarce up went down ; I not intend
 To rob ; no Travellours shall of me complain ;
 I love and lovers should be lov'd again.

VIII.

From *Pisa* cross the Sea *Alphens* straits,
 And with his Olive-fertile stream conveys
 To *Arethuse* leaves, sacred ashes, flowers,
 Which headlong into hers his current poures :
 Under the Sea flowes his unmingled Tide,
 Nor knows the Sea what waves beneath him glide ;
 Thus Love, that little Tyrant, can direct
 Rivers to swim to those whom they affect.

Cupid Plowing.

Epigram.

Laying aside his Bow and Torch, a Whip
 Severe Love took, and at his side a Scrip ;
 Then on the patient Oxen doth impose
 A Yoke, and in the fertile Furrow sows :
 And looking up, good weather *Jove*, or Thou
 (Saith he) *Europa's* Bull shalt draw my plow.
 KISSES.



KISSES.

I.

When *Venus* to *Cythera's* top convey'd
 Sleeping *Ascanius*, 'mongst soft violets layd,
 Showres of pale Roses on the Boy she strew'd,
 And with sweet Waters all the Place bedew'd;
 She then her old *Adonian* Fire retains, (vains;
 The well-known flame steals gently through her
 How oft her Nephew offer'd she t'imbrace!
 How often said, such my *Adonis* was!
 But fearing to disturb his soft Repose,
 Thousands of Kisses on the Flowers bestows;
 The breath which from her Lip the Rose receives
 Whispers kinde Warmth into its glowing Leaves;
 And from her quickning Touch new Kisses rise,
 Whose ripe Encrease her full Joy multiplies
 Then round the Earth, the Goddess by a Pair (Air,
 Of milk-white Swans drawn through the fleeting
 Sows Kisses all the way, and as they fell
 On the fat Glebe, thrice murmurs a Dark Spell.
 Hence a kinde Harvest for sick Lovers grows,
 Hence springs the onely cure of all my woes.

Dear Kisses! you that scorched Hearts renew,
 Born of the Rose pregnant with sacred Dew,
 Upon your Poet deathless Verse distill,
 That may endure long as *Medusa's* Hill,

Whilst Love, mindfull still of *Rome's* dear Race,
 Shall with his Numbers their soft Language grace.

II.

AS in a thousand wanton Curles the Vine
 Doth the lov'd Elme embrace;
 As clasping Ivy round the Oak doth twine
 To kifs his leavy Face;

So thou about my Neck thy Arms shalt fling,
 Joyning to mine thy Breast;
 So shall my Arms about thy fair Neck cling,
 My Lips on thine imprest.

Ceres nor *Bacchus*, Care of Life nor Sleep
 Shall force me to retire;
 But we at once will on each others Lip
 Our mutual Souls expire.

Then hand in hand down to th' *Elizian* Plains
 (Crossing the *Stygian* Lake) (reigns
 Wee'l through those Fields where Spring eternal
 Our pleasing Journey take.

There their fair Mistresses the *Heroes* lead,
 And their old Loves repeat,
 Singing or dancing in a flowry Mead
 With Mirtles round beset.

Roses and Violets smile beneath a Skreen
 Of ever verdant Bayes;
 And gentle *Zephyr* amorously between
 Their Leaves untroubled plays.
 There

There constantly the pregnant Earth unplow'd
 Her fruitful store supplies:
 When We come thither, all the happy Crowd
 From their green Thrones will rise.

There Thou in Place above *Joves* numerous Train
 Of Mistresses shalt sit;
 Hers *Hellen*, *Homer* will not his disdain
 For Thee, and Me to quit.

III.

A Kiss I begg'd, and thou didst joyn
 Thy Lips to mine;
 Then, as afraid snatch'd back their Treasure,
 And mock my pleasure;
 Again my Dearest I for in this
 Thou onely gav'st Desire, and not a Kiss.

IV.

'Tis no Kiss my Fair bestows;
 Nectar 'tis whence new Life flows;
 All the Sweets which nimble Bees
 In their Ozier Treasuries
 With unequall'd Art repose,
 In one Kiss her Lips disclose.
 These, if I should many take,
 Soon would me Immortal make,
 Rais'd to the divine Abodes,
 And the Banquets of the Gods.

Be not then too lavish, Fair
 For this heavenly Treasure spare,
 Lest thou'lt too Immortal be:
 For without thy Companie,
 What to Me were the Abodes,
 Or the Banquets of the Gods?

V.

WHEN thou thy pliant Arms dost wreath
 About my Neck, and gently breath
 Into my Breast that soft sweet Air
 With which thy Soul doth mine repair,
 When my faint Life thou draw'st away,
 My Life which scorching Flames decay,
 Orecharg'd my panting Bolom boyles,
 Whose Feavour thy kind Art beguiles,
 And with the Breath that did inspire
 Doth mildly fan my glowing Fire,
 Transported then I cry, above
 All other Deities is Love!
 Or if a Deity there be
 Greater then Love, 'tis onely Thee.

VI.

OUR Bargain for two thousand Kisses made,
 A thousand I receiv'd, a thousand payd:
 The Number I confesse thou hast supply'd,
 But Love with Number is not satisfy'd.

None

None praise the Harvest who can count their Ears;
 Or sum the Blades of Grass the Meadow wears;
 Who for a hundred Clusters *Bacchus* fees?
 Or sues to *Pales* for a thousand Bees?
 When pious *Jove* waters the thirsty Plain,
 We number not the drops of falling Rain;
 Or when the troubled Air with Tempests quakes,
 And he displeas'd, in hand his fear'd Arms takes,
 At random on the Earth he scatters Hail,
 And Fruit or Corn securely doth assail:
 Or good or bad, Heavens Gifts exceed all Sum;
 A Majesty that doth *Joves* House become.

Wilt thou dear Goddess then (more bright than
 Who in a Shell sail'd through the smiling Sea)
 Kisses, thy heavenly Gifts, strictly confine
 To number, yet to count my Sighs decline?
 Or sum the Drops whose inexhausted Spring
 Flows from my Eyes, my pale Cheeks furrowing?
 If thou wilt reckon, reckon both together;
 If both thou number not, ah, number neither.
 Give me (to ease the Pain my griev'd Soul bears)
 Numberless Kisses, for unnumbered Tears.

VII.

Kisses a hundred, hundred fold,
 A hundred by a thousand told,
 Thousands by thousands numbred o're,
 As many thousand thousand more
 As are the Drops the Seas comprize,
 As are the Stars that paint the Skies,

To this soft Cheek, this speaking Ey,
 This swelling Lip will I apply.
 But whilst on these my Kisses dwell
 Close as the Cockle clasps her shell,
 This swelling Lip I cannot spy,
 This softer Cheek, this speaking Eye:
 Nor those sweet Smiles, which (like the Ray
 Of *Cynthia* driving Clouds away)
 From my swoln Eyes dispel all Tears,
 From my sad Heart all jealous Fears.
 Alas! what Discontents arise
 Betwixt my æmulous Lips and Eyes!
 Can I with patience brook that *Love*
 Should be a Partner in my Love,
 When my strict Eye the Rivalship
 Disdains to suffer of my Lip?

VIII.

Not alwayes give a melting Kiss,
 And Smiles with pleasing Whispers joyn'd;
 Nor alwayes extasi'd with Bliss
 About my Neck thy fair arms wind.

The wary Lover learns by measure
 To circumscribe his greatest joy;
 Lest, what well-husbanded yeilds pleasure,
 Might by the Repetition cloy.

XI
 When thrice three Kisses I require,
 Give me but two, withhold the other;

Such

Such as cold Virgins to their Sire,
Or chaste *Diana* gives her Brother.

Then wantonly snatch back thy Lip,
And smoothly, as fly Fishes glide
Through Water giving me the slip,
Thy self in some dark Corner hide.

I'll follow Thee with eager haste
And having caught (as Hawks their Prey)
In my victorious Arm held fast
Panting for Breath, bear thee away.

Then thy soft Arms about me twin'd
Thou shalt use all thy skill to please me,
And offer all that was behind,
The poor Seven Kisses, to appease me.

How much mistaken wilt thou be !
For seven times seven shalt thou pay,
Whilst in my Arms I fetter Thee
Lest thou once more should'st get away.

'Till I at last have made thee swear
By all thy Beauty and my Love,
That thou again the same severe
Revenge for the same Crime would'st prove.

IX.

I Lay of Life by thee, my Life, bereav'd.
 I About thy Neck my Arms were loosely weav'd.
 Supplies of Breath my wasted Spirits fail,
 Nor could relieve my Heart with one fresh Gale :
 Styx now before my Eyes appeard, the dark
 Region, and aged Carons swarthy Bark ;
 When thou upon my Lip a Kiss imprest
 Drawn from the depth of thy enlivening Brest :
 A Kiss, that cal'd me from the Stygian Lake,
 And made the Ferryman go empty back :
 Ah ! I mistook ! he went not back alone,
 My mournful Shade along with him is gone ;
 Part of thy Soul within this Body raigns,
 And friendly my declining Limbs sustains ;
 Which of return impatient, roves about,
 Ransaking every Passage to get out ;
 And if no kindness she from thee receive,
 Ev'n now her falling Tenement will leave.
 Come then, unite thy melting Lip to mine,
 And let one Spirit both our Breasts combine,
 Till in an Extasie of wild desire
 Together both our Breasts one Life expire.

X.

I X. T H *Idalian* Boy his Arrow to the Head
 (*Neera*) drew, ready to strike thee dead ;
 But when thy Brow, and on thy Brow thy Hair,
 Thy Eyes quick restless Light, thy Cheeks more fair,
 E Breasts

Breasts whiter then his Mothers he did view,
 Away his wavering Hand the slack Shaft threw :
 Then to thy Arms with childish Joy he skips,
 Printing a thousand Kisses on thy Lips ;
 Which Cyprian Spirits, and the Mirtles Juice
 Into thy Bosome gently did infuse ;
 And by the Gods, and his fair Mother swore,
 He never would attempt to hurt thee more.
 Wonder We then thy Kisses are so sweet ?
 Or why no Love thy cold Brest will admit ?

XI.

THon then *Latona's* Star more bright,
 Fairer then *Venus* golden Light,
 A hundred Kisses pay ;
 Many as *Lesbia*
 Gave and receiv'd from her glad Lover ;
 As are the Graces round thee hover,
 Or Cupids that do skip
 About thy Cheek, and Lip ;
 As lives and Deaths thy bright Eye wears ;
 As many Hopes, as many Fears,
 Joyes interlin'd with Woe,
 Or sighs from Lovers flow ;
 As many as the Darts, that on
 My Heart by the wing'd Boy are fown ;
 As many as do ly
 In his gilt armory ;

To these kinde Blandishments, with glad
Whispers, and mirthful Dalliance add;

With grateful Smiles, that may
Our full Delight betray;

As two *Chaonian* Turtles bill,

And the soft Air with murmurs fill,
When Winters rigid Snows

Away young *Zephyr* blows;

Rest on my Cheek in Extasie,

Ready to close thy dying Eye;

And as thou faint'st away

Me to uphold thee pray:

My Arms about thee I will twine;

My warm to thy cold Bosome joyn,
And call thee back from Death,

With a long Kisses Breath:

'Till me like Fate of Life bereave,

Who in that Kiss my Spirit leave,

And as I sink away

Thee to uphold me pray:

Thy Arms about me thou shalt ty,

Thy warm to my cold Breast apply,

And summon me from Death

With a long Kisses Breath.

Thus let us Dear in mutual Joy

The florid part of Time employ;

For Age our Lives will waste;

Sicknesse and Death make haste.

XII.

IN such a Colour as the Morning Rose
 Doth water'd with the Tears of Night disclose
 The blushing Kisses of *Neera* shine
 When they the humid Print retain of mine;
 Round which the Beauties of her Face beset,
 As when some white hand crops a Violet;
 As Flowers with Cherries, that together wear
 The Spring and Summers Livery, appear.
 Unhappy I why now when thy kinde Lip warms
 My Soul, am I constrain'd to quit thy Arms?
 This Crimson Treasure ah reserve for Me,
 Till Night return and bring Me back to Thee;
 But if mean-time they any other seek,
 May they become far paler then my Cheek.

XIII.

Neera's Lips, (to which adds Grace
 The ambient Whiteness of her Face,
 As Coral Berries smiling ly
 Within their Case of Ivory)
 When *Venus* saw, she wept, and all
 Her little Loves did to her call.
 What boots it (cries she) that on *Ida*
 From *Pallas* and *Joves* Sister-Bride
 My Lips the glorious Prize did gain
 By judgement of the Phrygian Swain,

If now another Arbiter
Neara's may to mine prefer?
 Go, spend upon him every Dart,
 Empty your Quivers on his Heart;
 But into hers a Frost, that may
 Congeal her youthful veins, convey.
 This scarce was spoke, but straight I felt
 My Soul in a soft Flame to melt;
 Whilst thy white Breast, which far outgoes
 In coldness Winters sharpest Snows,
 In hardness *Adria's* stubborn Rocks,
 Thy suffering Lover safely mocks.
 Ungrateful, for those Lips am I
 Tormented thus, nor know'st thou why
 Thou hat'st, or what Effects may rise
 From discontented Deities:
 Remit thy Anger, and assume
 A smile that may thy Cheek become;
 Thy Lips (of all my Misery
 The onely Cause) to mine apply;
 And from my scorching Bosom draw
 A warmth that may thy Coldness thaw;
 Love fear not, nor *Cythera's* hate;
 Beauty controls the Power of Fate.

XIV.

YE wing'd Confectioners; why Thyme and Roses
 The Sweets the vernal Violet discloses
 Why suck ye, or the breath of flowry Dill?
 Come, at my Mistresse Lips your soft Bags fill':

Thym, and the Scent of Roses they produce,
 The vernal Violets Nectarean Juice :
 The blooming Dills sweet Breath far off they spread,
 They're steep't in the true Tears *Narcissus* shed,
 And bath'd in *Hyacinthus* fragrant Blood,
 Such, as when falling in a mixed flood
 Of heav'nly Nectar ; whilst the blended showre
 Rais'd from the Earth a party-colour'd flowre.

But when I come to taste these Joyes with you,
 Do not, ungrateful drive me from my Due,
 Nor greedy with your store stretch every Hive
 Left of all sweetness you her Lips deprive
 And in her next (insipid) Kisses, I
 Finde the reward of my Discovery.
 Nor wound her soft Lips with your little Darts,
 Wounds far more deadly her bright Eye imparts :
 Believ't, your wrongs will never pass forgot ;
 Suck Honey gently thence but sting her not.

CUPID

VIX



CUPID CRUCIFIED.

Ausonius to his Son G.

DIdst thou never see a Landskape on a Wall? Thou hast
seen and remember'st in *Zoylus* Dining-room at *Trevers* a
Picture of the Amorous Women crucifying *Cupid*; not these of
our times who transgresse willingly, but those *Heroines* who ac-
quit themselves and punish the God: Some of them our *Maro*
mentions in the Mournful Fields. This Piece for Art and Ar-
gument I first admir'd, then transferr'd my excessse of admirati-
on to the folly of Poetizing. I like nothing of it but the Title;
yet I commend my Errour to Thee: We love our own Ble-
mishes and Scars, and not content to sin alone affect that others
love them too. But why do I labour to defend this Poem? I
know whatsoever is mine thou wilt love, which I more hope
then thy praise.

Farewell.

IN th'aery fields by *Maro's* muse displai'd,
Where myrtle groves the frantick lovers shade,
The Heroines their Orgies celebrate,
And past occasions of their deaths relate;
As in a spreading Wood scarce pierc'd by day
They'mongst thin reeds and drooping Poppy stray;
Lakes without fall, and Rivers without noyse,
Upon whose banks sad flowers, by names of boyes
And Kings once known, ith' cloudy twilight wither;
Selfelov'd *Narcissus*, *Hyacinth*, together
With *Crocus* golden hair'd, *Adonis* drest
In purple, *Ajax* with a sigh imprest;
These, who in tears their loves unhappy state
(Though dead) with constant grief commemorate,

E 4

Times

Times past unto the Ladies represent ;
 Her birth of Thunder *Semele* doth lament,
 And waves the seeming lightnings lazy fire
 Deceiv'd in which she pregnant did expire.
Canis who joy'd in change of Sex, deplor'd
 Her frustrate gifts, back to her first restor'd.
Procris still dries her wounds, affecting thus
 Though hurt, the bloody hand of *Cephalus*.
 The maid slain from the Sestian Towers steep height
 Brings the pale Tapers dim and smoaky light.
 Masculine *Sappho* from dark *Lencas* crown,
 Wounded with *Lesbian* shafts, threats to leap down.
Harmonias gifts sad *Eriphyle* doth shun.
 No less unhappy in her spouse then Son.
 All the *Minoian* tales of aery *Creet*
 Here as in several pictures waying meet.
 A white Bulls steps *Pasiphae* doth pursue.
 Scorn'd *Ariadne* bears her winded clew.
 Her cast by tablets *Phadra* turns to see.
 A rope this holds, a specious *Cor'net* shee.
 Another is asham'd she ere did bow
 Beneath the Cavernes orh' *Dedalian* Cow.
 Snatch'd from her living and dead spouse, two
Laodamia wailes, mock'd with delights. (nights
 On th' other side with naked swords severe
Thysbe, and *Canace*, and *Eliza* were :
 She husbands, Sires this, that her guest's sword bore.
 And the horn'd Moon her self roves (as before)
 Pleas'd with *Endimions* slumbers, up and down
 'Mongst *Latmian* rocks) wth Torch, & starry crown.
 A hundred more who their old loves review,
 With sad, yet sweet complaints, their pains renew.

In midst of whom, by the black shade benighted,
 With whizzing wings Love unawares alighted;
 All knew the Boy; and recollecting, thought him
 Common offendour: though damp clouds about
 Obscure his belt, with golden buckles bright, (him
 His Quiver, and his radiant Torches light,
 Yet do they know him; and begin to show
 Vain rage upon the lonely wandering Foe;
 Whom as slow flight in the thick night he takes
 Crowding together they oppress; he quakes,
 And vainly striving to escape, along
 They drew him in the midst of all the throng.

The most known Myrtle ith 'sad Groves elected;
 Por pain'd Gods hated; *Proserpine* neglected
 There long before *Adonis* crucified
 For loving *Venus*; Love his hands being tied
 Behinde him, his feet bound, on this high tree
 Suspended with excessive cruelty
 They torture; who to sentence must submit
 Unjudg'd and guiltless; All themselves acquit,
 Glad their own faults on others to transfer:
 Upbraiding, All their instruments prepare
 Of death: these armes, this vengeance sweet esteem,
 To punish by that means which murdered them.
 One brings a rope; she an illusive sword;
 Another ragged cliffs, a hollow ford,
 Dread of mad floods, Seas where no waves appear.
 Flames others shake, threatening his trembling fear,
 With hissing firelesse Torches; *Myrrha* parts
 Her tender womb with lucid tears, and darts
 The gummy Jewels of her weeping tree.
 Others lesse cruel will that all might be

Onely

Only in sport, to raise by some sharp thorn
 That tender blood, whereof the Rose was born,
 Or neer him hold the Torch's sportive flame.
 When *Venus*, his blest Mother, in the same
 Crime's faulty, through the crowd doth safely press,
 Not her enclos'd sons sufferings to redress,
 But his fear doubling, furies doth inflame
 With bitter stings, transferring her own shame
 Upon her son; because with *Mars* surpriz'd
 By the blinde nets her Husband had devis'd;
 Because the Hellepontiac power they slight;
Eryx unkind, half Man Hermaphrodite;
 Words not suffice, but with a wreath of Roses
 She whips the crying Boy, whom fear disposes
 For worse; from his chaff'd limbs a purple dew
 With many stripes the twisted Roses drew,
 From which a tincture they receiv'd more bright.
 The sharp threats fall; revenge to *Venus* might
 Transmit the guilt, should it the crime exceed;
 The *Heroines* themselves thus for him plead;
 Willing, their funerals and hapless state
 Rather to attribute to cruel Fate.

The pious Mother gives them thanks; they quit
 Their griefs, and freely the Boys faults remit.

Nocturnal fancies in such shapes exprest,
 Long with vain fear disturb'd my tim'rous rest:
 Till dark sleep chac'd, thence suffering *Cupid* flies,
 Through th' Ivory gate escaping to the skies.

VENUS



VENUS VIGILS.

L *Ove he to morrow, who lov'd never ;
To morrow, who hath lov'd, persever.*
The Spring appears, in which the Earth
Receives a new harmonious Birth ;
When all things mutual Love unites ;
When Birds perform their nuptial rites ;
And fruitful by her watry Lover,
Each grove its tresses doth recover ;
Loves Queen to morrow, in the shade
Which by these verdant trees is made,
Their sprouting tops in wreaths shall bind,
And Myrtles into Arbours wind ;
To morrow rais'd on a high throne,
Dione shall her Laws make known.

Love he, &c.

Then the round Oceans foaming flood,
Immingled with Celestial blood,
'Mongst the blew People of the Main,
And Horses whom two feet sustain,
Rising Dione did beget,
With fruitful waters dropping wet.

Love he, &c.

With flowry Jewels every where
She paints the purple colour'd year ;

She, when the rising bud receives
Favonius breath, thrusts forth the leaves,
 The naked Roof with these it adorn;
She the transparent dew oth' morn,
 Which the thick Air of night still uses
 To leave behind, in Rain diffuses;
 These tears with Orient brightnesse shine,
 Whilst they with trembling weight decline,
 Whose every drop, into a small
 Clear Orbe distill'd, sustains its fall.
 Pregnant with these the bashful Rose
 Her purple blushes doth disclose.
 The drops of falling dew, that are
 Shed in calm nights by every Star,
 She in her humid mantle holds,
 And then her Virgin leaves unfolds.
 Ith' morn by her command, each maid
 With dewy Roses is arraid;
 Which from *Cytheras* crimson blood,
 From the soft kisses love bestow'd,
 From Jewels, from the radiant flame,
 And the Suns purple lustre came.
She to her spouse shall married be
 To morrow; not asham'd, that he
 Should with a single knot unty,
 Her fiery garment's purple dy.

Love he, &c.

The Goddesse bade the Nymphs remove
 Unto the shady Myrtle grove;
 The boy goes with the maids, yet none
 Will trust, or think love tame is grown,

If

If they perceive that any where
He Arrows doth about him bear.
Go fearlesse Nymphs, for love hath laid
Aside his Armes, and tame is made.
His weapons by command resign'd,
Naked to go he is enjoyn'd :
Lest he hurt any by his craft,
Either with flame, or bow, or shaft.
But yet take heed young Nymphs, beware
You trust him not, for *Cupid's* fair,
Lest by his beauty you be harm'd ;
Love naked is compleatly arm'd.

Love he, &c.

Fair *Venus* Virgins sends to thee,
Indu'd with equal modesty ;
One onely thing we thee desire,
Chast *Delia* for a while retire ;
That the wide Forest, that the Wood
May be unstain'd with savage blood ;
She would with prayers her self attend thee,
But that she knew she could not bend thee ;
She would thy self to come have praid,
Did these delights beseem a Maid ;
Now mightst thou see with hallowed rites,
The *Chorus* solemnize three nights ;
Mongst Troops whom equal pleasure crowns,
To play and sport upon thy downs ;
Mongst Garlands made of various flowers,
Mongst ever verdant Myrtle bowers ;
Ceres nor *Bacchus* absent be,
Nor yet the Poets Deitie :

All

All night we wholly must employ
 In Vigils, and in Songs of joy;
 None but *Diana* must bear sway
 Amongst the Woods, *Delia* gives way.

Love be, &c.

She, the Tribunal did command
 Deckt with *Dyblean* flowers should stand;
She will in judgement sit; the Graces
 On either side shall have their places;
Hybla thy flowers powre forth, what ere
 Was brought thee by the welcome year;
Hybla thy flowry garment spread,
 Wide as is *Enna's* fruitful mead;
 Maids of the Countrey here will be;
 Maids of the Mountains come to see;
 Hither resort, all such as dwell
 Either in Grove, or Wood, or Well;
 The wing'd boyes Mother, every one
 Commands in order to sit down;
 Charging the Virgins, that they must
 In nothing Love, though naked, trust.

Love be, &c.

Let the fresh covert of a shade
 Be by these early flowers displai'd;
 To morrow, (which with sports and play
 We keep) was *Aethers* Wedding day;
 When first the Father of the Spring
 Did out of clouds the young year bring;
 The husband shower then courts his spouse,
 And in her sacred bosome flows,
 That all which that vast body bred,
 By this defluxion may be fed:

Product

Produc'd within *She* all there swayes,
By a hid spirit, which by-ways
Unknown diffus'd, through soul and vains,
All things both governs and sustains.
Piercing through the unfounded Sea,
And Earth, and highest Heaven, *She*
All places with her power doth fill,
Which through each part *She* doth distill;
And to the World, the mystick wayes
Of all production open layes.

Love he, &c.

She to the Latines did transfer
The Trojan Nephews; and by her
Was the *Laurentian* Virgin won,
And joyn'd in marriage to her son;
By her assistance did *Mars* gain
A votaresse from *Vesta's* fane;
To marriage *Romulus* betrayd
The *Sabine* Women, by her aid;
(Of *Romans* the wide-spreading stem:)
And in the long descent of them
In whom that off-spring was dilated,
Cesar her Nephew *She* created.

Love he, &c.

The fields are fruitful made by pleasure;
The fields are rich in *Venus* treasure;
And love *Diones* son fame yields
For truth, his birth had in the fields:
As soon as born the field reliev'd him;
Into its bosom first receiv'd him;
She bred him from his infant howers
With the sweet kisses of the flowers,

Love

Love be, &c.

See how the Bulls their sides distend,
 And broomstalks with the burthen bend;
 Now every one doth safely ly,
 Confin'd within his marriage ty;
 See, with their husbands here are laid
 The bleating flocks, beneath the shade;
 The warbling Birds on every tree,
 The Goddess wills not silent be.
 The vocal Swans on every lake
 With their hoarse voice a harsh sound make;
 And *Terens* hapless Maid, beneath
 The Poplars shade her Song doth breath;
 Such as might well perswade thee, Love
 Doth in these trembling accents move;
 Not that the sister in those strains
 Of the inhumane spouse complains:
 We silent are whilst she doth sing;
 How long in coming is my Spring?
 When will the time arrive, that I
 May Swallow-like my voice unty?
 My Muse for being silent flies me,
 And *Phæbus* will no longer prize me:
 So did *Amicle* once, whilst all
 Silence observ'd, through silence fall.

Love be to morrow, who lov'd never;

To morrow who hath lov'd, persever.

EXCI.

EXCITATIONS.

2nd Excitations.



Printed in the Year. 1651.

EXCITATIONE

John J. Gann

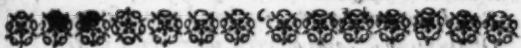
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James Herbert
his Book 1698

John James

Thomas Lewis

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Robert Adams

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EXCITATIONS.

TO secure these Translations (which were never further intended than as private exercises of the Languages from which they are deduc'd) against the prejudice of such, as might perhaps apply the Copy to a different Original, it will not be unnecessary to give some account of the Text, where subject to variety of reading or exposition.

ANACREON.

[Ode I. **O**F the Attrides I would sing,
Or the wandring Theban King, &c.]

The Scope of the whole Ode Ovid contracts in this Dist ch.

*Quum Theba, cum Troia foret, cum Caesaris æta,
Ingenium movit sola Corinna meum.*

*When Thebes, when Troy, when Cæsar I would chuse,
Corinna's name alone imploies my Muse.*

Bion to the same effect Idyll. 4.

Ἦν μὲ γὰρ Ἑροτὸν ἄλλον ἢ ἀθάνατόν τινα μίλπω
Βαυκαλίῃ μὲν γλῶσσα, καὶ ὡς παρ' ἐκ' ἑτ' αἰδεῖται:
Ἦν δ' αὖτ' ἐς τὸν ἑρωτὰ καὶ ἔς Λυκίδαυ τὴν μελίσσῳ,
καὶ τόκα μοι χερσίσου διὰ στήματ' ῥέει ὥσα.

This witnesse the disorder of my tongue
 When God or Man is subject of my song
 But Love and *Lygeidas*; what I compose
 Of them, in streams of verse untroubled flowes.
 [But when I my Lute did prove,
 Nothing it did sound but Love.]

Tibullus,

*Tunc ego nec Cithara poteram gaudere sonora,
 Nec similes chordis reddere voce sonos,
 I joy'd not then in my harmonious Lute,
 Nor to my strings my untun'd voice could suit.*

Horace,

(mens.

*Sed neq; chorda sonum reddit quem vult manus aut
 My strings nor with my hand, nor minde accord.*

[Heroes then farewell, my Lute
 To all strains but Love is mute.]

Ovid,

--- *Heroum clara valete*

Nomina, non apta est gratia vestra mihi.

--- *Hero's adieu,*

Your names are not the Theme I must pursue.

[Ode II. Horns to Bulls wise Nature lends, &c.]

Excellently applyed by *Heraclitus* in his Epistle to
Hermodorus, *Ὁ δαίμων δὲ ἀντιστάτης ἀνδράων καὶ
 ἀνδράων* &c. You covet slaughter, set Men in bat-
 tel array against Men, punish them who forsake the
 field, for not being murderous, and honour as valiant
 such as are drunk with blood; but Lions arm not them-
 selves one against another; Horses betake not them-
 selves to swords; the Eagle buckles not on a breast-
 plate against an Eagle. No other creatures use in-
 struments of War, their parts are their weapons. Horns
 are the arms of those, Beaks of these, Wings of others.
 Swiftnesse.

Swiftnesse to some, bignesse, smalnesse, swimming to others, to many their breath: No irrational creature useth a sword, but keeps it self within the laws to which design'd by Nature; But Man hath not so; more blameable because more understanding.

[Men with courage she supplies.]

Stephanus will allow *φρόνημα* here to signifie only *φρόνησις* Wisdom, not *animi magnitudinem* & *ferociam*, attributing valour (most improperly) to beasts: whose exposition Belleau follows,

--aux Lions les dents,

Et aux hommes d'estre prudens.

But ours (the genuine sence of the word) is confirm'd by Bion,

Μορφὴ θηλυτέρῃσι πάλῃ καλὸν, ἀνέει δ' ἀλγέ.

Beauty the Pride of Woman, Strength of Man.

[Ode III. Downward was the wheeling Bear

[Driven by the Waggoner.]

Στροφὴ ἀέξῃς is the conversion of the Bear from the Meridian. Ovid,

Jamq; mora spatium nox precipitata tenebat

Versaq; ab axe suo Parrhasis Arctos erat.

Scaliger in Manilium; Because Arctos or Helice never sets, the Ancients observed his touching the Horizon, which they called Principium Ur̄sæ, and next, his transcension of the Circle, which they called his conversion.

[Ode IV. On this verdant Lotus laid.]

Belleau interprets Lotus *Alisier*, a word properly to the Lote-tree, to which he applies the sence,

Sur tous arbres i'ay desir

Le Myrte & l' Alisier choisir

Pour boire a leur ombre mourant.

But

But *Anacreon* seems rather to intend the Plant of that name; of which there are two kinds, one wilde, growing in Marishes and watry places, meant by *Homer Iliad. 2.*

-- ἵπποι δὲ πᾶρ ἀρμασὶν δισὶν ἔχασσι
 Λωλὸν ἐρεπόμενοι, ἐλεόδρεπλόν τε σέλιον
 ἔσσαν.

---whilst every harness'd Steed
 Doth Lotus crop, and on Marsh Smallage feed.

Here perhaps affected for the freshnesse and coolnesse. The other is of a Garden kinde, whereof the Egyptian (as *Pliny* saith) made bread.

[Life lik to a wheel turns round.]

Not unlike the story of *Sesostris*, and the four Kings that drew his Chariot.

[Why then graves should we bedew,
 Why the ground with odours strew?

The custome used by Grecians and Romans, of pouring Wine and sweet ointments upon the tombs of their friends is every where known; hither alludes that old Inscription,

OSSIBVS INFVNDAM QVÆ NVNQV AMVINA BIBISTI

Wine (which thou hast drunk) on thy bones we pour.

And *Martial*,

Unguentum fateor bonum dedisti
 Convivis heri, sed nihil scidisti;
 Res est salsa bene olere & esurire:
 Qui non cœnat, & ungitur Fabulle
 Is vere mihi mortuus videtur.

Though commonly applied by Interpreters to that other ceremony of anointing the bodies of the dead, more naturally and acutely it reflects upon this custome

custom, and the *Canafemales* or *Silicernia* for so he seems to accuse *Fabullus* not *quod nihil apposuit, sed quod nihil scidit*; the sence of the Epigram being this,

*Last night sweet water to each guest
Thou gav'st (Fabullus) tis confest;
Supper brought in, but nothing carv'd;
Perfum'd without, and within starv'd;
With fragrant oils and untouch'd meat
We onely use the dead to treat.*

Upon the same occasion is the immediate Epigram to *Navia*.

[*That these pleasures we may know
Ere we come to those below.*]

Νεφέλων χορεία; from *νέφελος* and *χορεία*. the Latines infer *q. ineri* interpoling *pro more* the *Æolick* diagram. The root is *Ερα* whence perhaps *terra* deriv'd amongst the old Latines called *Era*, as the Spaniards still *las Eras τὸ λῆϊον*. Hence our word *Earth* by Syncope from *ἡγάθης*, and all from the Hebrew *אֶרֶץ*. The whole Ode seems exactly imitated by the Author of the *Copa*, which since it frequently complies with *Anacreon's* luxury (as particularly Ode 15, 39, &c.) we will here insert.

The Hostesse.

*The Syrian Hostesse, with a Greek Wreath crown'd,
Shaking her wither'd side to th' Bagpipes sound,
Drunk, 'fore the Tavern a loose Measure leads,
And with her elbow blows the squeaking Reeds.*

Who would the Summers-dusty labours ply,
 That might on a soft Couch carousing ly?
 Here's Musick, Wine, Cups, and an Arbour made
 Of cooling flags, that cast a grateful shade:
 A Pipe whereon a Shepherd sweetly playes,
 Whilst the Manalian Cave resounds his layes:
 A Hoghead of brisk wine new pierc'd: a Spring
 Of pleasant Water ever murmuring:
 Wreaths twisted with the purple Violet;
 White Garlands with the blushing Rose beset;
 And Osier Baskets with fair Lillies fraught
 From the Bank-side by Achelois brought:
 Fresh Cheese in Rusby Cradles layd to dry:
 Soft Plums, by Autumn ripend leisurely:
 Chestnuts, and Apples sweetly streakt with red;
 Neat Ceres by young Love and Bacchus led:
 Black Mulberries, an overcharged Vine;
 Green Cowcumbers, that on their stalks decline:
 The Gardens Guardian, with no dreadful look,
 Nor other weapon then a pruning-book,
 Tabor and Pipe come hither: see, alas!
 Thy tir'd Beast sweats; spare him; our wel-lov'd Ass.
 The Grasshopper chirps on her green seat,
 The Lizard peeps out of his cold retreat;
 Come, in this shade thy weary Limbs repose,
 And crown thy drowsie Temples with the Rose.
 A Maids Lip safely maist thou risle here;
 Away with such whose Foreheads are severe.
 Flowers why reserv'st thou for unthankful Dust?
 To thy cold Tomb wilt Thou these Garlands trust?
 Bring Wine and Dice; hang them the morrow weigh:
 Death warns, I come (saith he) live while you may.

Ode V. [Roses Loves delight--]

Philostrophus Epist. I. Οὐτως τὰ ῥόδα ἴσως φησὶ
 ὅτι ῥόδα ὡς ἐκείνη· καὶ ὕψος ὡς αὐτὸς ὁ ἴσως· καὶ χρυ-
 σομήνιον ἀμφὶ· καὶ τ' ἀλλ' αὐτοῖς ὁμοία· τὰ ῥόδα τὴν
 ἡλιδαν ἀντὶ τοῦ ἡλίου ἔχει. Τὸ πνεῦν ἀντὶ τοῦ πνεύματος· τοῖς φύλ-
 οισις ἐπὶ τῶν· χεῖρον δὲ οὐτε ἴσως, οὐτε ῥόδα ἴδεν.
 ἔχουσι δὲ ὁ δὲ καὶ τῇ χεῖλον ὁμοίαν καὶ τῇ ῥόδῳ ἐπὶ
 ἡμῶν. The Rose is properly Loves flower; youthful
 as he, delicate as he; both golden-hair'd; The resem-
 blance holds further; her Prickles answer his Ar-
 rows, her colour his flame; her leaves his wings:
 Both are alike subject to the injuries of time.

[---let joyn

To the red-check'd God of Wine.]

That they used in a Frolick to pluck the Roses out
 of their Garland, and drink them, is evinced by the
 story Pliny relates of Anthony, Who upon his Aſſian
 expedition, jealous of Cleopatra's entertainments,
 would eat nothing without a Taster; she thus mock'd
 his fear; in the midst of their mirth she invited him to
 drink their Garlands (having before dipt the tips of
 her own in poyson:) who could fear treachery in that?
 which being pluckt in pieces and put into the Bowl, as
 he offer'd to drink, she laid hold of it, See I am she
 dear Anthony (saith she) whom thou dar'st not pledge
 without a Taster: if I could live without thee, I
 could easily finde opportunity to take thee away. Then
 she sent for a Captive, who being commanded to drink
 it, died presently. Lib. 21. cap.

[Roses crown us whilst We laugh,
 And the juice of Autumn quaff]

The known custome of Drunkards; as in the Epi-
 cures

cures speech *Wisd. 2.* (with which *Anacreon* the exact Character of the Grecian Luxury agrees, almost in the same words) Verse 7. *Let us fill our selves with costly Wine and Ointments, and let no flower of the Spring passe by us; let us crown our selves with Rose-buds before they be wither'd.* This is enough confirm'd by *Plautus*, who when he personates one drunk, brings him in so crowned. The origin of which custom (saith *Athenens*) was occasioned by their observation, that to binde the head was prevalent against the vapours of the Wine *ἵδ' τῶν τοῦ οἴνου κεφαλαιῶν*: at first they used linnen or Fillets, chang'd after ward for ornament into Garlands, and those made of such Flowers and Herbs as were most cooling and refreshing, (as *Anacreon* Ode 21.) which vertue the Rose was believed to have in an eminent degree; the scent available against intoxication and Sleep, *ἔταν δὲ πνέη τὰ ῥόδ' &c.* Where the Rose breathes, all Men and Gods are kept awake, for her scent drives away sleep, *Philostatus*.

[Ode VI. *Whilst a Lasse, whose hand a spear
Branch'd with Ivy twines doth bear,
With her white feet beats the ground
To the Lutes harmonious sound.*]

The Text seems here to be corrupted, and for

κατὰ κισσοῖσι φέρουσας, &c.

perhaps we should read (though the *Tmesis* is frequent with our Author)

κατὰ κισσοῖσιν βρύοντας

Πλοκάμους φέρουσα θυγαῖς.

In the same words *Claudian*,
Crinali florens hedera---

Anacreon

ANACREON expresseth the manner of the Psaltria, Women that plaid and danc'd at the Symposia or feasts; (*Puella Saltica, Tertul.*) so general, the Philosophers themselves admitted them: See *Seneca* Epist. 84. & *Macrobi.* Sat. 2.1. *Quia sub illarum* *parcilia non defuit, qui Psaltriam intromitti pete-* *ret, ut puella ex industria supra naturam mollior, ca-* *vera dulcedine & saltationis lubrico, exerceat illece-* *bris Philosophantes.* There wanted not of their super- *cilious company who desired a Psaltria might be ad-* *mitted, that a Wenck whose study is to be softer then* *Nature made her, with her sweet song and wanton* *dance might recreate the Philosophers.*

[Ode VIII. As on purple Carpets I

Charm'd by Wine in slumber ly.]

Αλιόχρους & (in distinction from that counterfeit Purple extract'd from the be) is by the Latins (with the same respect to its original) named *Conchiliatus* color: *Cicero, Conchiliatis Cn. Pompeii peristromatis servorum in cellis lectos stratos videres:* The figures of these Carpets were commonly of Beasts, whence *Plautus, Belluata conchyliata tapetia,* confirm'd by that Fable in *Aesope*, of the young man who struck the picture of the Lion in the Hangings: See *Ovid* & *Ammian. Marcellinus.* This gives light to *Aeschylus in Cœph.*

Ἰδὲ δ' ὁσάσμα τῶν, οἷς ἔργον χερσὶ,

Σπῆδ' ἔτε πλὴν, εἰς τὴν δὲ δὴλον χαλῶν.

This texture of my own hand wrought see,

The Shuttle's stroke, the beasts imagery.

Ode IX. Is an excellent description of one of those Messenger-Pigeons, of which kind we have almost many

almost incredible relations from the Eastern Countreys : It is well known that they were much in use amongst the Romans, as appears by *Pliny*, *Varro*, and the siege of *Mutina*. Such an one was sent with intelligence to the besieged in *Damascus*, intercepted by the Christians, and dismiss'd with a Letter to the contrary effect, by which means the Town was yielded : How much they were esteemed and cherished we may collect from the costly ointments the owners bestowed on them ; as here,

*From whose wings perfumes distill
And the air with odours fill.*

Ode XI. [Pleasures as lesse time to try
Old men have, they more should ply.]

We render τὰ τεκνυαῖα pleasures, as both including the interpretation of *Hesychius* παιδια or τὰ ἀφροδισια (*amori dare ludum* as *Horace* calls it) and that of *Palladas* the Paraphrast of this Ode,

Εὐδομοῖς δὲ μύροισι καὶ διντέλοισι στεφάνοισι
Τῷ ἑρμῇ πύω φρονίδα ἀργαλίας.

[Ode XII. Shall I clip thy wings, or cut
Tereus-like thy shrill tongue out.]

He applies the rape of *Philomela* to *Progne*, nor is it rare with the Poets (especially the Greek) to use their names promiscuously ; *Ovid* himself is guilty of this confusion, who in his consolation to *Livia* agreeth with our *Anacreon*.

[Who *Rodantha* driv'st away
From my dreams---]

This name is inserted upon the authority of *Agathias Scholasticus*,

βαυδὺ ἴνα κτάσσομεν· ἴσως δ' ἢ τις ἤξει ὄνειθ'

Ὅς μα ροδανθείσας πᾶσαις ἀμφιβάλοι.

which I rather chote upon occasion to retain, then
to follow Anacreon too stiffly.

[---by break of day]

Apuleius, florid. 1. Hirundinis cantus matutinus,
cicada meridianus, noctuae serus, ulula vespertinus,
coronis nocturnus, Galli antelucanus. Antipater.

Κίρκις δ' αὖτ' ὀρθεῖν αἰ χελιδόνων ἅμα φωνᾷ
Μαλπόμεναν·

Ode XIII. Arys through deserted groves
Cybele invoking roves.]

He calls Arys ἡμεδελω (Belleau l'effeminè) Catul-
us, Sine viro. Arnobius, Nonne illum Actym Phry-
gem abscissum et spoliatum viro magne matris in ady-
tu deum propitium deum sanctum Gallorum concla-
matione testamini.

[Ode XV. I not care for Gyges sway,]
Archilocus in the same words,

Ὅυ μοι τὰ σύγχο τῶ πλούχρυσ' αἰμῆς,
οὐδ' εἰλέ πω με ζῆλ' οἶ, καὶ δ' ἀγᾶτομαι
θεῶν ἔργα· μέγας δ' ἐκ ἑρῶ πρηνίς
ἀπόπρ' εἰν' ὅτιν ὀφθαλμῶν ἑμῶν.

I do not wish the wealth of Gyges mine,
Never did emulate nor ere repine
At Heavens decrees; Nor covet I to be
A mighty Prince, these things are far from me.

[What's to morrow who can say?]

Seneca Epist. 101. Quam stultum est atatem dis-
cernere; ne crastino quidem dominamur; O quanta
mentia est spes longas inchoantium: Etiam, edifica-
bo

bo, credam, exigam, honores geram omnia mihi erant
etiam felicibus dubia sunt; nihil sibi quisquam de fu-
turo debet promittere. How foolish a thing it is to
dispose of our time; we have not power so much as
the morrow; Oh how mad are they who entertain
hopes; I will buy, build, lend, borrow, bear office,
things believe me are doubtful, even to the happy;
man ought to promise himself any thing of the future.

[Come then let us drink---]

This false inference (frequent with Anacreon)
largely Paraphras'd by St. Amant in his *Debauche*,
piece suiting with the genius of our Poet.

The Debauche.

Let's not rime the hours away;
Friends! We must no longer play:
Brisk Lyxus (see!) invites
To more ravishing delights.
Let's give o're this Fool Apollo;
Nor his Fiddle longer follow:
Eye upon his forked Hill,
With his Fiddlestick and Quill;
And the Muses, though they're game some,
They are neither young nor hand some;
And their Freaks in sober sadness
Are a meer Poetick Madness:
Pegasus is but a Horse,
He that follows him is worse.
See the Rain soaks to the skin,
Make it rain as well within.

fine my Boy ; Wee'l sing and laugh,
 all night revel, rant, and quaffe ;
 till the Morn stealing behind us
 the Table sleepleſſe finde us.
 then our Bones (a laſſe) ſhall have
 a cold lodging in the Grave,
 when ſwift Death ſhall overtake us,
 we ſhall ſleep and none can wake us.
 Drink we then the juice o' th' Vine,
 Make our bre. ſts Lyæus Shrine ;
 Bacchus. our debauchè beholding,
 By thy Image I am moulding,
 Wiſt my Brains I do replenish
 With this draught of unmixt Rheniſh ;
 By thy full-branch'd Ivy Twine ;
 By this ſparkling Glaſſe of Wine ;
 By thy Thyrtus ſo renown'd ;
 By the Healths with which th' art crown'd ;
 By the Feaſts which thou do'ſt prize ;
 By thy numerous Victories ;
 By the Howls by Mænad's made ;
 By this Hau-gon Carbonade ;
 By thy colours, red and white ;
 By the Tavern thy delight ;
 By the ſound thy Orgies ſpred ;
 By the ſhine of Noſes red ;
 By thy Table free for all ;
 By the jovial Carnivall ;
 By thy language Cabaliſtick ;
 By thy Cymbal, Drum and his ſtick ;
 By the Tunes thy Quart-pots ſtrike up ;
 By thy Sighes, the broken Hick-up ;

By

By thy mystick Sect of Ranters ;
 By thy never-tamed Panthers ;
 By this sweet, this fresh and free air ;
 By thy Goat, as chaste as We are ;
 By thy fulsome Cretan Lasse ;
 By the Old Man on the Ass ;
 By thy Couzins in mix'd shapes ;
 By the flowre of fairest Grapes ;
 By thy Biskes sam'd far and wide ;
 By thy store of Neats-tongues dry'd ;
 By thy Incense, Indian smoake ;
 By the Joyes thou dost provoke ;
 By this salt Westphalia Gammon ;
 By these Sauz'iges that inflame one ;
 By thy tall Majestick Flaggons ;
 By Mas, Tope, and thy Flap-dragons ;
 By this Olive's unctuous savour ;
 By this Owng, the Wines flavour ;
 By this Cheese overun with Mites ;
 By thy dearest Favorites ;
 To thy frolick Order call us,
 Knights of the deep Bowle install us ;
 And to shew thy self divine,
 Never let it want for Wine.

[And to Bacchus sacrifice.]

Before they drunk they poured a little upon the
 ground (a known custome) in offering to those
 Gods to whom they were particularly devoted ;
 Souldiers to Mars, Drunkard to Bacchus (as here)
 Lovers to Venus, &c. which that they did as often
 as they first drank I am induc'd to believe by the
 old Wife in *Plautus his Currelio*,

Venus

*Venus de paullo paululum hoc tibi dabo,
Haut libenter ; nam tibi amantes, propinantes,
Vinum potantes dant omne ; mihi haud saepe
Eveniunt tales hereditates.*

*A little of a little wine to Thee
Venus I give, not very willingly ;
Though Lovers when they drink offer Thee all,
Me such a purchase seldome doth befall*

For she that gave a little so unwillingly would
have parted with none : if it had not been piacular
to drink without Libation.

[Ode XVI. But a stranger Enemy
Shot me from my Mistressse eye.]

Imitated by *Aristenetus*, *Laida*. ὁ ἔρως ἐπιδιδόσκει
ἄσχετος ἐμφοξιδίαν, ταῖς τῶν ὀμμάτων βολαῖς. (which
we shall interpret upon the 28 Ode :) The reason of
this Metaphore *Alexander Aphrodisaeus* gives, ὅτι
ἡ μὲν τὰς ἀρχὰς ἐκ μᾶς ἀκτινῶν τῶν ὀφθαλμῶν ὁ ἔρως ἀποσέ-
λῃται, Love at first is occasioned by one glance of the
eye ; and *Xenophon*, ὅτι καὶ πόρρωθεν οἱ καλοὶ τιθράσκειται,
They who are fair wound afar off.

[Ode XVII. But to life exactly shape
Clusters of the bleeding grape.]

Cups were ordinarily so adorned by the Ancients,
Virgil ;

*Lenta quibus torno facili superaddita vitis,
Diffusos hedera vestit pallente corymbos.
On these a vine with spreading clusters fraught,
Clad with pale Ivy twines, is smoothly wrought.
Trebellius* affirms not onely cups, but dishes also
to be commonly wrought with figures of Grapes
G and

and Ivy, which he calls *Discos corymbiatis*, lances
pampinatas & pateras hederatas.

[Ode XVIII. And the bright-haired God of day
With a youthful Beauty play.]

The Imperfection of the Text exacts some con-
jecture like this,

Συλάττει ὕδρους ἀμπετῆς,

οἷς μὲ ποῖβ' ἀδύρη.

[Ode XIX. Thirsty Earth drinks up the Rain,]

Ovid,

Terraq; cœlestes arida sorbet aquas,

[Trees from Earth drink that again.]

They draw in Water (saith Theophrastus) for their
nutriment, not onely to live but grow; and Pliny ci-
bus earum imber; Rain is their food.

[The Sea drinks the air.--]

Αὔρας the Author of the book *de Mundo*, describes
τὰς ἐξ ὕψους πορευόμενας ἐκπνοὰς humid expirations, which
Ronsard and Belleau seem not to apprehend, apply-
ing it to the winds, the first

La Mer salée boit le vent.

The other,

La Mer boit les vents qu'elle enferme.

[---The Sun

Drinks the Sea---]

An expression deriv'd from those who held that
the Stars were (Σῶα νοσπὰ, *Philo-Jud.*) living crea-
tures, consequently affecting this kind of nutriment:
For the ancient Physiologists affirm'd, that Nature
placed the Ocean directly under the Zodiack, that
the Sun and rest of the Planets (*habere subjecti hu-*
moris alimoniam, *Macrobius*.) might be nourished by
the

the moisture beneath them. The Sun was conceived to be maintained (ἐκ τῆ ἀπὸ τῆς θαλάττης ἀναδυμένης, Porphyr.) by the vapours of the Sea: And therefore perhaps defin'd by the Stoicks, (ἀναμμινοεὶν ἐκ θαλάττων ὑδάτων, Clem. Alex.) an intellectual chain of marine waters. The Moon by Springs and Rivers, ἐκ τῶν πηγῶν καὶ ποταμῶν ὑδάτων; The Stars, by exhalation of the Earth, ἀπὸ τῆς ἐκ γῆς ἐκδυμένης. In pursuit of this opinion they averr'd (quod consumpto hoc humore mundus hic omnis ignescat. Minut. Facl.) that when this moisture shall be consumed, the whole World will be set on fire.

This is not much different from White's assertion de Mundo: that the Sun is a fire which daily extracteth the moisture of the Earth, and when that fails, shall fire the dry substance that remains, the occasion of the General Conflagration.

[--and him the Moon.]

Varro Atacinus ---quam lucis egentem

Lux aliena fovet--

---Who wanting light

Is by anothers cherish'd--

So Claudian,

Qui variam Phaben alieno jufferit igne

Compleri, solemq; suo---

Who varying Phabe with a stranger fire

The Sun fills with his own---

Cleomedes, Τὸ δὲ λαμπρυνόμενον αὐτῆς ἀπὸ ἡλίου ἔχει
τὴν λαμπρότητα.

Pythagoras, in Laertius. Τὴν τε σιλήων λαμπρότητα
ὑπὸ ἡλίου.

[Ode XX. Niobe on Phrygian sands
Turn'd a weeping statue stands.]

Ἔσθ (saith Stephanus) is in answer to ἔσθην; most proper for a Statue. Seneca upon the same,

*Stat nunc Sipyli vertice summo
Flebile saxum, & adhuc lachrymas
Marmora fundunt antiqua novas.
A weeping Statue stands still on the Head
Of Sipylus, new tears th old Stone doth shed.*

So I suspect Achilles Tatius should be restor'd in his description of Prometheus Statue; ὁ δὲ περυσσάδης μεσδὲ ἔσθ ἐλπίδ' & ἔμα καὶ φόβῳ; Prometheus stood betwixt hope and fear.

[But a Mirror I would be,
To be look'd on still by thee.]

Examples of such wishes are frequent with the Poets. Dionysius the Sophist,

Ἔϊθ' ἀνέμῳ γυνοίμην, σὺ δὲ γὰρ σείχουσα παρ' αὐγὰς
Στήθεα γυμνάσεις, καὶ με πνέοντα λάβοις.
Would I were air that thou with heat opprest
Mightst let me breath my self into thy breast.

Theocritus

--ἔϊθ' ἐγνοίμην

Ἄ βομβᾷσι μέλισσα καὶ ἐς πιδὺν ἀνέξῃ ἰκοίμην.

--oh were I

A buzzing Bee and to thy Cave might fly.
Alcaeus,

Ἔϊθ' εὐρα χαλὴ γυνοίμην ἐλεφαντίνῃ,
Καί με χαλεοὶ παῖδες φοροῖεν Διογύσιον ἐς χορὴν.

Ἔϊθ' ἄπυρον καλὸν γυνοίμην μέγα χρυστόν,
Καί με καλὴ γυνὴ φοροῖν καθαρόν θημένον ἔδον.
Would I Were an Ivory Lyre,

That fair youths to feasts might bear me;

Or

Or pure gold untried by fire,
That some spotlesse Maid might wear me.

But Anacreon confines himself to the *Ornatus & mundus amasia*. *Julius Paulus* Recep. Sen. lib. 3. *Mundo muliebri legato ea cedunt per qua mundior mulier lautiorque fit; veluti speculum, concha, fistuli, item buxides, unguenta & vasa quibus ea sunt. Ornamentis legatis ea cedunt per qua ornatio efficitur mulier, veluti annuli, catena, reticuli, & cetera quibus collo vel capite vel manibus mulieres ornantur.*

[Or thy shoe I wist to be,
That thou might'st but tread on me.]

Philostat. Ep. 3 ἄδειποι πόδες· ὃ καλῶ ἐλδ' ἄρεον·
ὃ τρισυδαίμων ἐγὼ καὶ μακάριος· ζαν πατήσῃτέ με.

[Ode XXII. Come my fair, the heat I evade
Let us sit beneath this shade.]

We follow those Copies that have,

Παρά τῷ σκιῷ ἐλδύλλης
Καθίσσον· καλὸν τὸ δένδρον.

For *Andreas* and *Belleau* reading ἐλδύλλης, and taking away the point after καθίσσον, have extreamly wrested the whole sense of the Ode.

[Ode XXIII. But if life cannot be bought,
Why complain I then for nought, &c.]

Seneca, *Qua (malum) amentia est pœnas à se infelicitatis exigere, & mala sua augere?* How mad is he who punisheth himself for his own misfortunes, and encreaseth his ills: To this effect *Bion*,

Ἐἰδὲ θεοὶ κατένδουν ἓνα χεῖνον ἐς βίον ἐλθεῖν
Ἀνθρώποις, &c.

But since the Gods man but one life allow
And that more short then other things acquire

Ah why our selves with labour do we tire ;
How long to gain and arts will we apply
Our studies, and still more, more riches cry.

[Ode XXVI. When my sence in wine I steep,
All my cares are lull'd asleep.]

Xenophon. Τῷ ᾧ ὄντι δινοῦ ἀρδων τὰς ψυχὰς, τὰς μὲν λύ-
πας, ὥστερ ὁ μανδραγόρας τὸν ἀνδρωπῶτες, κοιμῶζει. Τὰς
δὲ φιλοφροσύνας, ὥστερ ἑλαιον φλόγα, ἐγέρει ; Wine, when
it bath fill'd the soul charms grief (as a Mandrake the
eater) asleep ; awakes mirth as Oil the flame.

[Ode XXVII. In a sprightly Saraband
Guides my foot and ready hand
Which an even measure sets
Twixt my voice and Castanets.]

In dancing they used *κεταλιζίν*, κρῖεν τὰς χερεῖν,
as Hesychius expounds it, to make a noise with the
hand,

Martial,

*Edere lascivos ad Batia crumata gestus
Et Gaditanis ludere docta modis,
She that with Betick Castanets can play,
And dance lasciviously the Spanish way.*

For this manner of dancing was brought first by
the Spanish Women to Rome, and acted publicly
on the Theatre, the dance they call *Carabanda*, the
noise they made with their fingers *Castanneta*,
which *Cobaruvias* expounds *El golpe y sonido que
se da con el dedo pulgar y el dedo medio quando se
vaila*, the knocking of the thumb against the middle
finger in dancing, and to make the better sound,
Se ata al pulgar dos tablillas concavas y por defu-
cra

era redondas a modo de castannas, they tye two hollow pieces of wood to their thumb, fashion'd like Chess-nuts whence they take their name Castannet.

Ode XXVIII. With this and the following Ode exactly agrees the first Epistle of Aristenetus.

Aristenetus to Philocalus.

Nature with beauty Lais did invest,
 But Venus crown'd with sweetness 'bove the rest,
 And registred her sacred name in Heaven
 To make the number of the Graces even
 By golden Love instructed, Mortal Hearts
 To wound with her bright Eyes unerring darts
 Her Sexes Wonder, Natures Masterpiece
 And living Image she of Venus is.
 Her cheeks a mixed red and white disclose,
 That emulates the splendour of the Rose:
 Yet these the tincture of her Lip out-vies
 Pure black her even-arched eye brows dies
 Beneath whose Sable Hemispheres the bright
 Suns of her Eyes, move with full Orbs of Light.
 The black and white here kindly disagree
 Grac'd by each others Contrariety:
 In these the Graces are enthron'd, and there
 By all that see ador'd: her curious Hair
 In which the Jacynths colour is exprest
 By hands of Nature curl'd, of Venus drest.
 Her neck by a rich Carquanet embrac'd
 With the fair letters of her name enchas'd:

Her Garment to her Shape though loose, so fit,
 As if not made for her, but she for it.
 Beautious in the becoming Dresse she wears,
 But Beauties self, she, when that's off, appears.
 And when she moves this curious frame her Gate
 Expresseth quicknesse intermixt with State.
 Such motion in tall Cypresses we finde,
 Or Palms when breath'd on by some gentle Winde;
 Yet With this difference; them Zephyr moves,
 But she is wafted on the breath of Loves.
 Her his Original the Painter makes,
 When or the Graces or their Queen he takes.
 Her Breasts in envy of each other swell,
 And their kinde silken Bands coyly repel:
 But when she speaks; what clouds of Syrens watch
 About her Lips, and her soft accents snatch:
 The Castus she of Cytheraea wears,
 A matchlesse form which no exception bears.
 How fell this Mistresse (Venus) to my share?
 Was I the Judge that sentenc'd thee most fair?
 Thou not from me didst the rich Ball receive,
 Yet to me freely dost this Hellen give.
 To thy kinde power what offering shall I pay?
 Her all that see, that none may envy, pray.
 She darts so glorious, yet so mild a Light,
 As dazels not, but cleers the Gazers sight.
 Old men beholding her accuse their Fate,
 Wish hers had earlier been, or theirs more late.
 The Power that angry Nature did deny
 The dumb, by signes they in her praise supply:
 None knows who sums in her all Beauties store,
 Or what to say or how she should give o're.

I shall not need to instance in those particulars which he hath borrowed from *Anacreon*, they are so obvious.

[Underneath this shade---]

Black hair, *χαίται μέλαινας*, he calls *πορφύρεας*, and in the next Ode *ὄφρυς κνανήν* eyebrows of the same colour. So *Pindar* *ἰοχομὸς κόρη*, *Homer* *κνανήσιν ἐσ'* *ὄφρυς*, and *Hesiod* *κνανίοι ἄνδρες* speaking of the Ethiopians.

[Sparkling like Minervas, yet
Like Cytheras mildly sweet.]

Γλαυκὸν I render sparkling as in that of *Moschus*,

"Ὅρα δ' ὑπογλαυκέσχε δ' ἱμερὸν ἀστράπτοντε,

His brighter eyes with amorous sparkles glow.

That this is the proper meaning of the word, *Hesychius* and the Scholiasts of *Callimachus* and *Apolonius* attest, referring it to the brightnesse, not the colour. Hence *Minerva* *γλαυκὸφθαλμοῖσιν* διὰ τὸ ὄξυδρεῖν, *ποιῶντι δ' ἡ γνῶσις*, Scholiast. in *Hesiod*: because *Wisdom* is sharp-sighted: see *Mirandulas* *Platonick* discourse, 2.6. But sparkling in the eye being commonly a signe of anger (*et ira Scintillant oculi. Pers.*) *Anacreon* qualifies it here with Sweetnesse, as *Moschus* with Love, *δ' ἱμερὸν ἀστράπτοντε*; this he explains better in the following Ode.

Μέλαν ὄμμα γοργὸν ἔστω

Κεκαρασμένον γαλήνῃ

In her black yet lively eye

Sweetnesse mix with Majesty,

That the soul of every Lover

There twixt hope and fear may hover.

Roses

[*Roses in Milk swimming seek
For the pattern of her Cheek.*]

Propertius,

Ut Maotica nix minio si certet Ibero

Utq; rosa puro lacte nacent folia:

*Like Snow contending with the Scarlet dy,
Or rose-buds that in pure Milk floating ly.*

[--her neck outvying

Parian stone--]

Lapis Lygdinus is the same with Parian Marble,
Scholiastes Pindari, μέλι & δὲ λίθος ὁ καλέμενος λίγ-
δινος. Yet Philostratus seems to distinguish them,
ξίοντες τὸν λυγδίνον, ἢ τὸν παράον λίθον.

[*Ode XXIX. Black her hair must be, yet bright,
Tipt as with a golden light.*]

I render ἀμπρός comes, bright, not in relation to
the colour, but the unguents, a custome of late re-
sumed. *Plantius nitidiusculum caput.* Opposite to
this is ἀλμπρός τριξ in *Sophocles*, in *Cicero*, *capillum*
horridum. The description *Ovid* borrows,

Nec tamen ater erat nec erat color aureus illis,

Sed quamvis neuter mixtus uterq; color.

[*Ode XXXIII. And divert'st thy self a while
Near the Memphian Towers, or Nile.*]

Seneca,

--cælum secans

Tepente Nilo pensat arctuas nives;

--through Heaven she cuts her way

And Northern snows doth with warm Nile allay.

[*Ode XXXV. On whose back the Tyrian Maid
Through the surges was convey'd.*]

Euripides,

Euripides,

Εὐρώπης καὶ τῆς τοῦ Τύρου

Τύρου Εὐρώπης.

Seneca,

Tyria per undas rector Europa nitet.

And Herodotus conjectures this quarter of the World was named *Ἰνδὸς καὶ τῆς οὐλῆς* 'Euphrates, lib. 4. which Valla renders *ab Europa Tyria*) in his first book affirming, the Cretans sail'd to Tyre, and stole her from thence. The Chronologers that follow Eusebius rank this about the time of Josuah, but the *Strudeliana stela Epocharum*, set forth by Mr. Selden, shews, that Cadmus came to Thebes and built Cadmea at the same time when Amphictyon reign'd at Athens, which was before the Israelites forsook Egypt; By this it is apparent, that Europa was not of Tyre for that was built long after, viz. 240 years (as Josephus, lib. 8. 2.) before the Temple of Solomon, which was begun in the 480 year after the Israelites departure out of Egypt.

Eusebius Anno 562. *Phanix & Cadmus de Thebis Egyptiorum in Syriam profecti apud Tyrum & Sidonem regnaverunt.* Phanix and Cadmus going from Thebes of Egypt into Syria reign'd at Tyre and Sidon. But Bochartus (2. 1. 4 of his sacred Geography,) denies that they were Egyptians, because their names are Phœnician; of this opinion were the Phœnicians themselves, Athenæus Deip. 1.

[Ode XXXVI. *Jove loves water*—]

Αἰδὸς ὕδωρ. This interpretation (if it seem not forc'd) may be strengthen'd, and perhaps explain'd by that custom of the Grecians mention'd by Arhe-

nans

neus 15. who as soon as the wine was brought to the table pure and unmixt (τῷ μὲν παρὰ δειπνον ἀκράτῳ ἀγνῷ διδομένῳ) invoke lowly the good God, praising and honouring him that first found it. Bacchus; After supper, as soon as the cup was brought temper'd with water, they call on Jupiter the preserver Δία σωτήρα ἐπὶ λῆγας. the bestower of rain, the author of temper and commixtion: for that reason in Tibullus and Statius, Jupiter Pluvius: in Lucian Ζῷος Ἡσυχίου, Ζῷος, Ζῷος ὁμοῦ.

[Ode XXXVII. See how the becalmed seas

Now their swelling waves appease.

Oppian, Halieut. 1.

Ἀλλ' ὅπουτ' ἀνθιμώσασαι ἐπὶ χθονὸς εἴαρε δῖραι

Πορφύρεον γαλάσσῃν ἀναπνέουσι δὲ θάλασσα

Χεῖμαί τε δάδωσα γαλῶσιν δὲ γλῆνται

Ἦπα κυμαίνουσιν.

But when the Springs sweet showers on earth shed

Their purple smiles: the Seas, from Winters bleed

Secur'd, shall softly breathe, and in a calm

Glide gently on.—

[Now in their new Robes of green

Are the ploughmans labours seen.]

Βροτῶν ἔργα; properly signifying τὰ χτ' τινὸς χειρὸς
as Vulcanius believes, upon that of Callimachus,

Κτιώεά φιν λοιμὸς καταβόσκε, ἔργα δὲ πύχνη.
derived by him ἀπὸ τῆς ἔργας.

[Ode XL. Love a Bee, that lay among

Roses, saw not, and was stung]

Pignorius mentions an excellent Picture, representing the subject of this Ode, and underneath these verses,

*Dum puer alveolo furatur mella Cupido,
 Furanti digitum cuspide fixit apis :
 Sic etiam nobis brevis & peritura voluptas
 Quam petimus tristi mixta dolere nocet.
 As childish Cupid tried to rob a hive,
 A Bee incensed stung the little Thief :
 So all the short-liv'd joyes for which we strive,
 None taste without the sharp allay of grief.*

[Ode XLIII. Grasshopper thrice happy--]

The whole Ode is excellently paraphras'd and explain'd in the life of Apollonius Tyanus, lib. 7. p. 5. The words of Philostratus are these, As Demetrius and Apollonius were sitting under a tree, the grasshoppers incited by the heat of the day, chirpt round about them; to whom Demetrius, O happy and truly wise; You sing the song the Muses taught you, subject to no censure or misconstruction; by them freed from the slavishnesse of hunger and humane envies: and dwelling in these bushy tenements (which they provided for you) celebrate their happinesse and your own. Apollonius, though he knew well whereto these words tended, gently reprov'd him, as more cautious for the time requir'd; Why, saith he, desiring to raise the Grasshoppers, dost thou not do it freely and openly, but even here seemest to fear, as if there were a Act against it; Demetrius replied, I did not care so much to shew their happinesse, as our own misery, They are allowed to sing, but we not to whisper our thoughts: Wisdom as a crime is laid to a charge.

[Ode

[Ode XLV. In the Lemnian forge of late
Vulcan making arrows fate.]

The reason, why *Vulcans Forge* was suppos'd
Lemnus, is known to be the frequent lubterranean
fires and noysome air of that Island; for the same
cause but thinly inhabited; *Attius* in *Philoctetes*,

*Quis tu es mortalis qui in deserta & resqua
Te apportes loca.*

where *Varro* observes, *agrestia Lemni loca dici
qua*. *Vetus Glossarium*, *Tesqua* sive *Tesca*, κατήμα
ροι, ἡ πᾶσις, ἡ ἐρημος τόπος precipices, cliffs and de
serts. Thence called by *Sophocles* in *Philoctete* ἀστέ
γη ἡ δὲ οὐκ ἐκμύμνη, inaccessible, inhabitable, not as be
ing absolutely so, for the Scholiast of *Apollonius* re
ports there were two Cities in it, ἡ παλαιοῖς, and μὲν

[Ode XLVI. Onely gold is look'd upon] (res)
Propert. *Cynthia non sequitur fasces, non curat*

Semper amatorum ponderat Illa sinus.

Office nor honour *Cynthias* kindnesse sways

She ever first her lovers bosome weighs.

Theocritus complains in the same phrase,

Πᾶς δ' ὑπὸ κόλπου χεῖρας ἔχων, πόθεν οἶσεν ἀδρεῖ
Ἄργυρον—

Under the bosome each, now puts his hand
To try what money he may gain—

Mistaken by *Heinsius*, who expounds *manum* sinu
sinu tenere, de iis qui nihil quicquam largiebantur
They (saith he) are said to hold their hands in their
bosomes who give nothing; but rather they who
would know what money they might hope for
from any man, manu supposita sinus eorum pondera
bant, put their hands under their bosome to feel
how

How heavy it was; the Ancients carried their money there.

[A curse take him that was won

First to doat upon it]

Sibullus,

O pereat quicunque legi viridesque Smaragdos

Et niveam Tyrio murice tingit ovem :

Hic dat avaritia causas, & Coa Puellis

Vestis, et è rubro lucida concha mari.

Ah may the man, who dig'd green Em'rals first

And dipt white wool in Tyrian dy be curst,

Garments from Cos and orient pearls he brought

From the red Sea and women avarice taught.

An invention Tertullian attributes peccatoribus

angelis to the Angels that fell.

[--hence

Springs twixt brothers difference, &c.]

Lucian (after a long Catalogue of the mischiefs

rising by Gold) *ἐμβυλλὼν ἄλλήλοις διὰ πῦρα, φίλοις*

φίλοι, πατρὶσι παῖδες, καὶ γυναῖκες ἀνδράσιν. For this,

friends insidiate friends, fathers their children, and

wives their husbands, Hear Marino upon this Sub-

ject.

Gold.

How much lov'd cause of all the royalties

That wait on life,

Mettle whose yellow splendour smiles

Worlds into strife,

More sharp more deadly, of lesse worth

Than is the steel that digs thee forth.

Fool

Fool that he was who took the pains
 To loose thy bands
 Sifting the Earths discolour'd vains,
 The Waters sands,
 And freed thee from thy prison, where
 Confin'd by pious Natures care.

A swarm of Furies came along
 From Hell with thee,
 Deceit, Ambition, Envy, Wrong,
 Hate, Crueltie,
 And that unsatiabie thirst
 Which where most cherish'd rageth worst.

For thee the Oceans ancient peace
 The first ship broke,
 And on the Empire of the Seas
 Impos'd a yoke;
 Boreas with pride the Pine beheld
 That scorn'd his breath to court it fell'd.

Churlish dissentions flattr'ing Sire
 Who love untieft,
 Distracted Kingdoms sets on fire,
 And concord flyest,
 The Plunderer thou mak'st thy prey
 The thief steal'st from himself away.

With Gold love heads the surest Dart
 His Quiver bears ;
 Which in the coldest womans heart,
 Impression wears:
 Their flinty bosomes never dread,
 The arrow that is tipt with lead.

Tom richest treasures Nature owns
 Can you refuse,
 The noblest of affections
 The meanest choose.
 Why seek you gems and gold? there are
 Gems in your eyes, gold in your hair.

Worth it derives from our esteem,
 Thought onely bright
 By darkned judgements, yet though dim,
 Dazles our sight,
 More then the Planet of the day,
 To whom he owes his sickly ray.

Happy those men who free from Want,
 The earth possesse,
 Of wealth yet wisely ignorant,
 As that of Rest :
 They Poverty their Treasure priz'd;
 And Gold the golden age despis'd.

He that to Heaven would take his way,
 Ere he begin,
 Must down this glitt'ring burthen lay,
 This bait of sin,
 Or its oppressive earthly weight
 Will clog his wings, and check his flight.

[Ode XLIX. And Lyans whose shrill Flute
 Vies with her harmonious Lute.]
 As if the words were (for the text is corrupt)

Λυεικῆς ἄλλε μύσης
 φιλοπαίγμον· τὲ βάαχε
 Αἰετοπνύων ἐναύλων.

The same Epithite he gave Bacchus before, Ode
 42.

[Ode LIII. Sons of mirth your sprightly Lays
 Mix with ours to sound its praise.]

Reading Σωάταρε ἄρχε μολπῆς: or something to
 that effect.

Upon

And
 of A
 of t

Vpon B I O N.

Idyl. I. **T**HE *Adonidia* (that known feast in honour of *Venus* and *Adonis*, where- in women were sole Actours) was kept two dayes ; The first in celebration of their Loves, (describ'd by *Theocritus* in that excellent Idyllium) The Scene, a Landskape (perhaps in respect to the Forrest which they frequented) in it were (*Theocr.*)

Birds of each kindes and Beasts, green Arbours drest
With soft Dill branches where Loves make their Nest,
And like young Nightingales that have but now
New try'd their wings, flutter from bough to bough, &c.
Here on a rich bed doth *Adonis* ly,
And lovely *Venus* on another by.

Mr. Sherburn.

whom after they had carried about the City in triumph they honour'd with a Hymn, such as we finde there.

On the morrow they solemniz'd his Funerals, changing the habits of the Images, implied by *Bion*,

Venus no more in purple coverings rest,
Rise cloth'd in black--

And their postures, that of *Venus* as weeping, That of *Adonis* as dead (*as renev.* saith *Plutarch*) those of the Cupids

—kept his obsequies

And strewd him with their hair, his Bow one kicks,
His shafts another, this his quiver breaks. &c.

Their own dresse also comply'd with the sorrow
of the day, (*Theocr.*)

Hair unbound, loose garments, breasts unweyl'd.

Then they made a general lamentation and cry,
which they call'd *ἀδωνία*, and one sung an Elegy (as before a Panegyrick, these they named *ἀδωνία*, the subjct whereof was the death of *Adonis*, and sorrow of *Venus*, such is this of *Bion*; which, may receive further light from the Paraphrase of *Ronsard*.

Adonis.

AH poor Adonis all my Cupids be
Thy Mourners, all my joyes are dead with thee.
Had but thy counsell o're thy will prevail'd,
Nor thee thy life, nor me thy love had fail'd.
The Rose forsakes thy lip, the sweets are fled
Breath'd in thy kisses, yet I le kisse thee dead:
Kisse and rekisse thee, but thou neither art,
Of kisses sensible, nor of my smart.

Ah poor Adonis, all my Cupids be
Thy mourners, all my joyes are dead with thee.
The Woods in sighs, Rivers in tears lament,
Echo in groanes her griefs and mine doth vent.
In purple every drooping flower is drest,
And mourning garments every field invest.

Ah poor Adonis, all my Cupids be
Thy Mourners, all my joyes are dead with thee.

Ton his lov'd Hounds obsequious to his call,
 Couch'd at his feet, lament your Masters fall;
 Take your eternal leave; Then, swift as Fame
 Fly to the Woods, and there his death proclaim,

Ah poor Adonis, all my Cupids be

Thy Mourners, all my joyes are dead with thee.

You milk-white Doves, which to Joves starry Court,
 Through fleeting clouds my Chariot did transport,
 Gomount the Heavens, and to the Gods make known,
 That all my joyes like faithlesse dreams are flown.

Ah poor Adonis, all my Cupids be

Thy Mourners, all my joyes are dead with thee.

You silver Swans now from your harnesse free,
 Fly 'bout the painted mead at liberty;
 And to the flowers recount, Venus hath shed
 As many tears as drops Adonis bled.

Ah poor Adonis, all my Cupids be

Thy Mourners, all my joyes are dead with thee.

And you my sister Graces go and tell
 To savage Rocks, where Beasts more savage dwell;
 Cold in her lap Cythera's Lover lyes,
 And Death (like slumber) dwels upon his eyes.

Ah poor Adonis, all my Cupids be

Thy Mourners, all my joyes are dead with thee.

My sons, on his pale corps your tresses strew,
 Let each his Torch extinguisht, Quiv'r, Bow,
 And broken Arrows bring then, with sad cries
 Surrounding me. perform his Obsequies.
 His eyes, one with his rosy fingers close,
 The other, on his arm his head repose:
 This fan the winde upon him with his wing,
 To bath him, that fetch water from the spring.

*Ah poor Adonis, all my Cupids be
 Thy Mourners, all my joyes are dead with thee.
 Dear Love, e're thou descend into the deep,
 Shake from thy eyes, a while, this mortal sleep;
 Look up a little; hear me but relate,
 The dismal story of my haplesse fate:
 Then in a kisse breath out thy soul in mine,
 Whilst I my trembling lips impose on thine; (part,
 And drink Loves latest draught, which through each
 Like divine Nectar, gliding to my heart,
 Shall there for ever dwell instead of thee
 Who Minion now to Proserpine must be.*

*This said, her bodie gently she inclines,
 And weeping to his lips her lips she joyns;
 To catch the Reliques of his soul not flown,
 And kindly gives them burial in her own.*

[Adonis I lament---]

In the Adonidia the frequent iteration of *ai ai* and
aidzo was much affected, as we finde by the *versum*
intercalares; and *Aristophanes*

--η γυνή δ' ὀρχαμένη

Ai ai "Adoniv on--

--Dancing, the woman cries

--Alas Adonis--

Such kinde of songs the Scholiast of *Sophocles*
 means, when he interprets *αἰνον*, a *Funeral song*,
ἄλκο δ' αἰνός; the like burden we finde in *Aeschilus*
 his *Agamemnon*,

"Αἰνον αἰνον εἶπε, τὸ δ' ὀ νικῶ.

Alas alas say, may he victor be.

Hither are referr'd the lamentations of the Jewish
 women

women for *Thammuz*, Ezek. 8. 15. See Mr. Selden
De Diis Syris 2. 10.

[*Venus* with hair dischevell'd through the grove,
Frantick, in loose attire and barefoot roves.
About her legs the blood-stain'd brambles cling.]

Nonnus Dionys 42.

Μάτη γαμον χαιέν & Ἀδωνίδ & ἡμ' ἔαυτλῷ
Ἀρχυμνλῷ ἀπὸ δὲ δὴλον ἀλωομίνλῳ Ἀφροδίτῳ,
Νυμφίον ἰχνηδυσσιν οἰδίσρυμον.

Beautious *Adonis* marriage, *Venus* sing,
In loose attire and barefoot following
Her husband o're the mountains---

Constantine Caesar de R. R. 11. 18. *Adonide occiso*
(sunt) *Venerem nudis pedibus ingressam esse silvam,*
ibiq; spinis compunctam emisisse cruorem; inde Rosam
qua primæ esset alba, aspergine contactâ capisse rubere.
When *Adonis* was slain, *Venus* (they say) went bare-
foot into the Wood, and being prickt with brambles,
be bled; with which, the Rose, before white, sprink-
led, began to look red.

[--her lov'd *Assyrian* spouse,]

Theocritus, Ἄδρα Κύπειδ & her husband; which
the word implyes: *Hesychius*, Ἀδωνις δισπότις καὶ
φοινίκων, *Adonis* in the *Phenician* tongue, Lord. The
compellation the Women in the Eastern countreys
use to their Husbands, אָדוֹן אָדוֹנִי, *adon*, *adoni*.

[--to thee and *Pluto* all that's fair
Devolves---]

As *Vulcanius* reads,

--τὸ δὲ πᾶν χαλδον εἰς σὲ ἔ' Ἀδῶ.

Catullus, 28. At vobis male sit mala tenebre.

Orci, que omnia bella devoratis.

Ill may it be ill shades below

With you, where all that's fair must go.

But in expounding *Adonis*, *Pluto*, we follow *Phrynus De natura Deorum*, "*Adonis* is a God named *Pluto* (*ὅτι μὴδὲν ἔστιν, ὁ μὴ ταλάντων εἰς αὐτὸν κερταται, καὶ αὐτὸν κτήμα ἵσεται*), because there is nothing but at last comes to him, and becomes his possession.

[To Elegies our Hymeneals turn.]

Apuleius, *jam tada atra fuliginis cinerem arcescit, & sonus tibia Zygia mutatur in querulum Lydium modum, cantus latus Hymenei lugubri finitur ululatu.* Now the light of the torch is clouded with smoke, and the sound of the wedding musick, changed into the querulous Lydian strain, the Hymeneal song ends in howling. *Heliod. 2.* *τὸν ὑλναιον ἀδμενον ἐν δὲ δέχετο θρῆνον, καὶ ἀπὸ τῶν παύδων ἐπὶ τὸ μνήμα παρῆλθε, καὶ δαδὲς αὖ τὸ γαμήλιον ἐκλάμψασαι φῶς, αὐταὶ καὶ τὸ ἐπικύδιον πυρκαϊὰν ἐξήψον.* The funeral mourning broke off the marriage joyes, from her bride-chamber she was sent to her tombe, and the wedding tapers kindled her funeral pyre.

[Dry thy eyes *Venus* for to day, and keep
Some tears in store, for thou next year must weep.]

Alluding to the annual celebration of this Feast, instituted by *Venus* her self: *Ovid*,

*Questaq; cum fatis, & non tamen omnia vestri
Juris erunt, dixit, luctus monimenta manebunt
Semper Adoni mei, repetitaq; mortis imago
Annua plangoris peraget simulamina nostri.*

Not

Not all said she is subject to our wail, is [Mr. Sandys]
 Our sorrows monument shall ever last, viz
 Sweet Boy, thy death's sad image every year
 Shall in our solemniz'd complaints appear
 Idyl. II. Pursue, saith he this bird no longer child,
 Fly, 'tis an evil beast--]

The same liberty Aristophanes takes in his Comedy of Birds.

Ἄλλ' οὐ πὶ θnelov ποτ' εἰ ποδὲς πῶν θnῶν.
 And.

*Ὡ ηγεκλεις τυπὴ πὶ ποτ' ὄνθ' θnelov,
 Τis ἡ πῆλ' ὀρεως.

Nor is Sophocles to be understood otherwise, Philoct.

*Οὐτ' ὀρεζοζόντων ἴσως
 *Οικων ἄδενδ, ὕστερ',
 Πάντων ἀμμορεε ἐν Βίῳ
 Κῆται μοῦν' ἀπ' ἄλλων,
 Στικτῶν ἢ λασίων μήτη
 Θηρῶν, ἐν τ' ὀδωίαις ὁμοῦ
 Λιμῶ τ' οἰκτρῶς.

He whose birth gives place to none,
 Lives in want remote alone;
 Only with rough beasts, and painted,
 Hunger and disease acquainted.

That is amongst Birds and Beasts, to which interpretation I am lead by Virgil,

--πίετα; volucres,
 --and painted Birds.

[Idyl. III. How Pan the pipe--]

Πλαγῶντων Vulcanius and the vulgar Interpreter
 render *Fistulam obliquam*, whereas it is not meant
 of a crooked Pipe, but because it was sounded
 obliquely,

obliquely, that is at the side, the *αδλα* or plain Pipe directly from the top. *Scaliger Poet. l. 20.* So different is this in number of Reeds and fashion from the Syrens, that her story cannot be applied to this place; as by *Ronsard* it is.

Comme Minerve inventa

Le Haut-bois, qu'elle ietta

Dedans l'eau toute marie :

Comme Pan le Chalumeau,

Qu'il pertuisa du roseau

Formé du corps de S'amie.

[*Idyl. V.*

—*successive destinée*]

Πολύτροπον: *Versatile*, not *versutum*, as rendered by the common Interpreter.

Vpon

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plain
o. So
from
o this

Vpon MOSCHVS.

[Idyl. I. **I**F any in the streets Love wandring sp'd,
He is my Runaway, to Venus come
And have a kisse—]

The form of Praconium used by the Ancients:
Petronius, Puer in Balneo ante aberraverat, anno-
rum circa sedecim, crispus (διπλοῦς) mollis for-
mosus nomine Gyton, si quis eum reddere aut common-
strare voluerit, accipiet nummos mille: A Touth was
lost lately in the Bath, about sixteen years of age,
curl'd hair'd, soft, fair, by name Gyton, if any man
will restore or discover him, he shall have a thousand
Sesterces. Apuleius, yet more nearly imitates our
Moschus, lib. 6. Si quis a fuga retrahere vel occultam
demonstrare poterit fugitivam regis filiam Veneris
ancillam nominis Psyche, conveniat retro metas
Marcias accepturus indicii nomine (μυῖτην ψυχῆς:
Ulpian ἑπταψυχία) septem savia suavia (μισθὸς τι τὸ ψί-
λακα τὸ χρυσίδιον) & unum adpulsu blandientis lin-
gua longo mellitum. If any man will bring back or
discover, the Runaway-daughter of a King, hand-
maid to Venus, by name Psyche, let him repair to the
backside of the Marcian course, and he shall have for
his reward seven kisses, &c.

[His

[His ease to be known from twenty Boyes,
Corrected by Heinsius,

Ἐστὶ δ' ὁ πῦρ πρὸς αὐτὸν, ἐν αὐτῷ πῦρ καὶ αὐτὸς πῦρ.

[—fair words his treacherous thoughts disguise
His lips and heart dissent—]

Cacilius,

Nam hi sunt inimici pessimi, fronte hilari (scia.
Corde tristi, quos neq; ut apprehendas neq; ut mittas
Glad looks, sad hearts, these are the worst of foes,
And where to have them no man rightly knows.

Lucilius,

Improbior multo quam de qua diximus ante
Quanto blandior hac, tanto vehementius mordet.
More wicked far then she we nam'd before,
The more she seems to fawn, she bites the more.

Which Solon calls, γλῶσσαν διχέμενον. *Æschylus*, σπυδαίης λόγους; the Latines, *Linguam duplicem*, a double tongue: As *Ecclesiast*. γλῶσσαν καὶ γλῶσσαν: which the Hebrews לִבְרִיב, qui aliud clausum in pectore, aliud promptum in ore, habent. *Cicero*.

[—like honey sweet

His tongue, in's minde malice and anger meet]

Plautus speaking, *De meretricibus*,

In melle sunt sita lingua vestra atq; orationes
Lacteque, corda in felle sunt sita atq; acerbo aceto,
Linguis dulcia dicta datis, corde amare facitis
Amantes.

Your flattering tongues in milk and honey dip,
Your hearts in Vinegar and Gall are steep:
Sweet words give those, but bitter actions these.

[—knawisb look'd.]

Ἰσχυρὸν ὡς ἰσχυρὸν. Politian and Vulcanius interpret, *interua facies*, but it rather implies boldness as *de Oddis* renders it in this place.

Nel volto ei manifesta

Soverchio ardire--

And Grotius --nulla est reverentia fronti.

Not without wantonness, as Tasso excellently paraphraeth it, in his *amore fugitivo*.

Ne la fronte dimostra

Una lascivia audace.

[And poison'd shafts--]

Πικρὰ καὶ λαμοὶ, Theocrit.

Κῆρ ἦδ' ἔρωτα τίς ἔειπε, ἢ λῆξ τοῦτα

Χερσὶ κρατῶν, πῶς πικρὰ καὶ ἔρωτα τίς ἔειπε.

What Deity Love W u, what kinde of Bow

What poison'd darts he us'd, he did not know.

We interpret poison'd in relation to the 45 Ode of Anacreon: or rather to that of Claudian.

Labuntur gemini fontes hic dulcis amarus,

Alter & infusis corrumpit mella venenis.

Unde Cupidineas armavit fama sagittas.

Here flow two fountains, that sweet, bitter this,

Honey with poison hence corrupted is,

Where Cupid, fame reports, his arrows dipt.

So d' Oddis renders it,

Ha la faretra l'adre

Saette con quai punge

Sovente amaramente a me sua madre.

E tutto amoro ed unge,

D'un poco dolce il fiele.

[--he doth not spare

Even me to wound--]

Apuleius

*Apuleius, Metam. 5. Et majores tuos irreverenter
pulsasti toties, & ipsam matrem tuam, me inquam
parricida, denudas quotidie. Aristenet 18. Νῦν τὴν
Ἀφροδίτῃ ἀδικῶσιν οἱ ἑσθῆες· ὁμοίως γὰρ τὸτο σὺ μὴ σφόδρα
λυπεῖται· καὶ τῶν ἑαυτῶν ἑτρώων ἔχουσιν μητέρα. The
Cupids are unjust, &c. they have wounded even their
own Mother.*

[—his little torch which fires the Sun]

Oppian. Cyneg. 2.

Σὼ δὲ μένῃ καὶ πῆλε περᾶς, ὅσον ὑποθε λῦσθ
Ἥλιος φαίδων. σὺ δ' αὖ πῦρ καὶ φάος εἶκλ
Δειμαῖνον,

*Thy power extends far as the Sun doth shine,
Whose light, as if afraid, gives place to shine.*

Nonnus,

Καὶ φλόγρον φαίδοντα κατέφλογε μολζονι πυρσῷ
The radiant Sun He burns with greater flame.

More ingenious perhaps, but less true is the ex-
position of Alamanni, who by Διὸς here under-
stands Διὸς Διὸς, the God of the Sea.

*Breve facella ha in man, ch' io vidi spesto
Far nell' acque annampar Nettuno spesto.*

Both are alike included in that old Subscription
on Cupids Statue,

*Sol calet igne meo flagrat Neptuneus in undis.
The Sun and watry Neptune I enflame.*

[—his kisses fly

Poyson of Aspes between his tips doth fly.]

*Longus, Χειρὶ καὶ ῥόδῳ ἀπαλώτερα, καὶ σῶμα κλεινὸν
γλυκύτερον, τὸ δὲ φιλίωμα παντὶ μάλιστα πικρότερον.*

To the enquiry of *Venus*, *Marino* returns this answer, Lyr. 2. Mad. 5.

Venus. I hear the other day
Thy son stole from thy Lap away;
And that a kisse thou offer'st those,
Who will the Fugitive disclose.
Fair Goddess grieve no more; He lies,
Close lurking in my Mistress's eyes;
Give now the kisse thou promis'd me;
Or let her do't, I'll pardon thee. (ascent,)

[Idyl. II. In nights third quarter near the morns,
The third part of the night according to the division of the Greeks, is the last, (but the Romans divided it into four) and therefore thought to be

[That time which doth all faithful dreams beget,]
as we finde by *Ovid*, *Horace*, and others; because then, saith *Dants*

--la mente nostra peregrina
Pin da la carne, & men dai pensieri,
A le sue vision quasi & divina.

--the wandring mind
Doth least to earth to spirit most incline,
And in her visions is well-nigh divine.

The vapours being by that time consumed, those dreams are conceived to come from some supernatural cause; whereas on the contrary, (*à vino à cibis* *maxima vana esse visa*,) immediately upon wine or meat they are vain: as *Pliny* 10 75.

[--in a high chamber taking rest.]

There the Ancients appointed the *Thalami* or bed-chambers of their wives (*τὰς ἐν δωματίοις αὐτῶν*, *Eustath.*) as not easily accessible: There were the

the daughters brought up under the tuition of their Mothers. Phocylid.

Παρθενικῶ δὲ φύλακι πολυκλήσει δαλμοισι,
Μηδὲ μιν ἄχρι γάμων πρὶ ἡμῶν ὁρδύσθαι ἰδοῦς
Lockt in her chamber, keep a Maid, before
Her marriage suffer not to passe the dore.

Nonnus, lib. 4.

Παρθενικὴ δ' ἀνέκλιτο καὶ ἀνὰ πύλινον
Εἰς δόμον αἰπὺν δμηλον. ἀναπύξασα δὲ μήτηρ
Εὐταμύχην δαλμοιο πολυσφρίστον ὄρεα, &c.

The Maid was mov'd, and up the high house goes
After her Mother, who the dore doth close,
And with one bar the sevenfold room secure.

Achilles Tatius hath a more particular description; Εἰς δὲ τὸ δάλαμον αὐτὴ ἦτορ, &c. The Thalamos was thus contriv'd: There was a large Quarter divided into four rooms, two on the right hand, and two on the left; betwixt these a narrow entry, at the end of which was the door; Here dwelt the women; in the inmost rooms, opposite to each other lay Leucippe and her Mother; in the third Clio; the fourth kept the provision. Leucippes Mother accompanied her always to bed, and not onely shut the door on the inside, but gave the keys through a hole to a servant, who lockt it also without, and then returned them the same way. Hence a Virgin before marriage was called παρθένη ἐν δαλμῷ, δαλαμδύμενη, in the same sense by Horace, Matrem sequens.

Tandem de sine matrem

Tempestiva sequi viro.

Thy Mother now forsake,
A husband fit to take.

[--to Telephassa she
Wife to her son--]

Following the correction of Casaubon,

Ὅτι οἱ εἰνυδὲς ἔσχευ--

Apollodorus, Ἀγνώως ἔσχατομένῳ εἰς τὴν Ἑυρώπῳ
γαμῇ Τηλέφασσαν : Agenor going over into Europe
married Telephassa. How into Europe before Eu-
ropa was born? But of these contradictions already,
on the 35 Ode of Anacreon.

[Inachian Io--]

Apposite to *Europas* basket, as well in respect of
the dependance of the storyes (the one being ra-
vish'd in revenge of the others rape, *Herodot. 1.*)
as of their similitude, wittily applyed by *Martial*,

Mutari melius tauro pater optime divum

Tunc poteras, Io cum tibi vacca fuit.

Father of Gods, thou mightst have chose to be

A Bull, when Io was a Cow for thee.

Whom *Nonnus* thus imitates in the person of insult-
ing *Juno*,

Ζεῦ ἀνα πότῃς εἴσσι καρσφόρῳ ἡμετέρεν Ἴω,

Ὅτι σε μὴ πότε τοῖον ἰδέν ποσιν, ὅφρα λοχῶσῃ,

Ἰοφῶντινα τυῦρον ὁμοκράϊρω παρκοίτῃ.

When Io was a Heifer (mighty Jove)

Why in this shape didst thou not meet her love,

And get an off-spring fit for such a pair?

But *Æschylus* makes this jest a serious part of
the story; whose relation, because something diffe-
rent from that of *Ovid*, and extreamly corrupt in the
Text, receive thus restored.

κο. Κλέδ' ἔχον Ἥρας φασὶ δυνάτων πρὶς
 ἰὼ μῆλ' αἶψα τῇ δ' ἐν ἀργείᾳ χθονὶ
 Ζῆν', ὡς μάστιγι καὶ φάπτι πολλὴν κρατεῖ.

Ca. Μὴ καὶ λόγῳ τις Ζεῦα μυχθῶναι βροτῶ ;

κο. Καὶ κρυψά γ' Ἥρας ταῦτα τῶν παλαισμάτων.

Ca. Πῶς οὐ πλευσάσασι λέων νεκρὰ τέλει ;

κο. Βοῶν τιῶ γυναικ' ἔδρακ' ἀργεῖα θιός.

Ca. Οὐκοῦν πελάζεις Ζεὺς ἐπ' ἀκρίβη βοῖ ;

κο. Φασὶ τρέποντα Σεδῶρ' ἄνερ' ὀϊμαί.

Ca. Τὶ δ' ἦτα πρὸς ταῦτ' ἄλλος δ' ἄλλω Δίῳ ;

κο. Τὸν πᾶν δ' ὀρῶντα φύλακ' ἐπέστησε βοῖ.

Ca. Ποῖον παρόπισται οἰόεσκον λέγεις ;

κο. Ἀργῶν τὸν Ερμῆς παῖδα γῆς κατέκλειε.

Ca. Τὶ οὐκ ἔτευξεν ἄλλο δ' ἀπότμ' ὀϊμαί ;

κο. Βοηλάττω μύσπα κινηθείον.

Οἷον καλεῖσιν αὐτὸν οἱ Νεῖλη πέλας.

Ca. Τοι γάρ νιν ἐκ τῆς ἡλάσεν μακρῶ δ' ἔρμ'.

κο. Καὶ ταῦτ' ἔλεξας πάντα συγχρόλως ἐμὸι.

Ca. Καὶ μὲν Κανόσον καὶ Μέμφιν ἵκετο ;

κο. Καὶ Ζεὺς γ' ἐφάπρη χειρὶ φυτεύει γόνον.

Ca. Τὶ οὐκ ὁ Δίῳ πόρτις δ' ἔχεται βοός ;

κο. Ἐπαφῶ ἀληθῶν ῥυσίων ἐπώνυμ'.

Λιευκῆς μέγιστον τῆς δὲ γῆς ἀρπάξαν.

The sum of all is this, Io Priestesse of Juno was deflowr'd by Jupiter, and by the incensed Goddess turn'd to a Cow; Jupiter in the shape of a Bull deceives his wives care, re-enjoying his mistresse; Hereupon Juno appoints Argus her Guardian; Mercury kills him; the Cow tormented by a fly from Juno, in that fury crosseth the sea to Canopus and Memphis: and was there delivered of Epaphus.

Vpon

Upon the highest point of land—]

Εὐ' ὀφρύσιν αἰμαλίοις upon the eyebrow of the shore.
'Οφρύς signifies (τὰ κρημνίσματα τῆς τραχέας τῶν ὄρων, καὶ ἡ παρα-
ειν ὀφρυάριον) proclivity, ruggedness of Mountains,
and eminent height. Hesych.

[Out of whose purple blood a bird doth rise

Proud of his various flow'ry plumes—]

Achilles Tatius lib. 1. The Peacock spreading his
train among the flowers, seemed to contest not onely
with the rest of the Birds, but with the flowers; indeed
his feathers were flowers: ἢν ἀνδρῶν ἡλεῶν; which,
(pursuing the same elegance) he presently after calls
ἀμύμων ἡλεῶν the meadow of his wings. Phile.

Ἀμύμων γὰρ ὄσιν ἡ χερσὶν τῶν ἀνδρῶν.

His train a meadow represents.

[—his Tail

He spreadeth like a swift ship under sail.]

Phile,

Καὶ ἀπάλιν αὐτὸς ἐσιῶν ἐκ τῆς θάλας,

Πτέρων αὐτοῦ τιλὴ κατόπιν ὑπανιστάται.

Then he invites the eye again,

Displaying like a sail his train.

[All at the painted field arrive, where these
With several flowers their several fancies please,
One sweet Narcissus plucks, &c.]

Imitated by Claudian upon a like occasion, the
Rape of Proserpine,

Pratorum spoliatur honos; hac lilia fuscus,

Intexit violis, hanc mollis Amaracus ornat;

Hac graditur stellata rosis, hac alba ligustris,

Te quoq; flebilibus marens Hyacinthe figuris!

Narcissumq; metunt.—

*The Meadows pride is rifled y Lillies some
 With Violets twist; these deckt with Marjerome;
 That starr'd with Roses, this white Iesmines wears,
 Thee Hyacinth stain'd with sad characters,
 Narcissus too they pluck--*

Marino supplies his omission of the Basket in his description of the flowers.

*Along the mead Europa walks
 To choose the fairest of its gems,
 Which plucking from their slender stalks,
 She weaves in fragrant diadems.*

*Where ere the beautious virgin treads,
 The common people of the field,
 To kisse her feet bowing their heads;
 Homage as to their Goddesse yield.*

*Twixt whom ambitious Wars arise,
 which to the Queen shall first present
 A gift Arabian spice outvies,
 The votive offering of their scent.*

*When deathlesse Amaranth this strife,
 Greedy by dying to decide,
 Begs she would her green thread of life,
 As loves fair destiny divide.*

*Pliant Acanthus now the Vine,
 And Ivy enviously beholds,
 Wishing her odorous arms might twine
 About this Fair in such strict folds.*

The Violet by her foot oppress'd,
Doth from that touch enamour'd rise,
But loosing strait what made her blest,
Hangs down her head, looks pale, and dies.

Clitia to new devotion won,
doth now her former faith deny,
Sees in her face a double Sun,
And glories in Apostasy.

The Gilliflower which mocks the skies,
(The meadows painted Rainbow) seeks
A brighter lustre from her eyes,
And richer scarlet from her cheeks.

The jocund flower de Luce appears,
Because neglected, discontent;
The Morning furnish'd her with tears,
Her sighs expiring odours vent.

Narcissus in her eyes once more,
Seems his own beauty to admire;
In water not so clear before,
As represented now in fire.

The Crocus who would gladly claim
A privilege above the rest,
Begg with his triple tongue of flame,
To be transplanted to her breast.

The Hyacinth in whose pale leaves
The hand of Nature writ his fate,

*With a glad smile his sigh deceives
In hopes to be more fortunate.*

*His head the drowsie Poppy rais'd,
Awak'd by this approaching morn,
And view'd her purple light amaz'd,
Though his (alasse) was but her scorn.*

*None of this aromatick croud,
But for their kinde death humbly call,
Courting her hand, like Martyrs proud,
By so divine a fate to fall.*

*The Royal Maid th' applause disdains
Of vulgar flowers, and onely chose
The bashful glory of the plains
Sweet daughter of the Spring, the Rose.*

*She like her self a Queen appears,
Rais'd on a verdant thorny throne,
Guarded by amorous winds, and wears
A purple Robe, a golden crown.*

[In a Bulls shape-]

*Europa according to Lycephron was carried away
in a ship on whose prow was figur'd a Bull in ταυροειδέ
πρόμακτον. But the Fable seems rather to
be grounded upon the Homonymy of the Phœnician
word Alpha, signifying both a Bull and ship: ob-
serv'd by Bochartus.*

[Yellow o're all his body is diffus'd, &c.

His horns with equal length rise from his head
Like the Moons orb, to half a circle spread.]

Achilles Tatius lib. 2. The Egyptian Bull is excellent not onely for largeness but colour, big every way; thick neck'd, broad shoullder'd, square back'd, full bellied. His horns, not as the Sicilian, short, nor as the Cyprian, misshapen, but rising first strait from his brow, then bending by degrees, and at the top of equal distance with the bottom; resembling the Moon almost at full. Their colour the same with that Homer prayseth in the Horses of Thrace; (agreeing more exactly with Moschus. ll. ♣.

Ὅς τὸ μὲν ἅλλο πῶς ποῖνιξ ἦν, ἐν δὲ μετώπῳ
Λαυρὸν οἶμα' ἐτίτυκτο δειτροχὸν ἤντε μῆνη.

Yellow his body was all o're, but on

His forehead, like the Moon a white mark shone.

He lifts up his neck as he walks, to shew that he is King of the Heard; if the story of Europa be true, Jupiter took the figure of an Egyptian Bull. Horace.

Fronte curvatos imitatus ignes,

Tertium Luna deferentis ortum,

Qua notam duxit niveus videri,

Cetera fulvus.

His brow the horn'd fires imitates,

The Moon three quarters old dilates,

On which a milk white mark imprest,

yellow the rest.

Ingeniously Gongora, Soledad. I.

--el mentido robador d' Europa

Media Luna las armas de su frente

Y el Sol todos los rayos de su pelo.

--fair Europas disguis'd ravisher

*His brow arm'd with a Crescent ; with such beams
Encompass'd as the Sun uncrowded streams.*

[*His brighter eyes with am'rous sparkles glow.*]

In distinction (as we before observ'd upon *Anacreon*) from that sparkling which proceeds from anger: Excellently express'd by *de Tarsis* in his *Europa*.

--los claros oios

Simulacro del fuego que respira.

--in his bright eyes

Sparkles that fire which in his bosom lies.

[--*Tritons on each side*

*The people of the Main about him throng,
And sound with their long shells a nuptial song.*]

Confirmed by *Nonnus*,

Τρίτων δ' ὑπὸ πρὸς ἡ Διὸς μυχὸν ἔμειν ἀκέων

Ἀντίπῳ πον Κρονίῳ μὲλ' ὀ μυχῷ σάτο κόχλῳ,

Ἀείδων ὑμῖν αἶον--

*Triton to Joves counterfeit bellowings,
Makes answer with his hollow shell, and sings
A nuptial Hymn--*

Lucian, Τό, τε, τριτῶνων γένος, καὶ εἴ τι ἄλλο μὴ φοβερόν
ἰδεῖν τῶν θαλασσιῶν, ἅπαντα περὶ ἑρπετὸν τὴν παῖδα. *The
Tritons, and all other not formidable creatures of the
Sea, danc'd round about the Maid. And by Seneca,*
in Troad.

--*immota jacent*

*Tranquilla pelagi, ventus abjecit minas
Placidumq; fluctu murmurat leni mare
Triton ab alto cecinit Hymenaeum choro.*

--*The*

--The quiet Main

Becalmed lyes, the winds their rage restrain,
The smooth seas move with gentle murmurings,
And Triton thence a Hymeneal sings.

Achilles Tatius upon a like occasion, lib. 7. Ἐμοὶ
ἑυμέναιον ἄδδεν (the text hath *δύειν*, nor is it reform-
ed by Salmasius) δοκεῖ τὰ τῶν ἀνέμων αὐλήματα: The
wind, musick of the winds, seem'd to me to sound a nup-
tial song.

[With one hand holding fast the buls long horn]

Which Ovid saith was the right, but Mamilius
the left: and Lucian, τῇ λαίᾳ μὲν ἔχον τὴν κέρασιν, ὡς
ἀπολιθάροι· τῇ ἑτέρᾳ (imitating our Moschus) δε-
ξιμάνον τὸν πύλον ἐκείνη, with her left hand she
held the horn to keep her from falling, with the other
cluckt up her flowing garment. So Achilles Tatius,
τῇ λαίᾳ τὴν κέρασιν ἐχόμενη ὡς περ ἥνιοχος χαλινῷ. Holding
in her left hand the horn, as a Coachman the reins;
from whom perhaps Nonnus borrowed the simi-
tude,

Χερσὶ κέρασιν κρατεῖται, καὶ ἑχέσθαι χαλινῷ.

Her hand the horn guides, nor a bridle needs.

[Her mantle flowing o're her shoulder swell'd,
Like a full sail--]

Nonnus,

Προβάλλον χεῖρας ἔχει, καὶ ἥμερος ἑπαισινάδης.

Καὶ δολέος Βορέας γαμὴν δεδονημένῳ ἄδον,

ἡ ἄερος ἵλον κέλευσιν ἀνέμερος--

The Horn her Rudder, Love her Pilot was,

And like a false rude Lover Boreas

Ruffled her garments--

Achilles

*Achilles Tatius, 'H δὲ Νύκτω ἐπὶ τῷ ταύρῳ ὡς
 εἶπε νύξ ἀπὸ τοῦ τῷ πύργῳ ἰσθ' ἡρώων. She sat on the
 Bulls back as in a ship, her mantle supplying the of-
 fice of the sail. Marino,*

—del animata nave

Era remone il corso e vela il velo

Che 'ngravidato e gonfio

Di placid' aura e di secondo vento.

La portava veloce.

—of th' animated ship

His horn the helm, her scarf the sail,

Which swelling with a prosperous gale,

Made by their speed their passage short,

And brought their charge to the wish'd Port.

Imitating de Tarsis.

Mas la Ninfa Vorando

Con aurea vela el pietoso cortando

Sin alma viene en la animada nave

Cuyo ciego piloto

Es el amor y el mismo amor el voto

Con tan felice timon feliz navio

Ta de sospiros favorable viento

A su farol conduce a salvamiento.

Through the plough'd sea the life-less maid

Was by the living ship convey'd:

Love their blinde Piles sighs their wind,

Soon reach'd the Port, which Love design'd.

[The Seas are pervious to swift ships alone,

But not to Bulls is their fear'd voyage known,

What food is here?—]

Borrowed by Nonnus,

Μὴ πλωτὶς Κρονίδης τέλει χόρτα, μὴ δὲ πύργῳ

ἔχῃ

ἤχρ' ἀνερρίψαι χαράσσειται ὄλκ' ἀμείνης,
Πασιδαίω χ' ἰκῶμα ῥόδον πλόον.
The Earth not navigable, nor the Main
Made Jove to bear th' impression of a Wain;
I a strange voyage go.

And -- ἡ Νηὶ καὶ Νηρῶς
Βακόλῳ, ἡ Πρωτῶς ἀρότης, ἡ Γλαυκῶ ἀλάδης,
'Οὐχ' ἄλ' ἡ λιμῶνες ἐν οἰσμασιν.

—Nereus doth not feed
Oxen, nor Proteus sow, nor Glaucus grinde,
Nor springs nor meadows in the deep we find.
[—whose feet like Oars assist thy haste.]

Seneca, imitating Moschus,

Fronte nunc torva petulans juvenens
Virginum stravit sua terga ludo
Perq; fraternos nova regna fluctus
Ungula lentos imitante remos
Pectore adverso domuit profundum
Pro sua Vecter timidus rapina.

A wanton rough-brow'd Bull, doth now
His back to sportive Virgins bow;
His brothers waves then boldly tries,
(New Realms) and his feet Oar-like plies,
Fearful alone for his fair prize.

Oppian. Cynege. 2.

Πασι δ' ἐν πλάταισιν ἐρίωνται μέλας ὕδωρ,
Wish feet like Oars they the dark waves divide.
Callimachus Epigr. 6. and others, ἐρίωνται ποσσίν.

[—the flowers their bed did make,]

By Nonnus termed Ἀμείπτοι Κρονίων the Hand-
maids of Jupiter; at the marriage of Cupid and Psy-
che, their office was, rosis & ceteris floribus pueru-
rare

rare omnia, to deck every thing with Roses and other flowers. *Apuleius Metam. lib. 11.*

[She late a virgin spouse to Jove became,]

Or, as *Lycophron* will have it, *κρήτης Ἀστέρου στρατηλάτη* to *Asterius King of Creet*, saith *S. Augustine*. *Xanthus*, *Cujus*, saith he, *apud alios aliud nomen inuenimus, by others named otherwise*. Here she was honour'd with a publick Festival *Ελλάτια*, in which *Hesychius* (as some doubt) is not mistaken, *Athenaeus* witnessing, *lib. 15*. *Europa* was termed *Ελλάτις*.

[Brought him forth sons—]

Minos, *Radamanthus* (*ῥαδάμανθης Cretensium*, as *Plato*) and *Sarpedon*; a fourth there was, named by *Hesychius* *Καρνός*, by the Scholiast of *Theocritus* *Καρνεῖ* ⊕, perhaps amisse; it being the surname of *Apollo*, who fell in love with him.

Idyl. III. The inscription of this *Idyllium* is, *The Epitaph of Bion*, *Βυβύλκι ἐπιτάφιον*, *The pastoral Poet*: rudely rendered, *Bubulci amatoris*: for *Theocritus* himself, Father of the Greek Pastorals, is cited by the appellation of the *Βυβύλ* ⊕, as *Homer* by that of the *Poet*.

[Mourn, & your grief ye Groves in soft sighs breath,
Ye Rivers drop in Tears for Bions death.]

Moschus (who throughout this *Idyllium* studies no lesse to imitate then to praise *Bion*, and to allude to several pieces of his, perhaps oftner then we can gather from those few that are left) borrows this from the Epitaph on *Adonis*, (which he takes for pattern more particularly then the rest,)

Ὄρεα πάντα λήγχει καὶ αἱ δρύες, αἱ τὸν Ἀδωνιν.

καὶ ποταμοὶ κλάδουσι τὰ πένθει τὰς Ἀφροδίτας,

Καὶ πάλιν τὸν Ἀδωνιν ἐν ὄρεσι δακρυόεντι.

*Mountains and Oaks, ah poor Adonis cry,
Rivers Cytheras miseries resent,
And Fountains young Adonis losse lament.*

The decorum that *Bion* here observes, suiting the Mountains with a word proper to sighs, the Rivers with an expression implying tears, is with no lesse caution preserv'd by *Moschus*, though through want of right pointing it hath not been taken notice of; for I suppose the verses ought thus to be distinguish'd;

* Αἰλινά μοι σναχεῖτε νεύει· καὶ δεινὸν ὕδωρ

καὶ ποταμοὶ κλαίοντε τὸν ἡμετέραν Βίωνα.

Nothing more frequent, even with the Moderns;
Marino,

-sospiran l'aure e pianser l'acque,

-the winds sigh'd, the waters wept.

[*In purple mourn Anemomy and Rose.*]

Bion,

* Ἀνθία δ' ἔξ ὀδυῖας ἐπεθρῆνεται--

Flowers are with grief turn'd purple--

[*Flowers fade--*]

Bion,

Ὡς τῶν τε θανάτου καὶ ἀνθία πᾶσι ἡμαρτέοντι.

Not any flower but with his life did fade.

[*Thee Galatea wails, whom heretofore*

Thy songs delighted sitting on the shore.]

Doubtlesse he alludes to some piece of *Bion* not extant with us; perhaps to that whereto this fragment belongs.

Av7aε

Kal

Αὐτὰρ ἐγὼν βάς δ' αἰμάτων ἰδὼν, ἐς τὸ πτόλιος.

Τίω ποτὶ φάμαδ' ἔτι αἰὶν' αἰδουείδω,

Λισσόμεν' ὦ Γαλατίας ἀπώλειαν, πῆς δὲ γλυκίαν

Ἐλπίδας ὑπαίτω μὲν χειρὶ γέρα ὦ ἀπολομένη.

To some steep cliff that totters from the shore

Ile go, and turning to the deep implore

With rural songs relentlesse Galate,

Sweet hope I will not leave, till life leave me.

[Thee Venus did beyond the kisse prefer

Which from Adonis dying she receiv'd.]

He reflects upon that in Adonis's Epitaph,

Ἔρχο πτόλιν Ἀδωνι, τὸ δ' αἶ πύμαλόν με φίλασον.

Τυσοῦτόν με φίλασον ὅσον ζῶει τὸ φίλαμα.

Ἀχέεις ὑπὸ ψυχῆς ἐς ἔμδον σῶμα κ' οἷς ἔμδον ὕπαρ

Πνέμα πτόν πόλιν, τὸ δὲ σὺ γλυκὺ φίλτρον αἰείλω,

Ἐκ δὲ πῶ τὸν ἔρωτα--

Adonis wake so short a while to give

A dying kisse, but while a kisse may live,

Thy fleeting spirit to my breast bequeath,

And I will suck Loves Nectar in thy breath,

Thy love Ile drink--

Nor doth Moschus in this Elegy imitate Bion more then Virgil borrows from Moschus, as,

[Mourn, & your grief ye Groves in soft sighs breathe

Ye Rivers drop in tears for Bions death.]

Virgil, Ecl. 10.

Illum etiam lauri, etiam flevit myrica:

Pinifer illum etiam sola sub rupe jacentem

Menalus, & gelidi flevit saxa Lycai.

For him, laid at the foot of some lone Rock

Green Laurels, Myrtles, Menalus that bears

Tall Pines, and cold Lycean cliffs shed tears.

[--the heifers that late fought
The Bull, lament, and let their meat alone.]

Virgil 6. Eclog.

--nulla neque annem

Libavit quadrupes, nec graminis attigit herbam,

--no beast one drop

Of water sipt, or blade of grasse would crop.

[Echo mongst Rocks her silence doth deplore,
Nor words (now thine are stopst) will follow more.]

Here *Ursinus* observes *μυῖατος* answers does in
that of *Virgil*.

Formosam resonare doces Amarillida silvas,

Taught woods fair *Amarillis* to resound.

[*Thetis* great son--]

Virgil,

--nunc quantus *Achilles*,

--how great *Achilles* was.

Both perhaps alluding to his stature and bignesse,
(if this seem not too nice) wherein he excell'd all
the Greeks, and is therefore (as *Parrhasius* ob-
serves) call'd by *Lycophron* *εἰς δώδεκα*, nine cubits high:

So *Philostatus* in the description of his image, *ὡς*

ὡς δὲ τὸ σῶμα ἐπαύρει, αἰετὶ δὲ δὲ ῥῶον ἢ τὸ πρὸς ταῖς

αἰγῶν ἄνδρα. He seemed extraordinary tall, grow-

ing faster then trees by Rivers. The reason why such

as were of eminent stature usually derived them-

selves from him; *Heliodor*, lib. 4. *Ἀναφύει δὲ αὐτὸν*

ὡς Ἀχιλλεῖα πρῶτον, καὶ μετ' ἐκκαίδεκα ἔτατον, ὡς δὲ τὸ

μυῖα καὶ τὸ καλλὶ οὗ πρὸς τὰ καλὰ καὶ πρὸς τὸ πρῶτον

ὡς ἄνδρα. He boasts himself descended from

Achilles, and I believe it true, if by the bignesse and

beauty of the young man we may guesse at his pedigree.

This

This Achilles himself in his apparition to Apollo
would confirm, where from five cubits he present
grew up to eleven, Philostrat. lib. 4. cap. 5.

[Above her Hesiod Ascræ the laments;
Lesse Pindar by Bæotian woods is lov'd.]

Virgil,

Nec tantum Phæbo gaudet Parnassia rupes,
Nec tantum Rhodope miratur & Ismarus Orpheus
Nor so in Phebus joy Parnassian spires,
Nor Rodophe her Orpheus so admires.

And Claudian in Epithal. Honor. & Mar.

Te Leda mallet quam dare Castorem,
Præfert Achilli te proprio Thetis,
Victum fatetur Delias Apollinem,
Credit minorem Lydia Liberum.
Thee Leda wish'd ('fore Castor) hers;
Thetis t' Achilles thee prefers;

Delus Apollo doth confesse,

And Lydia her Lieus lesse.

Idyl. IV. In the Greek copy *Megara* (the name
of the person who begins the Dialogue) by mistake
is worn into the title.

[I met in marriage with a noble Mate,]
So she boasts in Euripides,

--καὶ με ἔδωκε παῖδ' αὖτ' Ἐπὶ νόμῳ.

--and gave me to thy noble Son.

Though derided by *Lycus*,

Σὺ δ' αἰεὶ ἀπὸ τοῦ καλῆς ἀνδρὸς δῖμας.

Thou of the Noblest man the wise art call'd.

[--Diana who our sea commands]

Alcander

Alcans,

Αἴτιμις αὖ γυναικῶν μὲν ἔχει κρατὶ
Diana who ore Women rules.

Æschilus, supplic.

Αἴτιμις δ' ἐκείαν γυναι-
κῶν λόχος ἐφορεύειν.

Diana who protects

The female sex

[The manly heart his breast contains of stone
Or steel is fram'd--]

Valiant, strong, patient of labour; in which
sence Quintus Smyrnaeus attributes a heart of iron,
ἀνδρείον ἦτορ to Sinon. Horace,

Illi robur & æstriplex

Circa pectus erat qui fragilem truci

Commisit pelagoratem

Primus.

With Oak, and threefold brasse,

His stout heart guarded was,

Who on rough billows durst

His frail bark venter first.

Though commonly taken for ἀπηνῆ, ἀμελείῃον, cruel,
unmerciful.

[But grieve not daughter, these the heavenly powers
Sent not--]

An extenuation from the cause; only the hea-
viest misfortunes were imputed to Jupiter or Fate;
Sophocles Trachin: (yet he speaks of the same which
Alcmena here mentions.)

Πολλὰ δὲ πῆματα κοινοπαθεῖ.

Κεῖν τῶτων ὅτι μὴ Ζῆς.

Afflictions infinite we prove;

And none of these but sent by Jove.

K

Where

Where the Scholift, διὰ τὴν εἰμαρμένην, from Fate.
Eschilus,

Ἡ μοῖρα τέτυκ' ὃ τέκνον παρὰ στήθεα.

Fate my son was cause of these.

The least were imputed to Fortune.

Σίρρις δὲ πάντα τὰν βίῃ μικρὰ πύχει.

Fortune all lesser things in life directs.

[--lov'd Daughter,]

Ἐμὸν δῶλον a Metaphor from Plants, ῥίζη τῆς οἰκίας, δῶλον, ὅς, the man is the root of his house, children the branches. Frequent with Pindar, Euripides, &c. Aristotle, Γονεῖς μὲν δὴ τέκνα φιλοῦσιν ὡς ἑαυτοὺς, &c. Parens love their children as themselves, they are their other selves : children their parents as issuing from them ; brethren one another as derived from the same stock, for this relative identity (ἡ περὶ οὐκεία παύσις) makes several persons mutually the same; Thus they call Blood, Root, and the like, &c.

[--him ten long moneths before

I ever saw, near to my heart I bore.]

The story is known. His birth was so long put off by *Juno*, that *Euristheus* might have the precedence of birth, and consequently of command. Thence called δειράμλων by *Theocritus*, Idyl. 24.

[--with a Pickax in his hand]

Μάχεται. So named as having but one tooth, the δίκωλον two : the figure of this instrument see in the *Dorick Lexicon of Portus*.

[--round about he rowls his sparkling eyes.]

An extraordinary property in *Hercules*. Τετρετες, *Chil. Eurip.*

Ἰστὶ πατρὶς αἰς γαργαλὸς, αἰ δὲ χειρὸς αἰετὸς,

Ομυδῶν ἀνδρῶν--

How stern your father looks, behold; his eyes
Shoot fire--

[--but on Euristheus may they light

Averted from our house--]

They had an opinion, they might not onely divert any ill from themselves, but retort it upon their enemies by saying, αἰ καγαλῶ οὐ, on thy head, or the like. Examples are frequent. Seneca Consol. ad Mart, *Quis non si admoneatur ut de suis cogitet, tanquam dirum omen respuat, & in capita inimicorum aut ipsius intempestivi monitoris abire illa jubeat?*

[Idyl. V. But when the billows roar, when they grow white

With breaking on each other, and swell high.]

Κόμῳ μανθῶ; happily so supplied by *Vulcanius*: in which sence *magnum mare* with the Latines, a tempest.

Catullus,

--veluti minuta magno

Deprensa navis in mari vesaniente vento.

Et *Aeneid* 5.

--dum per mare magnum

Italiam sequimur fugientem & volvimur undis,

--through troubled seas the coast

Of Italy we seek, on rough waves soft.

Where *Servius* interprets *magnum, procellosum*; unjustly reproved by *Doufa* (in *Catullum*) for the emphasis relates to the danger and tempestuousness, not to the wideness of the sea. In which sence *lib. 4.*

Troia per undosum peteretur classibus aquor?

Wouldst thou seek Troy through the tempestuous sea?

[Then trees and safer land best please my mind.]

Horace,

*Luctantem Icaris fluctibus Africum
Mercator metuens, otium & oppidi
Laudat rura sui.*

The Merchant, when fierce winds with seas
Contest; afraid, commends the ease
His countrey village yeilds—

[A dangerous life a Fisher leads, to float
For so small purchase in his house a boat.]

Oppian Hal. I.

*Δύρασι δ' ἐν βασιῶσιν ἀελλῶν θεῖς ποῖτες
Πλαζόμενοι, καὶ θυμὸν ἐν οἰδέμασιν διένεχοντες,
Ἄλκι μὲν νεφέλῳ ἰοειδέα παρ' ἀνέμοισιν.*

Slaves to a storm they rove in some small Bark;
Their minds on seas, their eyes the blew clouds mark,

But more largely he hath in a manner para-
phras'd this Idyllium, lib. 5.

*Γαῖα φίλη θρέψιστρα, σὺ μὲν τέκας ἡδ' ἐκθίμασθα
Θορῶν χερσίν, &c.*

Dear Earth my Nurse, who bar'st & dost relieve me
With native food, in thy kinde arms receive me,
When ere my fatal day arrives; may seas
Be mild, and I on land Neptune appease:
Nor to a little Bark may safety trust,
Observing clouds, and every changing gust:
No horror like tempestuous waves; no wo,
No toil like that poor Sailers undergo;
When on the roaring deeps rough back they ride;
One humid death not serves; they must provide
A feast for hungry guests, and in the grave
Of their dark maws unburied burial have.

The

The Mother of such miseries I fear,
From land I greet thee sea, but come not near.

[Idyl. VI. Learn this disdainful Lover, wouldst thou be
Belov'd of those thou lov'st, love who love thee.]

Seneca Epist. 9. Ego tibi demonstrabo amatorium
sine medicamento, sine herba, sine ullius veneficii car-
mine; si vis amari, ama. I will teach thee what will
procure love, without potion, herb or charm; if thou
would'st be belov'd, love. Martial, and from him
Ausonius,

--Marce ut ameris ama.

--Love (Marcus) that thou maist be lov'd.

Claudian,

--non extorqueris amari,

Hoc alterna fides, hoc simplex gratia donat.

--thou shalt not ravish love,

That mutual faith, and native kindnesse love.

Achilles Tat. gives the reason, lib. I. Θέλει δὲ ἰδε-
σθαι τῶν παρ' ἑαυτῶν εἶναι καλὴν, καὶ φιλημένην καλῶς, καὶ ἐπαινεῖ τῆς
μαρτυρίας τὸν φιλοῦντα. For every maid would be fair,
is pleas'd with being lov'd, and commends her Lover
for his testimony. And Xenophon, Ὡς μὲν δὴ ἐπὶ τὸ φι-
λεῖσθαι δοκεῖ ἡμῖν ἔλθειν, τὸ τοιοῦτον πρὸς τοιοῦτον διηγέσθαι, &c.
I will tell you how (Cyrus) as I conceive came to be be-
loved; First he took all occasions to manifest the gene-
ral kindness & humanity of his soul. Considering that
it is not easie to love them who seem to hate or to affect
the disaffected; nor on the other side, can any hate those
who are known to love them. Boccace in a Novel, to
this effect, 9. 9. Tu sai che tu non ami persona, & gli

bonori & servigi liquali tu fai, gli fai non per amore
che tu ad altri porti, ma per pompa; ama adunque &
sarai amato. Thou knowest thou lovest no man; the
honours and courtesies thou confer'st, proceed not
from love, but vain-glory. Love then, and thou wilt
be loved.

[Idyl. VII. Hesper belov'd, Cytheras golden light,]

So Catallus, Seneca, Claudian, &c. Synesius in
the same words.

Και χρυσεὴ ἥσπερ

Κυθηρήσδε ἀστήρ.

And golden Hesper, fair
Cytheras star.

[--Lovers should be lov'd again.]

Plantus,

Is amabat meretricem natam Athenis Aticis
Et illa illum contra, qui est amor cultu optimus.

Theocritus,

Ἀλλήλως δ' ἐφίλασαν ἴσθ' ὕψ', ἢ ῥὰ τὸν ἦσαν
Χρῦστοι πάλαι ἄνδρες, ὃν ἀν' ἐφίλασ' ὀφίλαδ' εἶς.

[Idyl. VIII. From Pisa crosse the sea Alphens strays,
And with his Olive-fertile stream conveys,
To Arethuse leaves]

In the Anthology,

Ἰμερὸς Ἀλφειὺς Διδὸς κοτινήφορον ὕδωρ, &c.

Lovely Alphens loves crown-bearing tide,
Who muddy, through Piscean fields, dost glide;
Gentle at first, till thou the sea attain,
Then swiftly fall'st into the boundlesse Main.
And like a Bridegroom, eager of the chase,
Break'st through to Arethusas cool embrace:

Whom

Whom tir'd, and panting, kindly she receives,
Wipes off thy foam, and the seas briny leaves;
Applies her dewy lips to thine, and rocks thee
Asleep, whilst in her arms she sweetly locks thee.

[--leaves-flowers]

Achilles Tatius, lib. 1. At the Olympick Feasts
every one throws several things into the River, which
he strait carries to his beloved, and these are (ἱδρυατῶ
ποταμῷ) the presents of the amorous stream.

[--sacred ashes--]

Yearly on the nineteenth day of February the
Aruſpices carried ashes out of the Prytanæum to the
altar of Jupiter Olympius, and steeping them in wa-
ter, besmeared the altar therewith. It was afte-
wards decreed by the laws of the Sacrifice, that no
water but that of this River should be imployed to
this use. Porphyrius Sacrif. lib. 1.

Epigr.

[--Good weather Ioue--]

By Vulcanius corrected, πᾶσιν ἀρούραϊ. Torelli,

Onde a Giove rivolto, queste amiche
Piagge a Clori orna tu di bionde spiche
Tu, disse, le seconda, et se nol fai,
Sotto altra Europa novo tero andrai.

Vpon



Vpon CVPID Crucified.

LIpſius de cruce 1.5. There are two kind of Croſſes, ſimple and compact; The firſt, when to one ſingle piece of wood there is affixion or infixion; which Croſſe as I conceive was the firſt; from this rude kinde they came afterwards to the other; at firſt tying or faſtning the offendour to a tree or piece of wood as in the Cupid crucified of Auſonius. Morellus upon Alciat, hints a divine application of this Idyllium: *Quod ſi quis φιλόχειρος ad pium ſtudium transferre volet audiat beatiffimum Martyrem ἱεράποστολον Ignatium in aurea Epiſtola de ſalutis noſtræ authore exclamantem, ὁ ἕως μὲ ἐσάνθρωπος.*

[In th' æery fields--]

The reaſon why they were ſo called (perhaps) that of Plato implies, in Phædone, Ὅπερ ἡμῶν τὸ ὕδωρ ἐκ τῆς θαλάττης ἐστὶ πρὸς τὴν ἡμετέραν χρεῖαν, τὸτο ἐκ τῆς αἰθέρας: ὁ δὲ ἡμῶν αἷρ, τὸτο ἐκ τῆς αἰθέρας. *Becauſe what to our uſe is water and ſea, is there air; what to us is air, is there ſky.*

[And paſt occaſions of their deaths relate]

I rather chooſe to retain the old reading, *ferebant*, then changing the ſence with others to admit *gerebant* (in relation to the instruments they carried) confirmed

infirm by a fragment of Pindar cited by Plu-
arch, an recte dictum sit λαοὶ εἰδούς. Διαλεχθεὶς ἔχον
ἐμνήμους καὶ λόγους τῶν γεγονότων καὶ ὄντων παρρημύχους
καὶ συνόλους. They passe their time (in the Elisian
elds) in remembring and recounting things past and
resent, in invitations and mutual conversation.

Malfatti follows the same interpretation.

Ne i mesti campi dove i viridi Myrri

Fanno la selva ombrosa, ch' in se chiude

Gl' innamorati & infelici spirti

Eran l'alme ch' in se fur' empie & crude

Per troppo amar altrui, si ch' anzi tempo

De la spoglia mortal restaro ignude

E la memoria del passato tempo

Rinovando, mostrava ciascheduna

Come è, perche mori così per tempo.

[Mongst slender reeds--]

Arundinea come; Achilles Tat. lib. 8. Καὶ ὁ μὲν ᾤητο

ἅρπάζειν καὶ ἔχειν τῶν τευχῶν, καλῶν δὲ κέλευθον ἔχειν

καὶ. He thought to lay hold of her hair, but he

ought the hair of the reeds in his hand.

[Lakes without fall, still Rivers without noise.]

Pindar in the fragment before cited, Καὶ ὡς αὖτις

ἡ ἀλάουσι (sine murmure) καὶ λεῖοι διαρρέουσι. There

are Rivers without murmur, and smooth.

[--ish cloudy twilight--]

as described by Virgil,

—qualem primo quis surgere mense

Aut videt aut vidisse putat, per nubila lunam.

Malfatti,

Malfatti,

Ha la gran selva poca luce et bruna
 Come calhor ch' oscuro vel nasconde,
 A noi la bianca faccia della Luna.

[Her birth of thunder--]

Reading with Scriverius,

Fulmineos semele decepta puerpera partus
 Deslet, & ambustis laterum per inania cunis
 Ventilat ignavum simulati fulminis ignem.

[-affecting thus

Though hurt the bloody hand of Cephalus.]

Not unlike is that of Achilles Tatius, lib. 2.

Ἰσθὶν ὄντων ἐκ ἑμοῖς μετὰ τὸν πονηρὸν ὃ ἐστὶ ἐμῶ προνομήματι
 ἀλλὰ τὴν ψυχὴν ἀφῆκε τῇ φονδαίᾳ μετὰ πλεονέκειαν
 δεξιᾷ. And dying, he was so far from hating unhappy
 me by whom he was slain, that he breath'd forth
 soul holding me by the murderous hand.

[The maid faln from the Cestians towers steep height
 Brings the pale tapers dim and smoaky light.]

What *Museus* λύχνον *Ausonius* renders *testam*
 so *Avienus* in *Aratus* is prognosticks translates
 γον, *testam*: nor is the signification of *testa* (though
 it seem onely to imply an earthen Lamp,) narrower
 then that of λύχνον or λαμπάς, so frequent with the
 Latines, and by the old Glossaries expounded *fax*,
Torch, *Taper*: as verse 50.

- & rutila fuscarent lampadis ignem
 - his radiant Torches light.

From the Greeks, *Moschus*,

Βαλὺν λαμπὰς ἰοῖον, τὴν ἄλσιν αὖθις ἀναΐδεις
 - his little torch which fires the Sun.

[Masculine Sappho--]

So called because she made trial of the Lencadian
Leap onely used by men. Scaliger. Hither alludes
Stations.

—saltus ingressa viriles

Non formidata temeraria Lencade Sappho.

--rash Sappho, who essay'd

The manly Leap, of Lencas not afraid:

[Harmonias gifts--]

Nonnus Dionys. 1. hath a large description of the
workmanship in this Chain, though *Lampsacenus*
firm it was only valued for the matter, Gold which
was at that time rare amongst the Grecians *ἡ δὲ χρυσὴ*
ἀνὰ τὸν χρόνον πᾶσι τοῖς Ἕλλησι. Athenaeus, *Deip-*
nosophist. lib. 6. It was made by *Vulcan* who gave it to
Harmonia for a sight of *Cupid* when newly born. By her
bestow'd on *Harmonia* at her marriage with *Cad-*
mus; so deriv'd to *Eriphyle*: by whose son *Alcma-*
nus it was at *Apollo's* command dedicated to him at
Delphus. Stolen thence by the wives of *Onomarchus*,
Phryllus and *Phalacus*; to one of whom it fell by
lot, no less unhappy then the other possessors of it.

[--his belt with golden--]

Apollonius,

ἡ δὲ χρυσὴ ἀνὰ τὸν χρόνον πᾶσι τοῖς Ἕλλησι.

[Crowding together--]

Facta nube, Livy, pedum equitumq; nubes; Sta-
nius, armorum, A cloud of foot and horse, of armes.

Paul, Hebr. 12. 1. νῆφος μασιῶν, a cloud of wit-
nesses. Hesychius, νῆφος, ἀδροισμα, πλῆθος, ἀνὰ
πυκνωμένη, a crowd, a cloud: So ny is named from
thickness,

[--Proserpine neglected

Here

Here long before Adonis crucified
For loving Venus--]

He alludes to this Fable; Venus when she first fell in love with Adonis, delivered him to Proserpina, that being there kept private, she might securely and solely enjoy him. But Proserpina immediately surpriz'd with the same flame; when Venus comes to demand, denies to restore him. The difference is refer'd to Jupiter, who dividing the year into three parts, allotted one to Adonis's own disposal, all the second he was to be at Venus's, the third at Proserpinas: with this they were satisfied. But Adonis best pleas'd with the conversation of Venus, resign'd his own share also to her. For which unkindness Proserpina crucified him. Lipsius de Cruce.

[That tender blood whereof the Rose was born.]

He seems to reflect upon some new original of the Rose, different from that of Adonis or Venus: the same perhaps to which *Luxurius* alludes: *Hortus erat veneris, &c.*

Venus a garden had with Roses deckt,
Her joy; which none could see and not affect:
Her son here plucking flowers his head to adorn,
Pricks his white finger with a piercing Thorn,
Blood from his hand, tears dropping from his eyes,
To his fair Mother running thus he cries.
Who arm'd the Rose with these blood-thirsty spears
Gainst me he wars, and yet my colours bears.

[She whips the crying Boy--]

Lucian, much to this effect, Ἡδὲ καὶ πλεονὰς αὐτῷ ἐν τῇ ναεὶς τῆς πυγῆς τῷ σινδάλῳ, ὃ δὲ, ἔκ δὲ δ' ὅπως τὸ παρὰ τῆς δεξιᾶς, καὶ ἐκ δ' αὐτῶν, μετ' ὀλίγον ἐπὶ πλεοναῖ αὐτῶν παύσα. Di-
al. Ven. & Luna.

Vpon

Vpon VENVS Vigils.

The opinions of Learned Men concerning the Author of this Poem differ much; *Manutius* (whom *Erasmus* follows) and *Lilius Giraldu* ascribe it to *Catullus Veronensis*; others (amongst whom is *Scaliger*) to *Catullus Urbicarius*. *Lipsius* refers it to the times of *Augustus*, *Barthius* to *Seneca*; *Salmasius* to some cotemporary with *Solinus*. But it is not possible to discover more of the Author then the stile confesseth, that he was of the more modern time.

VENUS Vigils.

An Encomium of *Venus* upon occasion of the *Perigilium* (or wake) yearly observ'd in honour of her, three nights together: for which reason she is call'd by *Plautus Noctnavigila*, a Night-watcher. That of *Anysius* is of the same name and nature; and because it gives no little light to ours we will produce it.

Venus

Venus whose fair Deity
 Cnidus doth and Cyprus sway,
 Round about the Cupids fly,
 And the wanton Graces play.

Thee our pious Mother Earth,
 Life, and love of plants desires,
 Trees receive, and give new birth,
 Warm'd with thy enlivening fires.

Thee the thirsty furrows call,
 When in drops of welcome rain,
 Gems from thy rich bosome fall,
 And adorn the glittring plain.

On the Heliconian Hill,
 And Olympus simples grow,
 Fed by thee, to which their skill
 Chiron, and wise Circe owe.

In a blush the Rose her shame
 Doth for wounding thee discover,
 Yet, to sooth thy amorous flame
 Wears the picture of thy Lover.

Over all, thy power presides;
 What the foodful Earth maintains,
 What through air or water glides,
 Or the dark Abisse restrains,

Thou the nights black Regent knew,
When ere *Aetna* his fair prize,
Swift *Tartarian* Horses drew,
Shook the Earth, ere-cast the Skies.

On the liquid *Marble* Plain,
Thy sharp darts impression make,
Not the waters of the *Main*,
Could the fires of *Neptune* slake.

Gods *Celestial* Thee have felt
Slily proving strange escapes,
Wee himself thy flame did melt
Into misbecseeming shapes.

The kinde heat thy *Torch* inspires
In young virgins, no art smothers:
Not thy self is from those fires
Free, with which thou scorcest others.

Some remains of *Mars's* love,
Yet in thy warm breast are left,
May he ever constant prove,
Nor the *Sun* betray your theft.

Men and Maids thy Name invoke,
That, in thy stritt fetters bound,
They may joyntly bear thy yoke,
Be with numerous issue crown'd.

Flowers

Flowers and Mirtles see we bring,
 With our gifts thy Altars blaze,
 Boyes imposing incense, sing,
 Virgins answer in thy praise.

Erycine appear, appear,
 Thy bright star no longer hide;
 Come enjoy thy pleasures here,
 Freely as on wondring Ide.

[The Spring appears--]

This Pervigilium was alwayes solemniz'd on the beginning of April. *Calendarium vetus*, KAL. APRIL. VENERI SACRUM CUM FLORIBUS MYRTO. Macrobius almost in the words of our Author Saturnal. 1.21. Cum sol emerferit ab inferioribus partibus terra, vernalisq; æquinoctii transgreditur fines, augendo diem, tunc & Venus læta, & prætiosa virent arva segetibus, prata herbis, arbores foliis. Ideo majores nostri Aprilem mensem Veneri dicantur. When the Sun ascends above the lower parts of the Earth, and passeth the bounds of the vernal Equinoctial, lengthning the dayes, then is Venus glad, the fair fields are green with corn, the meadows with grasse, the trees with leaves. For this reason our fathers dedicated the moneth of April to Venus.

[--in which the Earth

Receives a new harmonious birth.]

From the Birds; therefore called Cantic. 2. 1.
 חֲזָנוּ עַל הַזֶּמֶר the time of singing, Virgil.

*Avia tum resonant avibus virgulta canoris,
Et Venerem certis repetunt armenta diebus.*

Mavilius lib. 3.

*Tum pascuum volucrumq; genus per pabula lata
In Venerem partumq; ruit; totumq; canora
Voce nemus loquitur, frondemq; virescit in unam.*

Which explain the following verse,

[When all things mutual Love unites,]

As doth Oppian more largely, Cŷneget. i.

*Ἑταεὶ γὰρ μᾶλλον φιλοπόσια μέμλεταις ἔργα
Θηρότε, &c.*

Καὶ δ' αὖτοῖς μετ' ἁπάντων ἐν ἑταεὶ μᾶλλον ἔρως εἶ.

Ἑταεὶ γὰρ πάνδημον ἐπὶ ἑταεὶ Κυθήρεσσιν.

Chiefly 'ith spring, The mutual rights of Love,
Beasts, Hounds, and Dragons, Birds and Fishes prove, &c.

*Ἢβ' Spring Love gently glides through humane veins,
The Spring, when universal Venus reigns.*

[When Birds perform their Nuptial rites.]

So Oppian, of the Bore, γάμον ἐξέλειπον, of Bears,
καὶ δὲ δὴν. Petronius and Apuleius frequently Nup-
tias facere in the same sense.

[Loves Queen to-morrow in the shade
Which by these verdant trees is made.]

Venus delights in shades (saith Weitzius) because
they conceal stoln pleasures; Rather to skreen her
beauty from the Sun. Euripides.

Ἀδελφὸν δὲ χρυσὸν εἰς παρσκαδὴν ἔχης,

οὐχ' ὑπὸν σολαῖσιν, ἀλλ' ὑπὸν σκιάς

τῷ Ἀφροδίτῳ χαλλοῦν ἡμῶν.

With the Sun's beams unscorch'd is thy fair cheek,
Who to preserve thy beauty shades dost seek.

[To-morrow rais'd on a high throne,

Dione shall her laws make known.]

Thronus, imperii insigne. Sophocles Oedip. tyrant, ascribes one to Diana; the words are thus to be restor'd.

Πρῶτά σι χίλλου' ἐγὼ

Θύγαις διδς

Ἀμφοτ' ἀδάνα

Γαυδοχοντ' ἀδελφεῖαν

Ἀρτεμιν, ἀκυκλῶντ' ἀγορᾶς

Θρόνον' ἀκλῶσθ' ἰδού.

[--Horses whom two feet sustain.]

Hippocampi, Sea-Horses. Nonius. Hippocampi equi marini, a flexu candarum qua piscosa sunt; ending in fishes. Hippopotami, (River-horses) were another Species, perfectly resembling Horses with four feet; proper to Nilus.

[Rising Dione--]

That Venus was nam'd Dione as well as her Mother is not unknown to any but Brassicanus, who in that of Petronius,

Nympharum Bacchiq; comes quem pulchra Dione
Divitibus silvis numen dedit--

Endeavours to substitute *quam* for *quem*, and to apply it to Venus: And most properly is she call'd so, if the word be deriv'd from ἡδονή. Plato, in Philebo, τὸ ἀλυσίαλον ἀφροδΐτης ὄνομα ἡδονῆ. Pleasure (ἡδονή) is the truest name of Venus. But Venus the daughter of Dione was not the same with her that rose out of the Sea, Cicero de natura Deor. lib. 3. Altera spuma procreata, ex qua & Mercurio Cupidinem secundum natum esse accepimus; Tertia Jove nata & Dione

Dione quæ nupsit *Vulcano*. The other was produc'd of *Fœtus*; who had by *Mercury* the second *Cupid*; the third born of *Jupiter* and *Dione*, married to *Vulcan*; this it appears the Author of our *Pervigilium* forgot. But that *Semele* was term'd *Dione* as the Scholiast of *Pindar* affirms, citing out of *Euripides*,

Ω παῖ Διώνης ὃς ἔφους μέγας Διώνου
Great *Bacchus* from *Dione* sprung.

I believe rather to be a mistake for *Συόνη*, a name given to *Semele* ἐπὶ Συεῖ καὶ ἐν Δυσσεῖ καὶ πρὸς χέρους; or at least this name is begot from the corruption of the other.

[-did beget.]

Fecit, procreavit, which seems more than an Idiotism of the latter age as *Salmasius* would have it. *Tertullian* useth the same word of our Saviour, *Christum factum*, so *Epist. ad Hebr. Considerate Jesum fidelem ei qui fecit eum*. A phrase derived from the Greeks, ποιεῖν τέχνα, παιδοποιεῖν.

[With fruitful Waters—]

Maritos imbres (saith *Lipsius*) appellat spiritum & cruorem; as if he meant *maritator, mixtos*: But *Nonnus* interprets it much better, of the water only,

--θαλασσιζόντι Παφίης νυμφῆϊον ὕδωρ

[With flowry jewels every where

She paints the purple colour'd year.]

Oppian Cyneget. i.

Ἐισαεὶ γὰρ ἑορταῖησιν ἄδην ποιοτρεόφῃ αἶα

Ἀνθεσι πληθύετε πολύπνοοι: ἀμφὶ δὲ πένθη

Ἐυστέφανοι λειμῶνες ἀνέροισι πορφυρέουσι.

Achilles Tatius lib. i. Τὰ δὲ ἄνθη ποικίλῳ ἔχοντα τιμω
χρῶσιν ἐν μέρῃ ξυμπαντι τὸ κάλλος καὶ ὡς πάντα τῆς γῆς πορφύ-

παῖς ἡρώδης & ἡρώδης: Every various colour'd flower
display'd its beauty, the Earth was purpl'd with the
Narcissus and Rose. Gemmis floribus, as Martial,
virgines charta, we need not (with Salmasius) read
Gemmeis.

[*She when the rising bnd receives
Favonius breath, thrusts forth the leaves.*]

*Ipsa surgentes papillas (alabastrors rosa calyces nudum
dehiscentes, Rosebuds not blown,) de favoni spiritu,
urget propellit effundit in folia; Virgil tradit,
Sed tradit gemmas & flores explicat omnes,
But thrusts forth gems, and all its leaves unfolds.*

[The naked roof with these t'adorn.]

In nudos penates; hiberno tempore destitutos floribus: in the winter destitute of flowers. Scriver.

[Pregnant with these the bashful Rose,
Her purple blushes doth disclose.]

Hinc (ex hisce guttis) pudorem florulenta produ-
derunt purpura : Nonnus Dionys.

* Ἀρλίφ ανῆς κὶ γυμνὸν ἐπ' ἄδδμοιο χαλὺπῆρης

*Εισείναις ἐγέλασσε λελευμένον ἄνθρωπον ἐῖς τοὺς ἑσπέραις

Ζωογόνοις--

[*It morn by her command, each maid,
With dewy Roses is araid.*]

Ipsa jussit mane ut udae virgines nubant (velut)
rosa. Onomasticum nubo καλύπτω, properly operi.
Arnob. Quod aqua nubat terram appellatus est Ne-
tunus. Weitzius.

[And the Suns purple lustre--]

Deq; solis purpuris. Why *solis* here should be an Adjective (as suppos'd by *Weitzius* and the other Interpreters) I understand not: I should sooner believe

relates to the whole verse, *De solis gemmis flammis & purpura*, From the Suns jewels flames and purple.

[She to her spouse shall married be
To morrow, not asham'd that he
Should then the single knot unty
Of her bright garments purple dy.]

*Cras ruborem qui latebat veste tinctus ignea uni-
comarita nodo non pudebit solvere* : Oppian expressly,

ὅπποτε γὰρ ἑσποῖσι φυτκάμῃσι ῥύνειν

ὅπποτε καὶ καλύπτει καὶ ἀνέσται ἀμματα λυεῖ.

When earth the coils of husbandmen doth prize,
When she the knots of flowers and buds unties.

Where Bodinus and Rutterhusius endeavour to corrupt the Text by changing ἀμματα into ἑμματα. Pliny, speaking of the Lilly 21.5. *Nudantibus se nodulis*, when the knots (the buds) are blown. The allusion here reflects upon ἀμματα κορμῆς nodus virgini-
tatis (as *Palladas* in Anthol.) or that known ceremony of untying the Brides Zone.

[Love naked is compleatly arm'd.]

Est in armis totus idem quando nodus est amor. Sa-
lustius the Platonist, de diis & mundo, cap. 6. Ὁρ-
αὶ δὲ ἡ Ἀθωᾶ, γυμνὴ δὲ ἡ Ἀφροδίτη· ἰσχυρὴ ἀμφοτέρω
τὸ ἄλλο ποιεῖ, τὸ δὲ ἄλλο ἐν τοῖς ὁραμένοις ἡ ἀφροδίτη.
Pallas is arm'd, Venus naked; for harmony makes
beauty; because beauty in visible things is not hidden.

[Ceres nor Bacchus absent be]

Enripides, Bacch.

Ὅν δὲ μὴ κ' ὄν' ἐν ἡσιν Κῦνεις.

[All night we wholly must employ
In vigils and in songs of joy.]

De temente tota non est pervigilanda canticis, id. *Con-*

tinuatur

tingenter uno tenore ac de uno tenenti: Galli d' unu
nant. Salmas.

[The husband shower then courts his spouse
And in her sacred bosome flows.]

Euripides,

Τὴν Ἀφροδίτην ἔχ' ὁπᾶς ὅν Διὸς;

Ἡ δ' αὖ ἐν ἰσθμοῖς, &c.

How far Cytheras power extends,

No speech, no fancy comprehends.

Me, thee, and all she doth sustain.

The barren Earth affects the rain.

Heaven big with showers, this Queen of Loves

To fall into Earths bosome moves.

These two, commixt with mutual heat,

All things that serve mankind, beget.

Columnella, with no less eloquence,

Maximus ipse Deum, posito jam fulmine, fallax,

Acrisioneas veteres imitatur Amores,

Inq; Sinus Matris violento depluit Imbre

Nec Genitrix Nati tunc aspernabat Amorem,

Sed patitur Nexus flammata cupidine Tellus.

The chief of Gods disarm'd, with kinde desert,

His old Acrisian Loves doth imitate;

Himself into his Mothers bosome reins:

Now Earth th' affection of her son distains,

But equally inflam'd, melts his embrace.

[Caesar her Nephew she created.]

Julius; by Virgil call'd Dionaeus. This is easily
confirm'd by Cicero, Ovid, and others. For Lipsius
(who understands it of Augustus) is not to be heard.

[See how the Bulls their sides distend.]

Following Salmasius, who reads, Ecce jam super
ganestas explicans Tauri latus,

SILVIAS

SYLVIA'S PARK,
by *Theophile.*

ACANTHUS COMPLAINT,
by *Tristan.*

ORONTA,
by *Preti.*

ECHO,
by *Marino.*

LOVES EMBASSY,
by *Boscan.*

THE SOLITVDE.
by *Gongora.*

Printed in the Year,
1 6 5 1.

SYLVAS PARK

by J. Propolis

AGATHUS COMPLAINT

by J. Propolis

DOVES EMBASSY

by J. Propolis

THE EMBASSY

by J. Propolis

Printed in the Year

1851

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SYLVIA'S PARK.

A *Pollo* (Poets say) his Beam
On all that court his Name bestows ;
And knowledg in his vales smooth stream,
Into their quickned Spirits flows ;
But our chaste Muse is unbeguil'd,
Phœbus eternally exil'd
From her sublimer Poesy ;
Those Temples now are overthrown,
And all the Dæmons they did own
In their dumb ruines buried ly.

Those dark Impostors shall no more
Intrap us in their dangerous snares ;
A Power Celestial We implore,
Enthron'd above the highest Starres :
From this Divinity alone
(The Bound of all Devotion)
Have I receiv'd a hallowed flame,
Which learns my humble Soul to rise,
And bids her aim at such a Prize,
As may inherit deathlesse Fame.

M 2

The

Then we an Image so divine
Of his bright Glories will rehearse,
That Heav'n it self shall gladly joyn,
To justifie our sacred Verse.
For next the Altar, at whose fire
Falls prostrate the Seraphick Quire,
And Eccho their harmonious Layes,
We with a thought as innocent,
To a chaste Beauty may present
The fragrant Incense of our Praise.

Thus *Sylvia* from the just presage
Of my unspotted vows, shall claim
That lasting sound, which every Age
To come, a second Life will name,
But if cross Fate my verse cast down,
Ecclipsing by some Potent frown
The sacred Reliques of her Glory,
These Waters, every Rock, and Grove,
Assuming Soul, and Speech, will prove
Faithful Recorders of her Story.

If Trees that were of old renown'd
By impious Adoration, took
New spirit, and articulate sound,
From weak *Diana's* sickly look;
If Rivers, as along they glide,
Spoke in the Murmurs of their Tide,
What Fauns, or Fairies did inspire;
If Stubborn Rocks and senseless Stones,
Could melt with Pitty, and in Groves
Keep time with *Orpheus* charming Lyre.

What

What stranger hardnets must possess
 The object by my Princess grac'd,
 If quickned by that happiness,
 To voice its Joyes it do not haste?
 Through this proud Structures daz'ling Hight,
 Through this sweet Walks secure delight,
 What Marble can so solid be,
 But is transparent to her Eye?
 What Trees and Fountains stealing by,
 But own her for a Deity?

Those Oaks that most obdurate are,
 Shall willingly their arms unwind;
 And by themselves ungraven wear
 My verse upon their Leaves, and Rind:
 And every Tree, whose Top prefers
 To Heaven the sacred Characters,
 No storms shall offer to invade.
 For whilst thus charm'd, the rough Winds may
 Hope with more ease, to snatch away
 Their fastned Roots, or fleeting shade.

These floating Mirrours, on whose Brow
 Their various figures gently glide,
 For love of her shall gently grow,
 In faithful Icy fetters ty'd.
 This cheerful Brooks unwrinkled face,
 Shall smile within its Christal case,
 To see it self made permanent,
 And from Times rage secur'd, the deep
 Impression of my Cyphers keep,
 And my fair Princess form present.

But her unequal Praise requires
More Pens then ours to set her forth :
Behold how Heaven it self conspires
O're all the World to paint her forth !
In the bright Sun her eyes are drawn ;
In the fresh Beauties of the Dawn,
Those of her blushing cheek appear :
No Power her Vertues can deface,
Until the Heavens forsake their place,
And darkned Stars drop from their sphere.

One evening, when the Azure Main
Its softer Litter did prepare
For the bright Steeds which draw the Wain
Of weary Day's declining Star,
By chance the Bed I did survey
Whereon a sleeping Naiad lay,
And *Sylvia* angling in the Brook :
There I beheld the Fishes strife,
Which first should sacrifice its life,
To be the Trophy of her Hook.

Whilst with one hand the Line she cast,
Commanding Silence with the other,
Her signe the Day obeying, past
More sily by her dusky Brother.
The doubtful Sun with equal awe,
Fear'd to approach or to withdraw :
The intentive Stars suspend their glowing.
No Rage the quiet Billows swell'd,
Favonius his soft breath withheld,
The listning Grass refrain'd from growing.

Her sparkling Eyes, a subtle fire
Through the undreaded streams transmit :
Whose radiant flame the waves admire,
Not daring to extinguish it.
These warring Elements (their wild
Diffention gladly reconcil'd)
Submit to her imperious Eye :
Her anger fearing to excite,
Lay down their own, forgetting quite
Their old inherent Enmity.

Soon as the Tritons her bright face
Did through their fluid windows view,
The flaming object did displace
Their humid forms, to give them new,
Whilst, with amazement extasie,
About them creeps a Stags rough hide,
And their devested figure vails :
Now wondring whence their young horns sprout,
Or how their rugged coat buds out,
Through the smooth hardness of their scales,

Griev'd at this Fate unkindly strange,
Which fixing branches on their brows,
These Deities to Beasts doth change,
And down their bashful foreheads bows ;
The treacherous water they forsake,
And to the Land themselves betake,
Where trees their gloomy lodging shade,
There walk with discontented look,
Their shadow onely to that Brook
Now trusting, which themselves betray'd.

The Suns bright sister, Poets say,
 Nature with newer power enclosed;
 And in this figure did array
Alceon, his old shape depos'd.
 The same inglorious punishment
 Which to a Man, a Goddess sent,
 For his profanely curious sight,
 The Gods themselves have suffer'd here;
 Who with bold eyes ventur'd too near
 Our chaste *Dianas* greater light.

These dear pursued by fear, and shame,
 Which from the walks and alleys drive them,
 Their own deceitful fortunes blame,
 That of their wonted cold deprive them.
 Their hearts are now of moisture drain'd,
 Nor but with timorousness restrain'd,
 Look they to Heaven, or on Earth tread:
 For oft as *Sylvia* passeth by,
 She lightning darts from her black eye,
 Threatning the war which still they dread.

Yet happy, and o'rejoyd are they,
 To breath the air which she respire;
 Living subjected to her sway,
 Fate now exceeds their proud desires,
 The Princess, when she did devest
 Their ancient forms, of new possess't,
 A snowy whiteness made them bear:
 Kindly bestowing on their grief,
 The priviledge of this relief,
 They alwayes should her livery wear,

Here

Here a close Valley Trees protect,
With twisted branches overlaid:
To which the Sun bears much respect,
He never violates their shade,
To wait on whom, on either side,
Two purling Rivers gently glide.
A lazy Lake sleeps at his feet,
Rous'd from his sluggish dreams by these
Self-chasing sister-Naiades,
Who kindly in his Bosom meet.

A thousand little Cupids here,
Aside their Bows and Quivers laid,
When Night is by their eyes made clear,
Into the glittering Water wade.
Hither the *Neræids* resort,
To bath their purer Limbs, to sport,
And with the Loves raise harmless wars,
Diana from her silver Wain
Descending, leaves her drowsie Swain,
To swim amongst these naked Stars,

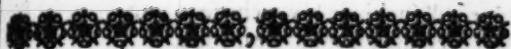
It's midst is plac'd a little Isle,
Crownd by an Arbours shady Crest,
Where Spring eternal seems to smile,
With flowers by careful Nature drest.
Higher each morn, and night, repair
The featherd Choristers oth' air,
To give their various passions vent:
The Nightingale above the rest,
Her joyes in this soft language drest,
Doth to fair *Sylvia's* ear present.

I, who so oft the Eastern Bowers
 Visit, my sacred Hymns to sing;
 And view the spicy sweets, the Flowers,
 With all the rich Embellishing
 Of Gold, Pearls, Rubies, which the Morn
 Takes her fair Tresses to adorn;
 And that bright flame with which she dies
 (Stoln from the Sun) her pale Cheeks,
 When she to seem most lovely seeks
 In her deer *Cephalus* his Eyes.

Daily the Woods fair Queen I see
 With nimble feet the Thickets trace,
 Who, list'ning to my Harmony,
 Stands often still, and leaves the Chace.
 But I the Heavens, and Gods attest,
 By whom with Life and Musick blest;
 Thy Eyes, in their least glance, disclose
 More Beauties, a diviner fire,
 And in my Song more Life inspire,
 Then all the Grace that either owes.

Enough, enough, sweet *Philomel* !
 We now this happy Park must leave;
 In every part such Beauties dwell,
 As our too bold attempt deceive.
 Each drop that from these Fountains flows,
 Each Flower that in these Gardens grows,
 The fruit on every Tree or Wall,
 Are the just subject of all praise:
 What then must be the glorious raies,
 Of *Sylvia's* Eyes, that gild them all.

ACANTHOS



ACANTHUS Complaint.

Vhen cheerful Spring smil'd on the Flowers,
Acanthus, hapleis youth, essay'd
 By tears, to bend th'ungentle powers:
 Still waters which his flame betray'd.
 So void of sence, as if the stone
 In which he lay, and he, were one.

When by those briny streams, his eyes
 Had given his heart a little vent,
 He then his sickly voice unties,
 His deep misfortunes to lament:
 And thinking none else heard his plaints,
 To Heav'n and Earth his grief thus paints:

Sun, wherefoe' re thou dost dispence
 To wondring Mortals, life, and light;
 Hast thou found any influence,
 But *Sylvia's*, then thy own more bright.
 In all thy course didst thou e're see
 One fair like Her, one crost like Me:

Ere since I serv'd her first, Heav'n knows!
 I duly offer'd sighs and tears:

But

176 *ACANTHVS Complaint.*

But she, alas I contemns my woes,
The bondage of so many years :
Nor will (unkinde I) vouchsafe to turn
Her eyes though but to see my urn.

Ah cruel, whose relentless minde
vainly my piteous cries invade ;
By service proud, by Love unkinde,
And by my sorrows scornful made ;
Not that thou pity, onely view
Him, whom thou doom'st to death, I sue.

The stock I own, not makes me less
Clouded with meanness, or disgrace ;
For, without boast, I may profess
The glory of a spotless race :
My Father in his tender age,
Withstood the Bear, and Lions rage.

A cloud of ravenous beasts once fell
Upon our fold, to lay it wast ;
When he the tempest did dispel
With his victorious arm, at last
Fighting to set *Pans* altars free,
By death gain'd Immortality.

And in his forward steps I tread ;
Where Honour me his Image calls :
No face of danger do I dread,
Death in no shape my soul appals :
I never yet met Enemy,
But I could master, except Thee.

The other day, in yonder den
 Which with my woes doth oft resound,
 Seeking a Lamb strai'd from our Pen,
 A litter of Tigers I found,
 The Dam that chac'd me did I slay,
 And the young Orphans brought away.

One that's left, for Thee I keep :
 Whose courage sparkles in his eye :
 And though scarce old enough to creep,
 From none will suffer injury ;
 Yet will to me his Master bow :
 Nor half so savage is as Thou.

Yet courage heightned by success
 Thou mightst account an empty boast,
 If the deep skill which I profess,
 Had with my liberty been lost.
 The power of simples I reveal,
 And all pains but my own, can heal.

Thousands of Lovers can I show
 That change Loves laws for those of *Flora*,
 Which in my painted Garden grow,
 Washt with the tears of fair *Aurora* ;
 Oh might I live in that disguise,
 So I were water'd by thy eyes !

There yellow *Clitia* shalt thou finde
 Retaining still her jealous look ;
 And that stout Greek, whose warlike mind
 An unjust sentence could not brook :
Adonis, *Narcissus* full blown,
 That *Venus* Martyr, this his own.

And

And as the vertues that they hide,
 Their stories too I can disclose;
 How *Juno's* Milk the Lilly died,
 And *Cytherea's* Blood the Rose;
 Whose full buds swell with humble pride,
 To be by thy fair Cheek outvi'd.

Thousands of trees thou shalt see there,
 With grateful Earths ripe presents fraught,
 And on the ruggid coats they wear,
 Have I thy Name and Motto wrought:
 The luscious Plum, the purple Berry,
 Guilt Apricock, and juicy Cherry.

There *Jasmine* Groves will thee invite,
 Though the Suns entrance they refuse:
 In which sweet lab'rinth of delight,
 Thou willingly thy self shalt lose,
 As in thy hairs more od'rous maze,
 My ravish'd soul entangled strays.

But foolishly I glory in
 My Trees, though they of fruit be full:
 Or by my flocks esteem would win,
 Though they abound in Milk and Wool.
 How can I call these riches mine,
 When ev'n my self, alas! I am thine?

When the bright Regent of the day
 Begins to guild the smiling East,

Or in his saffron night-array
 Hastens in *Thine* lap to rest ;
 My early griefs rise with the light,
 Encreasing with the shades of Night.

For when the black Queen, crown'd with Stars,
 The Suns retiring beams supplies,
 Though slumber all the sharpest cares
 Of others, in soft fetters ties ;
 Yet I perpetual vigils keep,
 Shun'd equally by Death, and Sleep.

The onely comfort I'm allow'd
 Is in thy Picture, taken late
 By one of whom the Art is proud,
 Judge then how hapless is my state,
 Who for the wound the substance made
 Must of the shadow seek for aid.

The other day, this sacred Charm ;
 With dew devotion I drew forth ;
 My soul 'gainst ill advice to arm,
 And vindicate thy sacred worth :
Mirtillo's Mother, pitying me,
 Inveigh'd against thy cruelty.

She told me that my humble smart
 Had rais'd thy pride to this excess ;
 And that thy unrelenting heart
 Would own more shame, if mine had less ;
 Coy Lovers, coyness best defeat,
 Who win most ground when they retreat.

And

And if no Art could win thy love,
 She counsel'd me to seek another :
 Some lesse ungentle, fair to prove,
 And in a new, my old flame smother.
 That other Beauties I might finde,
 If not so fair, yet far more kinde.

Cloris, said I, it is too true,
 A cruel passion I maintain :
 And time its vigour doth renew,
 Feeding my grief, and her disdain :
 Yet so affect what I endure,
 Death I would chuse, before the Cure.

So much I doat upon my chains,
 And the dear prison I am in ;
 That my own hand the wall maintains,
 Left Reason should admittance win.
 Nor could she with more pride confine,
 Then I my freedom did resigne.

To my last breath I shun release,
 More with her cruelty contented ;
 Nor shall my zealous faith decrease,
 To see my martyrdom augmented.
 The best of Joyes, we should not buy
 But with the worst of misery.

Acanthus, breathing forth these woes,
 Heard something rustle in the bush,
 And hastily (surpriz'd) arose,
 His bashful cheek stain'd with a blush :
 For *Daphnis* unawares appear'd,
 Who all his passion overheard.



ORONTA,

The Cyprian Virgin.

VV Henglorious *Cyprius* (long in vain pursu'd)
 Often victorious was at last subdu'd;
 (Nor had the heat of fire and anger ceast,
 Had they not been by streams of blood suppress'd)
 When every one the *Thracian* rage did feel,
 And those with I'r'n were bound that scap'd the steel;
 When Limbs and ruin'd Walls in heaps were laid,
 And Loves soft kingdom *Mars's* field was made.

Victorious *Mustapha* is angry still,
 Because no more are left to oppose his will,
 The field he keeps, with squadrons yet o're-spread,
 And threatens death once more against the dead.
 His horrid foot-steps he imprints in blood,
 Yet seeks for more t'increase the purple flood;
 And seems adverse fortune vext, to see
 So many that by death from death were free.

N

The

The Spoiler, all be-smeat'd with dropping gore,
 Ransacks the levell'd ruines (walls no more ;)
 Removes the stones and beams, climbs where they
 As greedy now of gold as late of blood : (stood,
 The lowest he casts up, the high down throws,
 Deaf to the Prayers, blind to th' wounds of foes ;
 Whilst the demolish'd walls become a grave,
 Th'unburied carcases a burial have.

There was a stately Temple, to which led
 By fear, for refuge many Christians fled ;
 The foe arrives, and fight: not but destroyes,
 For these their throats, and he his sword employes,
 Flames seizing on the roof o're-throw the Walls,
 The Fabrick once near Heaven, to Earth now falls
 The murderer doth not the slain survive,
 And he that kill'd dyes buried alive.

Now none are left his anger to allwage,
 The vanquish'd General feels the Victors rage,
 His honour'd head he fixing on a Spear,
 A barbarous trophy of his death doth rear :
 Upon the headless body he doth tread,
 Insulting with new fury on the dead.
 Then round about he roves, and every where
 Lightning in's eye, Thunder in's sword doth bear.

So when *Megara* terrible to sight,
Her bloody whip now waves, then holds upright,
When Squadrons mixt in fight Squadrons ore-turn,
And every where the angry Steel doth burn :
She who her glory 'mongst the dead acquires, (spires,
Their arms with strength, their souls with rage in-
And as she doth her snaky tresses spread, (red.
The fields with bones look white, with blood look

Each place resounds with the triumphant cry,
Mountains and Vallies eccho Victory ;
The hollow Cannons with a sportive blaze
And horrid sound, thunder and lightning raise ;
The Horses neighing, and the Men with cries,
Seem rather greedy of the War then prize,
And the shrill trumpets dreadful harmony
Alarms doth rather sound then victory.

Night rising from the Orient now invades
Each soul with rest, and every field with shades ;
The festive fires shine clear , whose burning pride
Doth the black thickness of the mist divide :
The flames directly here, there curling rise,
Hissing and rending darkness to the skies :
And whilst the sparks with trembling lights ascend,
Earth seems new stars unto the Heavens to lend.

Forth her nocturnal dwelling in the East
Aurora with a crown of light comes drest,
 In a *Pyropus* Chariot she doth rise,
 And silvers over first, then gilds the skie,
 Loves brigher star, the Harbinger of day,
 Her splendour stain'd with pale grief doth display,
 To see th'oppression that her kingdom bears,
 She drops from Heaven her dew distill'd in tears,

Now the hoarse Trumpet's early ecco all
 Unto their work, ships to the shore doth call;
 For ere the newes of victory attains
 That mighty Monarch in *Byzantium* raings,
 A surer message *Mustapha* intends,
 And of the *Cyprian* spoyles a present sends,
 Desirous that his winged Navy might
 Even feather'd Fame out-strip by speedier flight.

Unto the Sea they hasten with the best
 Of Jewels, Gold, and Scarlets weight opprest;
 With a rich burden are the vessels fraught
 Of proud Materials curiously wrought;
 The stout Keels pant, and the retyring Main
 Bowes underneath the Treasure they sustain:
 Yet Ships and Waters both seem proud to bear
 Kingdoms contracted in that narrow sphear.

Virgin

Virgins and Youths to sea are driven thence,
And Beauty pris'ner led with Innocence :
Who their soft limbs with cruel chains doth bind,
They with their eyes fetter his captive mind,
Victors and vanquisht thus together force
One for the others grief to feel remorse.
Thus *Mars* and Love their double Palms obtain,
Which this o're bodies, that o're souls doth gain,

The Pilot the tenacious ancour tore
(With crooked teeth) up from the sandy shore :
Of Eastern breath a gentle flattering gale,
Calms the smooth Sea, and swells the pregnant sail.
Their Oares the water break, the air their cries,
The Haven backward goes, the Navy flies ;
The furrows break in silver foam ; none know
Whither the Ship or Wind doth faster go.

Along the shore the wretched Mothers stray,
Their cheeks they tear, dishevel'd hairs display :
The lancing ships beholding from on high,
Away with their imprison'd children fly ;
Tears to the Waves, sighs to the Air they lend,
And cries t' o're-take their dearest Pledges send ;
Spreading their arms to sea, as if they might,
Quitting the land, follow the sails by flight.

Now in suspense they stand, whether they may
 For quiet seas, and winds successful pray ;
 Their minds' twixt wrath and pitty hovering were,
 Nor know they what to wish, or what to fear ;
 What barbarous usage waits them, when they come
 To that luxurious town *Byzantium* ;
 Subjected to his power, who though th' immense
 Worlds potent Master, yet is slave to sence

Then wakes a thought in their maternal minde,
 Cruel, yet not in cruelty unkinde :
 They wish their injuries reveng'd might be,
 By storms, a threatening heaven, an angry sea ;
 Malignant Stars, and furious winds may reign,
 Burying the ships in the vast watry plain.
 But straight that cruel thought from their breast flies
 And thus what reason dictates, love denies.

A stately ship plowing the waves there went,
 Excell'd the rest in height and ornament :
 Her glorious Poop of gold, whose flame did stain,
 And guild the blew enammel of the Main ;
 In which a virgin did to exile pass ;
 A fatal trophy she of conquest was ;
 For the rude *Thracian* forcing her away,
 To buy one life a thousand deaths did pay.

Orenta fair, whose Ancestors were they
 Who did long time the *Cyprian* Scepter sway,
 With her new beams encreas'd, & made more bright
 Their ancient splendor with a truer light.
 Her wisdom doth her years and Sex out-went;
 More noble by her vertue, then descent:
 In this fair frame did a high spirit move,
 And with her face her soul in beauty strove.

She did the *Cnidian* Goddesses far excel,
 Sailing th' *Aegean* in a golden shell:
 She who with that false *Trojan* stole away,
 And quitted, with her faith, the *Gracian* Bay,
 Appear'd less fair on that unhappy shore,
 When she to *Ilium* fire and ruine bore;
 For from the eyes of this fair Captive came
 Such beams as might convert the world to flame.

Nature diviner forms united here,
 Above the beauties mortals use to wear;
 The Heavens she did contract in one fair look;
 Roses and light she from the morning took;
 The Sun divided in her eyes, her hair
 Scatters his loose beams in the wanton air;
 Her beauty does so far transcend esteem,
 Beauties *Idea* doth lesse beauty seem.

Her sad Companions weep, yet she keeps dry
 Amidst these show'rs of tears her lively eye :
 Her lofty spirit cannot stoop so low
 Danger to fear, or fruitless prayers bestow.
 Confus'd her actions are, her looks severe,
 Here reserv'd thoughts deep resolution bear ;
 Yet there was nothing in her face reveal'd
 Of that designe lay in her breast conceal'd.

Thus with her false reasons ; Shall the dead
 Their blood for us, and we tears only shed ?
 They deceas'd gloriously, there is no way
 Now left us to escape, but dye as they :
 Death cannot be deni'd ; with sacred fire
 Some power Celestial doth my breast inspire ;
 My soul to Heaven inviting seems to cry
 Alas we cannot live, unless we dye.

Beneath the Decks there is a place, where are
 The wicked instruments of Fire and War,
 Sulphureous Powder, Balls of Brats and Lead,
 A pondrous load, which when the fire doth spread
 Throughout the air, the lightning breaks asunder,
 And Canons from their hollow bosom thunder.
 When these the ships do mutually return,
 They now dart lightning, now with lightning burn

Th' Heroick Virgin, here intent, doth see
Both time and place to her Design agree :
Flames in her eyes, in her breast anger burns,
Now to cold Ice, and strait to fire she turns,
Shall the proud Turks (saith she) in triumph play,
Boasting *Oronta* is their fetter'd Prey ?
They have not robb'd me of my liberty ;
Spite of these stubborn Bonds my soul is free.

Behold in this close place an open way
To freedom, here my Chains their ransom pay ;
Her earthly weight here off the soul may shake,
And her swift flight to Heaven may freely take.
Love for my sake no triumphs must pretend,
Nor 'gainst a barbarous heart his Bow shall bend ;
To chaster zeal must yeeld his vain desire,
And in celestial flames his flames expire.

Such Fire I'll kindle as shall fatal prove,
And those extinguish that are rais'd by Love.
Masters with Slaves in Death shall equal be,
And Captives gain o're Victors victory :
End to our Wrongs and their Pride this shall give,
And all at Death, e're at the shore arrive.
To you bright flames that free me from this death
My Body, I my Soul to Heaven bequeath.

This

This said, the burning Torch she holds upright;
 And as about to throw, she shakes the light;
 Yet timerously bold, her heart relents,
 And of her former boldness she repents;
 Thus burning, freezing, sighing, dumb appears,
 A thousand times at once both dares and fears.
 At last, still do I doubt? still live? (she said,)
 They merit death that are of death afraid.

With that the deadly flame she from her throws,
 Which in a moment up the powder blows:
 The hollow ship thunders, the dreadful cries
 And horrid noise the deafn'd air surprize;
 Death gave no time to fear the dismal light;
 The fire did sooner seize then did the fright;
 The bodies dead and half dead th'air do fill;
 Smoak sends up clouds, & blood doth showers distill.

Maits, Cordage, Decks, and Kell asunder flye,
 And of one ship a hundred floating lye.
 Of prisoners now the Guardians have no care,
 But all alike are hurri'd through the air:
 The fire, the Wealth, the Bodies all in one
 Together are in dark confusion gone.
 Some upwards mount, others fall down, and have
 Death in the fire, and in the flood a grave.

ht; to *Etna* from her black internal parts
 thunders aloud, and lightning upwards darts,
 breathing out Sulphur from its hollow veins,
 the torrid air the borrowed heat retains :
 stones frō th' eternal shades to Heaven are thrown,
 The fields with showers of burning sand o're-flown.
 And whilst together smoak and fire ascend,
 Darknes and light for victory contend.

ows, In the destructive fury of the fire,
 she that first kindled it did first expire ;
 Her body by this sudden force is born
 into the air, in thousand pieces torn :
 Her mangled limbs dispersed at their fall,
 In the kind Sea receive their burial.
 Thus she at once is burnt, is torn, is drown'd,
 A glorious death, e're she perceiv'd, she found.

You that in marble, and in ancient Rows,
 Make scrutiny for the Heroick souls,
 You by whom acts renown'd in peace or war,
 Eternized to future ages are,
 Fix here your thoughts, your studies, and your verse,
 And onely her immortal praise rehearse :
 So you of wits, of women she the glory,
 You by *Orenta* live, she by your story

Winds with the flames do happily conspire,
And the whole Fleet alike receives the fire,
Auster spreads wide the heat, all is o're-run
A thousand fires delated into one.

The crackling blaze, and dusky clouds that rise,
Make bright the waters, and make dark the skies,
Like burning Mists that in Earths bowels dwell,
Darkness ascends, as if the Sea were Hell.

All dye, yet all attempt their death to shun;
Some hide them, some they know not whither run
The active flame in every part resides,
Seizing the Mast, the Poop, the Prow, the sides.
And to anticipate the Fates decree,
Into the fire some leap, some to the Sea;
Languishing hope is of all flight bereft,
No means but death to scape from death is left.

The bloody surface of the water bears
Bows, Arrows, Ensigns, Helmets, Targets, Spears;
Here bodies half alive, and there quite dead:
A stranger Trunk joyns to an unknown Head.
The tatter'd limbs divided are from limbs,
Here broken bones, and there a half-skull swims.
Some whilst they vomit blood do water drink,
Some vainly thinking to save others, sink.

the plunderer is plunder'd of his Prey,
spoils spread by fire upon the Water stray,
the wealth of *Cyprus* burnt, yet drowned lyes;
the seas swallow what a kingdom did comprize;
The burning Timbers float in sea and blood,
Carrying a fire triumphant o're the flood.
The waters swoln with streams of goar look red,
And dying men are mingled with the dead.

Mean while from *Cyprius* sands the Mothers gaze
intently upon the dismal blaze;
Amaz'd to hear the seas with thunder roar,
The air with smoak, the waves with light spread
A thousand hopeless heats in this fire freez, (ore,
This fire extracts from eyes a thousand seas:
Sighs from the land are sent, and tears are shed
By those who dye with grief, to those are dead.

The waters back the floating bodies drive,
Which at their native soil at length arrive;
In haste the Mothers (Mothers now no more)
Collect th'unknown scorcht Reliques on the shore,
Their grief augments, their cries they now raise high-
And in deep sighs their weary souls expire. er,
The blameless Sea more then before offends,
Whom it took living thence, dead back it sends.

Yet

Th

Yet to the dead the living envy bears,
 For weigh'd with such a death, life vile appears.
 The dead are free, but those to life confin'd
 Are miserable slaves to slaves design'd:
 Indulgent Fate by taking life from those,
 Hath rescu'd them from th' out-rage of their foes;
 These ever weary of their destiny,
 Suffer a thousand deaths before they dye.

Such was *Oronta's* memorable Fate,
 Which some more noble Muse should celebrate;
 That all the World from the Suns early rise,
 Unto his set, her name may solemnize;
 That her example ever may remain,
 Who lost in fire, in Verse may live again:
 When my low thoughts to this high Theam aspire,
 I learn not how to praise, but to admire.

ECHO

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E C H O,

IN a solitary Grove,
 The sad witness of his Love,
 Poor *Sirango* (vainly who
 Did *Licoris* long pursue)
 Here his weary steps restrain'd:
 And so sweetly he complain'd,
 That the water, and the air,
 Wept, and sigh'd, his plaints to hear.
Silvio overheard his speech,
 And engrav'd it on a Beech.

Nymph said he, a Nymph thou wert,
 Now a naked voice thou art;
 Who words followst, though thy last
 Only can o'rtake the last;
 Thou, who with this murmuring source,
 Birds, and Beasts, maintainst discourse,
 To these rugged cliffs confin'd;
 Thou (ah none but thou) art kind:
 Who in pitty of my mone,
 Often dost forget thine own.

Oracle

Oracle of rural loves !
 Speaking shade ! soul of the Groves !
 Who, through each deserted place,
 Dost thy savage Lover trace ;
 Aery spirit ! wandering noise !
 Unseen Image of the voice !
 Wilde inhabitant that dwels,
 In inhospitable Cells !
 If thou canst thy passion share,
 Hear, and pitty my despair.

To the sad complaints I send,
 From thy hollow Grot attend !
 But my grief when I have told
 To no other ear unfold,
 If thy own unhappy fate ;
 Teach thee pitty to my state,
 Carefully this secret lock,
 In the caverns of that Rock.
 And let its rude breast become,
 To my woes, and thee, a tomb.

Not that I fear to complain,
 Of my wrongs, and her disdain ;
 But, I would not, at their story,
 The unpyting heavens should glory :
 Nor that this unhappy noise,
 Should disturb anothers joyes.
 Come then ; to this dismal shade,
 Never by the Sun betraid,
 We together will retire :
 And our griefs alone expire.

Thou our Destinies wilt finde
 If compar'd, alike unkinde.
 Equal Beauty crowns both them
 Who our amorous suits contemn.
 Thou to empty air didst turn,
 I in sighs dissolving mourn:
 Thou retir'st from humane sight,
 Courting loneness, flying light;
 I the deserts seeking, shun
 Equally, the World, and Sun.

Hither often comes my Coy
 Fair one, like thy cruel Boy,
 And in this Brooks fluid glass,
 With delight surveys her face.
 But if she, like him, to none
 Save her self must kindness own;
 Why my heart will she not view;
 Where her form Loves Pencil drew?
 And if pleas'd with that she be,
 Love her self in loving me?

If my sorrows, thus displai'd,
 Thy compassion may perswade;
 Quit these Beasts, and Forests wilde;
 To seek one then these less milde.
 Leave thy dwelling in this Stone,
 To finde out a living one.
 On thy wing my soft sighs bear,
 Breath them gently in her ear;
 That she thus may learn to prove
 Grief, though ignorant of Love.

Or when day's bright Star the fields
 With meridian lustre guilds,
 If she seek out this retreat,
 To defend her from the hear;
 And upon this smooth bank ly,
 Teaching the birds harmony;
 Or discourse with thee: O' come
 With her voice, oh be not dumb;
 Tell her what my grief affords,
 In entire, not broken words.

Tell her, Thou, that to my Woe
 Both companion art, and Foe;
 The deep plaints my sorrows vent,
 In this hapless Languishment.
 Say how often I to thee
 Have accus'd her cruelty;
 Taught thee her lov'd name t' invoke,
 Carv'd it upon every Oak;
 Trees *Licoris* onely bear
 To the Eye, Rocks to the Ear.

Nymph, if thus thou wilt relieve me;
 Thousand Garlands I will give thee;
Juno shall prove harsh no more,
 And thy humane vail restore:
 Heaven thy speech return, pleas'd,
 To thy Arms thy Lover pleas'd.
 And this Cave, which hath so long
 Been acquainted with thy wrong;
 Shall a faithful witness be
 Of the love 'twixt him, and thee.

Fool ! who vainly doth deceive thee !
 Or of Reason thus bereave thee ?
 Why dost thou thy sad estate
 To the sportive streams relate ?
 Comfort who, or pitty finds,
 In dumb Rocks, or in deaf Winds.
 And thou aid of all my Grief,
 Where I onely found Relief,
 My last accents who dost ease,
 Art as silent now, as these.

Grief Nymph ! to rob my Joyes
 Voice it self is without Noyse,
 She, who did some speech retain,
 Her own sorrows to complain ;
 Now in silence drowns her Grief,
 Lest she should give mine Relief.
 Wanton daughter of the Air !
 Who regard' st not my despair,
 Know I can grieve inward too,
 And be dumb as well as you.



LOVES EMBASSY.

IN the bright Region of the fertile East, (Brow,
 Where constant calms smooth Heav'ns unclouded
 There lives an easie people, vow'd to rest,
 Who on Love only all their hours bestow:
 By no unwelcome Discontents oppress'd;
 No cares, save those that from this Passion flow,
 Here raigns, here ever uncontroll'd did raign,
 The beauteous Queen sprung from the foming Main.

Her Hand the Scepter bears, the Crown her Head,
 Her willing Vassals here their Tribute pay;
 Here is her sacred Power, and Statutes spread,
 Which all with cheerful forwardness obey:
 The Lover by affliction hither led,
 Receives relief, sent satisfi'd away:
 Here all enjoy, to give their soft Flames ease,
 The pliant figures of their Mistresses.

Love is the subject all their talk implies;
 Enamoured is the season of the Year:
 Every thing kills with Love, or for Love dies:
 Without Loves Pass, there is no coming near.
 Love is their Traffick, Stock, and Merchandize:
 Love is the onely business every where. (out,
 When the young Trees thrust their fresh blossoms
 The smiling Branches seem with Love to sprout.

Love

Love every structure offers to the sight,
 And every stone his soft impression wears.
 The Fountains moving pitty, and delight,
 With amorous murmurs drop perswasive tears.
 The Rivers in their courses Love invite,
 Love is the onely sound their motion bears:
 The winds in whispers sooth these kinde desires,
 And fan with their mild breath, Loves glowing fires.

Amidst a wide, green Plain, the Royal Seat
 Of this Majestick Queen is sweetly plac'd.
 About it runs a purling Rivolet,
 On either side by spreading trees embrac'd: (pleat,
 From whose thick boughs, with constant shades re-
 The day in her Solstitial pride is chac'd:
 These bloom with fragrant blossoms all the year,
 And Nightingales their trillo practise here.

A thousand petty Rills there are beside,
 Which in uncertain windings loosely stray:
 And by wilde Labyrinths their Current guide,
 One crossing wantonly the others way.
 The softer murmurs of whose pleasing tyde,
 To their Embrace the virgin flowers betray:
 Which, with a bashful niceness, trembling fall
 Into the stream, obsequious to Loves Call.

A Tower there is which this large Plain defends,
 Kept by the Boy who o're all Souls prevails:
 Here every Morn and Evening, he ascends,
 And with his Arrows all the Earth assails.
 The Wounds he makes, Art with no cure befriends;
 His Mark he never sees, yet never fails.

The subtile stroak, at first, infers no smart,
But on the sudden, gnaws the tortur'd heart.

Weary with shooting through the darkned air
These feather'd tempests, mighty Love comes
Enclos'd by thousand lesser Loves, a share (thence,
To every one alike he doth dispence.

Affection is committed to their care :

They also have the power to wound our sence ;
But their blunt shafts can onely raze the skin,
And vulgar souls, to vulgar pleasures win.

In the remotest corner of this land,
Down in a vail, there is another seat :
About it woody Mountains tottring stand,
To overlook the shadows they beget :
Whose twisted branches daylight countermand ;
With darkness all, all is with night repleat :
The worst of sorrows, and misfortunes, dwell
With the sad owner of this luckless Cell.

Dire Jealousie ; fear'd, and afraid of all :
Whom the Queen sometimes sees in complement,
And to divert the mischiefs, that befall
Her wretched servants, piously is bent.
She her inheritance this place doth call ;
And from the Royal blood boasts her descent,
The sacred Queen of Love, though she disdain her,
Because so near a kin, bound to maintain her.

The discontents that on this sad Wretch wait,
She with her native joyes, sweetly allayes :
Amongst her people, (strangers to debate)
Here lives and loves, and others Loves surveys.

Pleasure

pleasure, her chamber, and her Chair of state,

Richly adorns: Pleasure, her Limbs arrays.

The Loves of such blest souls, as with most true
Devotion serve, are always in her view.

These swell with Pride, that their fair Queen, before

Her other Subjects, their desires prefers:

Of Lovers who obtain what they implore,

The praise, and victory, is onely hers.

With her, their pure affections sacred store,

Repose the conquerd, and the Conquerers.

Their stock continual Interest doth fill,

Much by good Fate increasing more by ill:

She all these suppliants distinctly knows.

And purifies the flames wherein they burn.

Much time with pious diligence bestows,

To ease the miseries of such as mourn.

Takes an exact account of all their woes,

To give them of delight a full return.

And to this end, in her admired name,

A general Assembly doth proclaim.

Now rose the smiling Star that guilds the Face

Of our dark sphear, at whose approach grow dim

The sparkling gems of night, forc'd to give place

To one whose beauty far out-rivals them;

When *Venus* left her Court, the Plains to grace;

Her Love, and Jealousie attended him.

Jealousie, plague of every amorous breast,

Which with most spight the fairest doth infest.

Forth comes this Queen of Beauty, and Desire;

Her tresses playing with the wanton air,

Bright her Complexion is, white her Attire,
 Sweetness, and Majesty, her Glances share,
 Her Eyes, which Men adore, and Gods admire,
 Forbid to hope, nor suffer to despair.
 Including all the Graces in one look,
 That *Zeuxes* from *Crotonian* virgins took.

When all her People were together met,
 First to the midst, then round about she goes;
 And as she views them, an enlivening heat
 On every heart her radiant eyes disclose:
 Commands her Son appoint to each his fear,
 And every Lover in his rank dispose;
 The little Herald, place for all prepares,
 According to the quality of their cares.

She saw the Loves of all this numerous round,
 Alike successful were, alike were pleas'd.
 Their griefs by mutual kindness softned found;
 Their discontents by joynt delight appeas'd.
 A'l with fruition of their wishes crown'd;
 All of their sorrows by each other eas'd.
 She saw them in affection kindly strive,
 And by exchange their happy passions thrive.

Happy indeed these present Lovers were;
 But of the absent, bitter discontents,
 In several shapes, were represented here;
 Unequal aims, the different accidents,
 Of Love, and Scorn, Temerity, and Fear:
 Perplexed thoughts, expecting worse events;
 And all the sad varieties of Fate,
 Which on these disagreeing Lovers wait.

Seeing

8
LOVES Embassy.

being so many of her own undone, (strefs;
The Queen was mov'd with sence of their di-
and since no other way was left to shun
The rigorous cause of their unhappiness,
trait on an Embassy commands her Son;
And in this Language doth his Charge express;
Whilst, as she spake, the listning winds were chain'd
her soft accents, Floods their Course restrain'd.

on I thou art equally concern'd with Me,
In all mishaps that on our state depend:
thou seest the harms our subjects suffer; Thee
To undeceive, and cure their Grievs, I send.
world of fickle, faithless souls, there be,
Who to the sacred Name of Love pretend: (vex,
and what more then my wrongs my thoughts doth
the blame of this, lies chiefly on our Sex.

different Lovers, loosely by the same
Affection, are at once, to many led:
constant, treacherously their faith disclaim,
Their fleeting vows no sooner taught, then fled.
ambitious Honour court, whose sickly flame
No longer lasts then by that fuel fed,
these coyness counterfeit, and those desire;
to stain my Name, and Credit, both conspire,

at some there are, who impiously protest
Against our Laws, and our just Power despise;
to Scorn, and Pride, are votaries profess;
And o're their fellow subjects tyrannize:

These

These will infect, if not in time suppress,
 Our pure Religion with black Heresies.
 These, whom in vain it were with force t' invade
 By Reason bend, and in these words perswade.

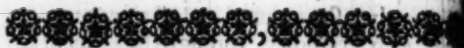
Fair Rebels ! who your lawful King depose,
 And fondly your Allegiance cast away ;
 To give admittance to his mortal Foes ;
 And in his room Disdain and Pride obey :
 'Tis Love, who Beauty on the Fair bestows :
 Tribute to Love, the Fair are bound to pay :
 Him, who your beings gave, you would destroy,
 And 'gainst himself, the arms he lent employ.

This Deity, whose sacred Name you slight,
 Is Master of Content, commands all Pleasure ;
 Will entertain you still with new Delight, (mean
 More joyes, then howrs, your happy lives be
 'Tis justice to your selves, to do him right ;
 No other way left to secure your Treasure.
 Bold Time will force the Prize for which Love
 And rob you of the wealth you would not use.

Strict punishment, besides, you must expect
 From the just Powers you impiously incense :
 They your Contempt severely will correct,
 In others to prevent the like offence.
 Your Prayers, too late presented, will reject ;
 No vows, no tears, shall with their rage dispense
 Choose then the safe, if not the pleasing state,
 Reward attends your Love, Revenge your Hate.

said, a general shout past through the throng ;
 in which, her subjects their applause declare.
 Charlot then she mounts, and all along,
 scatters rich Perfumes, through the ambient air.
 thousands of Loves wait on her with a Song ;
 All to her Court with equal Joy repair.
 ere every Lover his delight renews ;
 whilst her glad Son, his Mothers Charge pursues.

THE



THE SOLITVDE

'T Was now the blooming season of the year,
 And in disguise *Europa's* Ravisher
 (His brow arm'd with a Crescent, with such be
 Encompast, as the Sun unclouded streams
 The sparkling glory of the Zodiac!) led
 His numerous Heard, along the azure mead.

When he, whose right to beauty might remove
 The Youth of *Ida* from the Cup of *Jove*,
 Shipwrackt, repuls'd, and absent, did complain
 Of his hard Fate and Mistresses disdain.
 With such sad sweetness, that the Winds, and Sea
 In sighs, and murmurs, kept him company.
 And mov'd with such a charitable care,
 As once *Arion* found a Plank prepare:
 A kind, small Piece of that tall Pine, which could
 Defie the Winds whilst on the Hill it stood;
 Which Dolphin-like, the young Advent'rer save
 From the vast dangers of unbounded Waves.

The greedy Sea, that swallowed him before,
 Now casts him up again upon the shore;
 Hard by a Rock, with reeds, & warm down crown'd
 Where *Joves* great Bird a Nest, he harbour found
 And, wrapt in Froth and Sedges, kist the Sand,
 Then, hangs the Plank that waisted him to land,

the Cliff, which with glad Pride, endu'd
 flatt'ring trophy of his Gratitude. (threads
 frob'd, his Garments next (from the swoln
 the Water he a drying spreads:
 the briny drops they had suckt in
 Suns warm flame lick'd gently off agen:
 his time Night began t'ungild the skies,
 from the Sea, Seas from the Hills arise,
 confusedly unequal; when once more
 unhappy Youth, invested in the poor (ars,
 chains of his late shipwrack, through sharp bri-
 dusky shades up the high Rock aspires.
 steep ascent scarce to be reach'd by Aide
 Wings, he climbs; less weary, then afraid.
 at last he gains the top; so strong, and high,
 scaling dreaded not, nor Battery,
 equal Judge, the Difference to decide,
 next the mute Land, and ever-sounding tide.
 steps now more secur'd; a glimmering light
 the Pharos of some Cottage) takes his sight.
 Dear Beams! not *Leda's* sparkling Twins, saith he,
 the sole Star that guides my destinie!
 no unfriendly tree eclipse thy Fire;
 ainst thee, no malicious Blast conspire. (plain
 when the Huntsman, with fierce speed, makes
 the rugged Mountain, eager to attain
 the dark-skin'd Beast, on whose dark brow is plac'd
 bright *Tigra*, with rich Lustre grac'd:
 Gem (if Fame say true) whose glitt'ring Ray,
 light of the zealous Stars, turns night to day;
 as stranger so measures with even Feet
 uneven thickets, his Polestar to meet.

Barking

Barking to make th'approaching youth rest
The Dog, a wakeful Guardian, calls him night
And now the light he sees, whose dim beams
So far through the thick shades a sturdy Oak
Which (like the Fly that in a Taper plays)
Resolv'd to ashes in a sportive Blaze.

Where he no sooner comes, but in free words,
Such as no airy Complement affords,
He is bid welcome by a jovial Round
Of simple Goatherds, who bright *Vulcan* crown

O happy ever open Mansion!

The sacred Fane of *Pallas*! *Flora's* Throne!

Thy builder drew no quaint Designe encha't
With curious Works, rear'd to a height so vast,
As if Heavens Arch were but thy Cupula;
Rafters of Oak, thatch'd with a little straw,
Make thy poor Fabrick up; the Swain's defense
Instead of dreadful Steel is Innocence;
Who whistles home his Flock, injur'd by none

Oh happy ever open Mansion!

Ambitious Dropie shuns thy wholsom air,
As she who Vipers makes her onely fair.

Self-Love, that wanton Sphinx hath here no place
A wild beasts shape, beneath a virgins face:

Who makes *Narcissus* now the Fountains fly,
And in the Woods keep *Echo* company.

Nor profane Ceremony, who in gay
Salutes, squanders Times precious lands away.

At which the honest Countrey man doth laugh,
Carelessly leaning on his crooked staff;
Their art by his sincerity out-gon:

O happy ever open Mansion.

thy low threshold Flatt'ry not resorts,
the treacherous Syren of Imperial Courts;
and whom, so many shipwrack'd vessels ly,
opply's of her enchanting Harmony.
ere Falsehood harbours not, handmaid to Pride,
whose guilded train she spreads her feet to hide.
er shines a Princes dazling favour here,
which melts their Waxen Wings who fly too near,
to the foming Ocean headlong thrown.
Oh happy! ever open Mansion!
the savage Mountains courteous sons, with plain
civility, their strange guest entertain.
each us'd the first possessors of the wood,
Whom th'Ash afforded covert, the Oak food.
to spread their Board, a clean course cloth they get;
and in a homely Pail, before him set
milk which that day the rising Morning spied,
and blusht to see her white so far out-vied.
Goat, had been two hundred females Spouse
five year, nor spar'd the Grapes on *Bacchus* brows,
How little then his vine-yards!) was renown'd
for numerous conquests; wth Love always crown'd;
By a young Rebel slain, whose yellow beard
Not fully grown, his horns as yet scarce hard,
Who by this death a thousand lives preserv'd,)
powder'd, and died to Scarlet, in was serv'd.
Then, on soft skins distended on the ground,
they their tir'd limbs repose; sleeping more sound
then Princes that on Tyrian purple ly,
adorn'd with *Millains* rich embroidery.
Not with the busie fumes of Wine oppress'd;
Which with vain dreams disturb the rich mans rest:
Whilst

Whilst some ambitious toil he seems to take
 (Like *Sisyphus*,) more cozen'd when awake.
 Far from all noise they sleep securely here;
 Nor to be rows'd by Drums, or Trumpets fear.
 Onely Nights silence the fierce Dog deceaves,
 Chiding the winde for sporting with the leaves,
 Nor rose, till the wing'd Choristers oth'air,
 Did to the Sun the Morns approach declare:
 Who quits her fluid bed, and with new fire,
 Reguilds their humble mansions verdant spire.

--*difficiles valet nuga.*

A Platonick Discourse
Upon
L O V E.

Written in Italian by JOHN PICUS
MIRANDULA,

In Explication of a Sonnet, by
HIERONIMO BENIVIENTI,



Printed in the Year,
1 6 5 1.

A Pleasant Disposition

Upon

LOVE

With a new and improved

Method of

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Printed in the Year

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A Platonick Discourse

Upon

LOVE.

The First Book.

Sect. I.

IT is a Principle of the Platonists, That every created thing hath a threefold being; Causal, Formal, Participated. In the Sun there is no heat, that being but an elementary quality, not of Celestial nature: yet is the Sun the cause and Fountain of all heat. Fire is hot by nature, and its proper form: Wood is not hot of its self, yet is capable of receiving that quality by Fire. Thus hath heat its Causal being in the Sun, its Formal in the Fire, its Participated in the Fuel. The most noble and perfect of these is the Causal: and therefore Platonists assert, That all excellencies

are in God after this manner of being: That in God is nothing, but from him all things; That Intellect is not in him, but that he is the original spring of every Intellect. Such is *Plotinus's* meaning, when

* *Ennead*, 6. lib. 7. 37. he affirms, * *God neither under-*

stands nor knows; that is to say,
after a formal way. As Dionysius
Arcopagita, God is neither as

Intellectual nor Intelligent nature, but unspeakably exalted above all Intellect and knowledge.

Scet. II.

Platonists distinguish Creatures into three degrees. The first comprehends the corporeal and visible, as Heaven, Elements, and all compounded of them : The last the invisible, incorporeal, absolutely free from bodies which properly are called Intellectual (by Divines Angelical) Natures. Betwixt these is a middle nature, which though incorporeal, invisible, immortal, yet moveth bodies, as being obliged to that office ; called, the rational soul ; inferior to Angels, superior to Bodies ; subject to those, regent of these : Above which is God himself ; author and principle of every Creature, from whom Divinity hath a causal being ; from whom proceeding to Angels it hath a formal being, and thence is derived into the rational soul by participation of their lustre : below which no nature can assume the title of divine,

Sect. III.

THAT the first of these three Natures cannot be multiplyed, who is but one, the principle and cause of all other Divinity, is evidently proved by Platonists, Peripateticks, and our Divines. About the second (*viz.*) the Angelick and Intellectual, Platonists disagree. Some (as *Proclus*, *Hermias*, *Syrianus*, and many others) betwixt God and the rational Soul place a great number of creatures; part of these they call *Nóeta*, *νόετα*, Intelligible; part Intellectual; which terms *Plato* sometimes confoundeth; as in his *Phædo*. *Plotinus*, *Porphyrius*, and generally, the most refined Platonists, betwixt God and the Soul of the World assigne onely one creature which they call the Son of God, because immediately produced by him. The first opinion complies most with *Dionysius Areopagita*, and Christian Divines, who assert the number of Angels to be in a manner infinite. The second is the more Philosophick, best suiting with *Aristotle* and *Plato*; whose sence we onely purpose to expresse; and therefore will decline the first path (though that onely be the right) to pursue the latter.

Sect. IV.

WE therefore according to the opinion of *Plotinus* confirmed not onely by the best Platonists, but even by *Aristotle* and all the Arabians, especially *Avicenna*, affirm, That God from
 P 3 eternity.

eternity produced a creature of incorporeal and intellectual nature, as perfect as is possible for a created being, beyond which he produced nothing; for of the most perfect cause the effect must be most perfect: and the most perfect can be but one; for of two or more it is not possible but one should be more or lesse perfect then the rest, otherwise they would not be two, but the same. This reason for our opinion I rather choose then that which *Avicen* alledges, founded upon this principle, That from one cause, as one, can proceed but one effect. We conclude therefore, that no creature but this first minde proceeds immediately from God: for of all other effects issuing from this minde, and all other second causes God is onely the mediate efficient. This by *Plato*, *Hermes*, and *Zoroaster* is called the *Daughter of God*, * Τέκνον τοῦ ἀγαθοῦ, υἱός, σοφία, θεοῦ, λόγος, the *Minde*, *Wisdom*, *Divine Reason*, by some interpreted the *Word*: not meaning (with our Divines) the Son of God, he not being a creature, but one essence coequal with the Creator.

SECT. V.

ALL understanding agents have in themselves the form of that which they designe to effect: as an Architect hath in his minde a figure of the building he undertakes, which as his pattern he exactly strives to imitate: This Platonists call the *Idea* or *Exemplar*, believing it more perfect, then that which is made after it: and this manner of Being Ideal, or Intelligible, the other Material and Sensible

ble: So that when a Man builds a house, they affirm there are two, one intellectual in the Workmans minde; the other sensible, which he makes in Stone, Wood, or thelike; expressing in that matter the form he hath conceiv'd: to this *Dante* alludes

*--None any work can frame
Unlessse himself become the same.*

Hereupon they say, though God produced onely one creature, yet he produced all, because in it he produced the Ideas and forms of all, and that in their most perfect being, that is the Ideal, for which reason they call this Minde, the Intelligible World.

Sett. VI.

After the pattern of that Minde they affirm this sensible World was made, and the exemplar being the most perfect of all created things, it must follow that this image thereof be as perfect as its nature will bear. And since animate things are more perfect then the inanimate; and of those the rational then the irrational, we must grant, this World hath a soul perfect above all others. This is the first rational soul, which, though incorporeal, and immaterial, is destin'd to the function of governing and moving corporeal Nature: not free from the body as that minde whence from Eternity it was deriv'd, as was the Minde from God. Hence Platonists argue the World is eternal; its soul being

such, and not capable of being without a body, that also must be from eternity; as likewise the motion of the Heavens, because the Soul cannot be without moving.

Seet. VII.

THe ancient Ethnick Theologians, who cast Poetical vails over the face of their mysteries, express these three natures by other names, *Cælum* they call God himself; he produc'd the first Mind, *Saturn*: *Saturn* the Soul of the World, *Jupiter*. *Cælum* implies priority, and excellence, as in the Firmament, the first Heaven. *Saturn* signifies Intellectual nature, wholly imploy'd in contemplation; *Jupiter* active life; consisting in moving and governing all subordinate to it. The properties of the two latter agree with their Planets: *Saturn* makes Men Contemplative, *Jupiter* Imperious. The Speculative busied about things above them; the Practick beneath them.

Seet. VIII.

WHich three names are promiscuously used upon these grounds: In God we understand first his Excellence, which as Cause, he hath above all his effects; for this he is called *Cælus*. Secondly the production of those effects, which denotes conversion towards inferiours; in this respect he is sometimes called *Jupiter*, but with an addition, *Optimus*, *Maximus*. The first Angelick nature hath more names, as more diversity. Every creature

ature consists of Power and Act : the first, *Plato* in *Philebo*, calls Infinite : the second, Finite : all imperfections in the Minde are by reason of the first ; all perfections, from the latter. Her operations are threefold. About Superiours, the contemplation of God ; about the knowledge of her Self ; about Inferiours, the production and care of this sensible World : these three proceed from Act. By Power she descends to make inferiour things ; but in either respect is firm within her self. In the two first, because contemplative ; she is called *Saturn* : in the third *Jupiter*, a name principally applied to her power, as that part from whence is derived the act of production of things. For the same reason is the soul of the World, as she contemplates her self or superiours, termed *Saturn* ; as she is employed in ordering worldly things, *Jupiter* : and since the government of the World belongs properly to her ; the contemplation to the Minde ; therefore is the one absolutely called *Jupiter*, the other *Saturn*.

Sect. IX.

THIS World therefore (as all other creatures) consisteth of a Soul and Body : the Body is all that we behold, compounded of the four Elements. These have their causal being in the Heavens, (which consist not of them, as sublunary things ; for then it would follow that these inferiour parts were made before the celestial, the Elements in themselves being simple, by concourse causing such things as are compounded

pounded of them :) Their formal being from the Moon down to the Earth: Their participate imperfect under the Earth, evident in the Fire, Air and Water experience daily findes there; evinc'd by natural Philosophers: to which the ancient Theologians enigmatically allude by their four infernal Rivers, *Acheron, Cocytus, Styx, and Phlegeton*.

We may divide the body of the World into three parts; Celestial, Mundane, Infernal: The ground why the Poets feign the Kingdom of *Saturn* to be shar'd betwixt his three sons, *Jupiter, Neptune, and Pluto*: implying onely the threefold variation of this corporeal World; which as long as it remains under *Saturn*, that is, in its Ideal Intellectual being, is one and undivided; and so more firm and potent: but falling into the hands of his Sons, that is, chang'd to this material Being, and by them divided into three parts, according to the triple existence of bodies, is more infirm and less potent, degenerating from a spiritual to a corporeal estate. The first part, the heavenly, they attribute to *Jupiter*; the last and lowest to *Pluto*; the middle to *Neptune*. And because in this principality is all generation and corruption, the Theologians express it by the Ocean, ebbing or flowing continually: by *Neptune* understanding the Power or Deity that presides over Generation. Yet we must not imagine these to be different souls, distinctly informing these three parts: the World her self being one, can have but one soul; which as it animates the subterranean parts, is called *Pluto*; the sublunary *Neptune*; the celestial, *Jupiter*. Thus *Plato* in *Phile-*

averres by Jove is understood a regal soul; meaning the principal part of the World which governs the other. This opinion, though onely my own, I suppose is more true then the expositions of the Grecians.

Sect. X.

Next that of the World, Platonists assigne many other rational souls. The eight principal are those of the heavenly Spheres; which according to their opinion exceeded not that number; consisting of the seven Planets, and the starry Orb. These are the nine Muses of the Poets: Calliope (the universal soul of the World) is first: the other eight are distributed to their several Spheres.

Sect. XI.

Plato asserts, * That the Author of the World made the mundane, and all other rational souls, in one Cup, and of the same

* In *Timæo*, ἐκ τῶν αἰσθη-
των καὶ ἁπλῶν, ἐν ᾧ τὴν τῶν
αἰσθητῶν ψυχὴν καὶ ἀνθρώπου
καὶ τῶν αἰσθητῶν ζώων
καὶ ἁπλῶν ψυχῶν, ὁμογενῶς
ἐκ τῆς αὐτῆς οὐσίας, ὡς ἐκ
ἐκ.

Elements; the universall soul being most perfect, ours least: whose parts we may observe by this division: Man, the chain that ties the World together, is placed in the midst: and as all mediums participate of their extremes, his parts correspond with the whole World; thence called *Microcosmus*. In the World is first Corporeal Nature, eternal in the Heavens; corruptible in the Elements, and

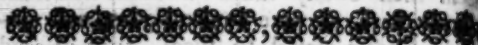
and their compounds, as Stones, Mettals, &c. The Plants. The third degree is of Beasts. The fourth of rational souls. The fifth Angelical mindes. Above these is God, their origine. In Man are likewise two bodies; one eternal, the Platonists *Vehiculum caeleste*, immediately inform'd by the rational soul: The other corruptible, subject to fight, consisting of the Elements: Then the vegetative faculty, by which generated and nourished. The third part is Sensitive and motive. The fourth Rational; by the Latine Peripateticks believ'd the last and most noble part of the Soul: yet above that is the Intellectual and Angelick; the most excellent part whereof, we call, the Souls Union, immediately joyning it to God, in a manner resembling him; as in the other Angels, Beasts, and Plants. About these Platonists differ, *Proclus* and *Porphyrius* onely allow the rational part to be Immortal; *Zenocrates* and *Spensippus* the sensitive also; *Numenius* and *Plotinus* the whole Soul.

SECT. XII.

IDEAS have their causal being in God, their formal in the first Minde, their participated in the rational Soul. In God they are not, but produced by him in the Angelick nature, through this communicated to the Soul, by whom illuminated, when she reflects on her intellectuall parts, she receives the true formes of things, Ideas. Thus differ the souls of Men from the celestial: these

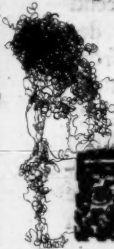
The life in their bodily functions recede not from
 four intellectual, at once contemplating and go-
 Above. Bodies ascend to them, they descend
 knew. Those employ'd in corporeal office are de-
 /ebic liv'd of contemplation, borrowing science from
 ation; to this wholly inclin'd; full of errours :
 fight their onely means of release from this bondage
 erative the amatory life; which by sensible beauties,
 . The exciting in the soul a remembrance of the intel-
 four actual, raiseth her from this terrene life to the
 'd the eternal; by the flame of love refined into an
 above Angel.

The



The Second Book.

Secl. I.



He apprehensive faculties of the Soul employ'd about truth, and falsehood; dissenting to one, dissenting from the other. The first is affirmation; the second, negation. The desiderative converse in good and inclining to this, declining that. The first is Love the second Hate. Love is distinguish'd by its objects; if of riches, termed covetousness; of honour ambition: of heavenly things, piety; of equal friendship: these we exclude, and admit no other signification, but, *the desire to possesse what in itself or at least in our esteem is fair*: of a different nature from the love of God to his Creatures, who comprehending all cannot desire or want the beauty or perfections of another: and from that of friendship which must be reciprocal. We therefore with Plato define it, *ὁρεξις τῷ καλῷ, *The desire of Beauty. Desire is an inclination to real or apparent good. There are divers kinds of good, so of desire. Love is a species of desire; Beauty of good. Desire is Natural or Knowing. All creatures have a particular perfection by participation of the divine goodness. This is their end, including that degree of felicity whereof they are capable; to which centre

Vpon Love.

tend. This desire we call Natural; a great testimony of divine Providence, by which they are unwittingly (as an arrow by the Archer) directed to their mark. With this all Creatures desire God, being the original good imprinted and participated in every particular. This is in every Nature, as more or less capable, adressed to ends more or less noble; yet is the ultimate end of all the same, to enjoy God, as far as they may: thus as the Psalmist, *every thing worships and praiseth God*; like supplicants *turning and offering themselves up to him*, as *Theodore*.

Seet. II.

The other Species of Desire is employ'd onely about things known, given by Nature that to every apprehensive faculty there might be a desiderative; to embrace what it judgeth good, to refuse what it esteemeth evil; in its own nature inclin'd to good: None ever desir'd to be miserable; but the apprehensive Vertue many times mistaking Evil for Good, it oft falls out that the desiderative (in its Platonic blinde) desires Evil. This in some sense may be said voluntary, for none can force it; in another sense, not voluntary, deceiv'd by the judgement of its Companion. This is *Plato's* * *In Timaeo*, *Kallippos* meaning when he saith, * *No Man* *ἄνθρωπος οὐδὲν ἑκών* *ἔσθ' ἔστιν.* *willingly.*

Seet.

Sect. III.

IT is the Property of every desiderative Vertue That He who desires, possesseth in part the thing he desires; in part not: for if he were wholly deprived of its Possession, he would never desire it: this is verified two wayes. First, nothing is desired unless it be known; and to know a thing, is some sort to possess it. So *Aristotle* *De Anima*, 3.9. *in ψυχῇ τὰ ὅντα*. * *The Soul is all, because it knows all things*. And in the Psalmist, God saith, *things are mine, I know them*. Secondly, there is some wayes some convenience and resemblance betwixt the desirer, and desired: Every thing delights, and preserves it self by that, which by natural affinity is most conformable to it; by its contrary is grieved and consum'd. Love is not betwixt things unlike: Repugnance of two opposite natures is natural: Hate is a repugnance with knowledge. Hence it followeth, that the nature of the desired, is in some manner in the desirer; otherwise, there would be no similitude betwixt them: yet imperfectly; else they were vain for it to seek what it entirely possesseth.

Sect. IV.

AS desire generally follows knowledge, so several knowing are annexed to several desiderative Powers. We distinguish the knowing into three degrees; Sense, Reason, Intellect; attended by three desiderative Vertues, Appetite, Election, and

Will. Appetite is in Brutes ; Election in Men ; Will in Angels. The Sense knows onely corporeal things, the Appetite onely desires such ; the Angelick Intellect is wholly intent on Contemplation of spiritual Conceptions ; not inclining to Material Things, but when divested of Matter, and spiritualiz'd, their Will is onely fed with intemporal spiritual Good. Rationall Nature is the Mean betwixt these Extreams ; sometimes descending to Sense, sometimes elevated to Intellect ; by its own Election complying with the desires of which she pleaseth. Thus it appears that corporeal Objects are desired, either by Sensual Appetite, or Election of Reason inclining to Sense : Incorporeal by Angelick Will, or the Election of Reason elevated to Intellectual Height.

Sect. V.

Beauty in general is a *Harmony resulting from several things proportionably concurring to constitute a third* ; In respect of which temperament and mixture of various Natures, agreeing in the composition of one, every creature is Fair ; and in this sense no simple being is beautiful ; not God himself ; this Beauty begins after him ; arising from contrariety, without which is no composition ; it being the union of contraries, a friendly enmity, a disagreeing concord ; whence *Empedocles* makes discord and concord the principles of all things ; by the first, understanding the variety of the Natures compounding ; by the Second,

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their

their Union: adding, that in God onely there is no Discord, he not being the Union of several Natures, but a pure uncompounded Unity: In these compositions the Union necessarily predominates over the contrariety; otherwise the Fabrick would be dissolved. Thus in the Fictions of Poets, *Venus* loves *Mars*: this Beauty cannot subsist without contrariety; she curbs and moderates him; this temperament allays the strife betwixt these contraries. And in Astrology, *Venus* is plac'd next *Mars*, to check his destructive influence; as *Jupiter* next *Saturn*, to abate his malignancy. If *Mars* were always subject to *Venus*, (the contrariety of principles to their due temper) nothing would ever be dissolved.

SECT. VI.

THIS is Beauty in the largest sence, the same with Harmony; whence God is said to have fram'd the World with musical harmonious temperament. But Harmony properly implyes a melodious agreement of Voices; and Beauty in a restrict acceptation relates to a proportionable concord in visible things, as Harmony in audible. The desire of this Beauty is Love; arising onely from one knowing faculty, the Sight: & that gave *Plotinius*, (*Ennead 3. lib. 5. 3.*) occasion to derive *ἔρως* Love, from *ὄρασις* Sight. Here the Platonist may object; If Love be onely of visible things, how can it be applyed to Ideas, invisible natures? We answer, Sight is twofold, corporeal, and spiritual; the first is that of Sense, the other

other the Intellectual faculty, by which we agree with Angels; this Platonists call Sight, the corporeal being only an image of this. So Aristotle, *Intellect is that to the Soul which sight is to the Body*: Hence is *Minerva* (Wisdom) by Homer call'd *γλαυκῶπις*, *Bright-ey'd*. With this sight *Moses*, *S. Paul*, and other Saints, beheld the face of God: this Divines call Intellectual, intuitive cognition; the *Beatifical vision*, the *Reward of the Righteous*.

ScEt. VII.

AS Sight, so Beauty (its object) is twofold; (the two *Venus's* celebrated by *Plato*, [*Sympos.*] and our Poet) Sensible, called Vulgar *Venus*, Intellectual in Ideas (which are the object of the Intellect as colour of sight,) nam'd Celestial *Venus*. Love also is twofold, Vulgar, and Celestial; for as *Plato* saith, * *There must necessarily be as many Loves as Venus's.*

SECT. VIII.

Venus then is Beauty, whereof Love is generated: properly his Mother, because Beauty is the cause of Love, not as productive principle of this act, to Love, but as its object: the soul being the efficient cause of it as of all his acts; Beauty the material: For in Philosophy the efficient is assimilated to the Father, the material to the Mother.

Sect. IX.

Celestial Love is an Intellectual desire of Ideal Beauty: Ideas (as we said before) are the Patterns of things in God, as, in their Fountain; in the Angelick Minde, Essential; in the Soul by Participation, which with the Substance partakes of the Ideas and Beauty of the first Mind. Hence it follows, that Love of Celestial Beauty in the Soul, is not Celestial Love perfectly, but the nearest Image of it. Its truest being is with the desire of Ideal Beauty in the first Minde, which God immediately adorns with Ideas.

Sect. X.

Love (saith *Plato*) was begot on *Penia*, by *Porus*, (the Son of *Metis*) in *Jupiters* Orchard, being drunk with Nectar, when the Gods met to celebrate *Venus* birth. Nature in it self inform, when it receives form from God is the Angelick Minde; this form is Ideas, the first Beauty; which in this descent from their divine Fountain, mixing with a different nature, become imperfect. The first Minde, by its opacousness eclipsing their lustre, desires that Beauty which they have lost; this desire is Love; begot when *Porus* the affluence of Ideas mixeth with *Penia* the indigence of that form nature we termed *Jupiter* (1.8.) in whose Garden the Ideas are planted, with these the first Minde adorned, was by the Ancients named Paradise;

to which contemplative life and eternal felicity *Zephyrus* inviting us saith, *Seek, seek Paradise: Our Divines transfer it to the Calm Empyream, the seat of the happy Souls, whose blessedness consists in contemplation and perfection of the Intellect, according to Plato.* This Love *begot on Venus's birthday*, that is, when the Ideal Beauty, though imperfectly, is infused into the Angelick Minde; *Venus* yet as a childe, not grown to perfection. *All the Gods assembled at this Feast, that is their Ideas*, (as by *Saturn* we understand both the Planet and his Idea) an expression borrowed from *Parmenides*. These Gods then are those Ideas that precede *Venus* (She is the Beauty and Grace resulting from their variety:) *Invited to a banquet of Nectar and Ambrosia*; those whom God feasts with Nectar and Ambrosia are eternal beings, the rest not; These Ideas of the Angelick Minde are the first eternals; *Porus was drunk with Nectar*, this Ideal affluence fill'd with Eternity; other Ideas were not admitted to the Feast, nor indued with Immortality.

Orpheus upon the same grounds saith, Love was born before all other Gods, in the bosome of Chaos: Because Nature full of indistinct imperfect forms (the Mind replenished with confused Ideas) desires their perfection.


SECT. XI.

THE Angelick Minde desires to make these Ideas perfect; which can onely be done by means opposite to the causes of their imperfection, these are

Recession from their Principle and mixture with a contrary Nature; Their remedy, separation from the unlike Nature, and return and conjunction (as far as possible) with God. Love, the desire of this Beauty, excites the Minde to conversion and reunion with him. Every thing is more perfect as nearer its Principle; This is the first Circle. The Angelick Minde, proceeding from the Union of God, by revolution of intrinsecal knowledge returneth to him. Which with the Ancients is *Venus adulta*, grown to perfection. Every Nature that may have this conversion, is a Circle; such alone are the Intellectual and Rational, and therefore onely capable of felicity, the obtaining their first Principle, their ultimate end and highest good. This is peculiar to Immortal Substances, for the Material (as both Platonists and Peripateticks grant) have not this reflection upon themselves, or their Principle. These (the Angelick Minde and Rational Soul) are the two intelligible Circles; answerable to which in the corporeal World are two more; the tenth Heaven immoveable, image of the first Circle; the Celestial Bodies, that are moveable, image of the second: The first *Plato* mentions not, as wholly different and irrepresentable by corporeal Nature: of the second in *Timaeo* he saith, That *all the Circles of this visible Heaven* (by him distinguished into the fixed Sphere, and seven Planets) *represent as many Circles in the Rational Soul.*

Some attribute the name of Circle to God; by the ancient Theologists called *Caelus*; being a Sphere which comprehends all, as the outmost Heaven includes the World.

In one respect this agrees with God, in another not: the property of beginning from a point and returning to it, is repugnant to him; who hath no beginning, but is himself that indivisible point from which all Circles begin, and to which they return: And in this sense it is likewise inconsistent with material things; they have a beginning, but cannot return to it.

In many other Properties it agrees with God; He is the most perfect of beings; this of figures: neither admit addition: The last Sphear is the place of all Bodies, God of all Spirits: the Soul (say Platonists) is not in the Body, but the Body is in the Soul, the Soul in the Minde, the Minde in God, the outmost Place; who is therefore named by the Cabalists .

sect. XII.

THe three Graces are Handmaids to *Venus*, *Thalia*, *Euphrosyne*, *Aglais*; Viridity, Gladness, Splendour; properties attending Ideal Beauty. *Thalia*, is the permanence of every thing in its entire being; thus is Youth called green, Man being then in his perfect state; which decays at his years increase, into his last dissolution. *Venus*, is proportion, uniting all things; Viridity, the duration of it; In the Ideal World where is the first *Venus*, is also the first Viridity; for no Intelligible Nature recedes from its being by growing old. It communicates this property to sensible things as far as they are capable of this *Venus*, that is, as long as their

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due

due proportion continues. The two other properties of Ideal Beauty are Illustration of the Intellect, *Aglaia*, Repletion of the will with desire and joy, *Euphrosine*;

Of the Graces one is painted looking toward us; The continuation of our being is no reflex act: The other two with their faces from us, seeming to return; the operations of the Intellect and Will are reflexive; *What comes from God to us, returns from us to God.*

Seet. XIII.

Venus is said to be born of the Sea; Matter the Inform Nature whereof every Creature is compounded, is represented by Water, continually flowing, easily receptible of any form. This being first in the Angelick Minde, Angels are many times exprest by Water, as in the Psalms, *The Waters above the Heavens praise God continually*; so interpreted by *Origen*; and some Platonists expound the Ocean (stil'd by *Homer* Father of Gods and Men) this Angelick Minde Principle and Fountain of all other Creatures; *Gemistius*, *Neptune*; as Commander of all Waters, of all Mindes Angelical and Humane. This is that living Fountain, whereof he that drinketh shall never thirst; These are the Waters whereon (*David* saith) God hath founded the World.

Seet. XIV.

Porus (the Affluence of Ideas proceeding from God) is stiled by *Plato* the Son of *Metis* (Counsel,)

In Imitation of the Scripture : whence our
 Counsel by *Dionysius Areop.* is termed the Angel of
 Counsel, that is, the Messenger of God the Father,
Agicen calls the first Cause conciliative, the
 Minde not having Ideas from it self but from God,
 whose counsel she receiveth Knowledge and
 art to frame this visible World.

Sett. XV.

Ove * according to *Plato* is Young-
 est and Oldest of the Gods; They as
 other things, have a twofold Being,
 Ideal and Natural. The first God in his
 Ideal Being was Love, who dispenc'd
 theirs to all the rest, the last in his Ideal. Love was
 born in the Descent of the Ideas into the Angelick
 Minde, which could not be perfect till they, its Es-
 sence, were made so, by Loves conversion to God,
 The Angelick Minde owing its naturall being to
 Love, the other Gods who succeed this Minde, ne-
 cessarily are younger then He in their natural Being,
 though they precede him in their Ideal, as not born
 till these Ideas, though imperfectly, were joynd
 to the inform'd Nature.

* *Sympos. Na-*
αὐτὸς ὁ θεὸς
& ἐστὶν ὁ πρῶτος
ὁ θεὸς ὁ ἀγαπῶν
ὁ θεὸς ὁ ἀγαπῶν

Sett. XVI.

The Kingdom of Necessity is said to be before
 that of Love : Every Creature consists of
 two Natures, Material, the imperfect (w^{ch} we here
 understand by Necessity,) & Formal, the occasion of
 perfection. That wherof it most partakes is said to be
 predominant, & the creature to be subject to it. Hence
 is Ne-

Necessity (Matter) suppos'd to reign when the deas were imperfect, and all Imperfections to open during that time; all perfections after Love gan his reign; for when the Minde was by converted to God, that which before was imperfect in her, was perfected.

SECT. XVII.

Plat. **V**enus is said to command Fate. The *Sympos.* Order and concatenation of causes and effects in this sensible World, called Fate, depends on the order of the Intelligible World. Providence Hence Platonists place Providence, (the ordering of Ideas) in the first Minde, depending upon God's ultimate end, to which it leads all other things. Thus *Venus* being the order of those Ideas where Fate, the Worlds order, depends, commands it.

Fate is divided into three parts, *Clothes*, *Lachesis*, & *Atropos*: That which is one in Providence, is divisible in Eternity, when it comes into Time Fate is divisible, into Past, Present, and Future. Others apply *Atropos* to the fixed Sphear, *Clothes* to the seven Planets, *Lachesis*, to sublunary things.

Temporal corporeal things onely are subjected to Fate; the Rational Soul being incorporeal predominates over it; but is subjected to Providence, to serve which is true Liberty. By whom the Will (obeying its Laws) is lead to the Acquisition of the desired end. And as often as she endeavours to loose her self from this Servitude, of Free she becomes a Servant and Slave to Fate, of whom be

she was the Mistress. To deviate from the ways of Providence is to forsake Reason to follow sense and Irrational Appetite, which being corporeal are under Fate; he that serves these is much more a servant than those he serves.

SECT. XVIII.

AS from God Ideas descend into the Angelick Mind, by which the Love of Intellectual Beauty is begot in her, called *Divine Love*; so the same Ideas descend from the Angelick Minde into the rational Soul; so much the more imperfect in her, as she wants of Angelicall Perfection: From these springs *Humane Love*. *Plato* discourseth of the same, *Plotinus* of the latter: who by the same Argument whereby he proves Ideas not accidental but substantiall in the Angelick Minde, evinceth likewise the specifical Reatons, the Ideas in the Soul, to be substantial, terming the Soul *Venus*, as having a precious Splendid Love in respect of these specifical Reatons.

SECT. XIX.

Vulgar Love is the Appetite of sensible Beauty, through corporeal sight. The cause of this Beauty is the visible Heaven by its moving Power, our motive faculty consists in Muscles and Nerves, (the Instruments of its Operation,) so the motive faculty of Heaven is fitted with a Body proper for circular sempiternal motion; Through which Body the

the Soul (as a Painter with his Pencil changeth the inferiour matter into various forms. Thus vulgar Beauty (the beauty of material forms) hath her cause being from the moving power of the Heavens, her form from colour, enlightned by the visible as Ideas by the invisible; her participate in the Figure and just order of parts communicated to sight by mediation of light and colour, by whose intermedion only it procures love.

Sect. XX.

AS when the Ideas descend into the Mind there ariseth a desire of enjoying that from whence this Ideal Beauty comes; so when the species of sensible Beauty flow into the Eye, they springs a twofold Appetite of Union with that whence this Beauty is deriv'd, one sensuall, the other rational; the Principles of Bestial and humane Love. If We follow Sense, We Judge the Body wherein We behold this Beauty, to be a Fountain; whence proceeds a desire of Coition, the most intimate union with it: This is the Love of irrational Creatures. But Reason knows that the Body is so far from being its Original, that it is destructive to it, and the more it is severed from the Body, the more it enjoyes its own Nature and Dignity: We must not fix with the species of Sense in the Body, but refine the species from all reliques of corporeal infection.

And because Man may be understood by the Rational soul, either considered apart, or in its union with the Body ; in the first sence, humane Love is the Image of the Celestial ; in the second, Desire of sensible Beauty ; this being by the Soul abstracted from matter, and (as much as its nature will allow) made intellectual. The greater part of Men reach no higher then this ; others more perfect, remembering that more perfect Beauty which the Soul (before immerst in the Body) beheld, are inclin'd with an incredible desire of reviewing it, in pursuit whereof they separate themselves as much from the Body, of which the Soul (returning to its first Dignity) becomes absolute Mistress. This is the Image of Celestial Love, by which Man ariseth from one perfection to another, till his Soul (wholly united to the Intellect) is made an Angel. Purged from Material dross and transformed into spiritual flame by this Divine Power he mounts up to the Intelligible Heaven, and happily rests in his Fathers bosome,

SECT. XXI.

Vulgar love is onely in Souls immerst in Matter, and overcome by it, or at least hindred by perturbations and passions. Angelick Love is in the Intellect, eternal as it. Yet but inferr'd, the greater part turning from the Intellect to sensible things, and corporeal Cares. But so perfect are these celestial Souls, that they can discharge both Functions, rule the Body, yet not be taken off from Contemplation,

Contemplation of Superiours: these the Poets
 nifie by *Janus* with two faces; one looking
 ward upon Sensible things, the other on Intelle-
 ble: lesse perfect Souls, have but one face, and
 they turn that to the Body, cannot see the Intel-
 being depriv'd of Contemplation; when to the
 intellect, cannot see the Body, neglecting the
 thereof. Hence those Souls that must forsake
 Intellect to apply themselves to Corporeal Gov-
 ernment, are by Divine Providence confin'd to cadu-
 corruptible Bodies, loosed from which, they
 in a short time, if they fail not themselves, return
 their Intellectual felicity. Other souls not hind-
 from Speculation are tyed to eternal incorrupti-
 Bodies,

Celestial Souls then (design'd by *Janus*, as
 Principles of Time, motion intervening,) beh-
 the Ideal Beauty in the Intellect to love it perpe-
 ally; and inferior sensible things, not to desire
 Beauty, but to communicate this other to the
 Our Souls before united to the Body are in
 manner double fac'd, but are then as it were cleav-
 sunder, retaining but one; which as they turn to
 ther object, Sensual or Intellectual, is deprived
 the other.

Thus is vulgar Love inconsistent with the Ce-
 stial; and many ravish'd at the sight of Intellectual
 Beauty, become blinde to sensible; imply'd
Callimachus, *Hymn*. 5. in the Fable of *Tyresias*,
 who viewing *Pallas* naked, lost his sight, yet
 her was made a Prophet, closing the eyes of his
 dy, she open'd those of his Minde, by which he

both the Present and Future. The Ghost of
 which inspired *Homer* with all Intellectual
 contemplations in Poetry, deprived him of corpo-
 real sight.

Though Celestial Love liveth eternally in the In-
 tellect of every Soul, yet only those few make use
 of it, who declining the Care of the Body, can with
Paul say, *Whether in the Body or out of the Body*
I know not. To which state a Man sometimes ar-
 duously strives; but continues there but a while, as we see in
 many Mystics.

SECT. XXII.

Thus in our Soul, (naturally indifferent to sensi-
 ble or intelligible Beauty,) there may be three
 kinds of Loves; one in the Intellect, Angelical; the second
 in the Imagination, humane; the third Sensual; the two latter are con-
 cerned about the same object, Corporeal Beauty;
 the first sensually fixeth its Intention wholly in it; the
 second humane separates it from Matter: The greater part
 of Mankind go no further then these two; but
 they whose understandings are purified by Philoso-
 phy, knowing sensible Beauty to be but the Image
 of another more perfect, leave it, and desire to see
 the Celestial, of which they have already a Taste in
 their Remembrance, if they persevere in this Men-
 tal Elevation, they finally obtain it; and recover
 that, which though in them from the beginning,
 yet they were not sensible of, being diverted by
 other Objects.

The Sonnet.

I.

Love, whose hand guides my Hearts strict Rule,
 Though he govern it, disdains
 To keep the Fire with pious care
 Which he himself enkindled there)
 Compels my backward Soul to tell
 What flames within her Bosome dwell;
 Fear would perswade her to decline
 The charge of such a high design;
 But all her weak reluctance fails,
 'Gainst greater Force no Force avails.
 Love to advance her flight will lend
 Those wings by which he did descend
 Into my Heart, where he to rest
 For ever, long since built his Nest:
 I what from thence he dictates write,
 And draw him thus by his own Light.

II.

Love, flowing from the sacred Spring
 Of uncreated Good, I sing:
 When born; how Heaven he moves; the Soul
 Informs; and doth the World controul;
 How closely luing in the heart,
 With his sharp weapons subtle art
 From heavy earth he Man unties,
 Enforcing him to reach the skies.

How kindled, how he flames, how burns;
By what laws guided now he turns
To Heaven, now to the Earth descends,
Now rests 'twixt both, to neither bends.
Apollo, Thee I invoke,
Bowing beneath so great a weight.
Love, guide me through this dark design,
And imp my shorter wings with thine.

III.

VHen from true Heav'n the sacred Sun
Into th' Angelick Minde did run,
And with enliv'ned Leaves adorn,
Bestowing form on his first-born;
Enflamed by innate Desires,
She to her chiefest good aspires;
By which reversion her rich Brest
With various Figures is imprest;
And by this love exalted, turns
Into the Sun for whom she burns.
This flame, rais'd by the Light that shin'd
From Heav'n into th' Angelick Minde,
Ueldest Loves religious Ray,
By Wealth and Want begot that Day,
When Heav'n brought forth the Queen, whose Hand
The Cyprian Scepter doth Command.

IV.

THis born in amorous Cypris armes,
The Sun of her bright Beauty, warms:

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From

From this our first desire accrues,
 Which in new fetters caught, pursues
 The honourable path that guides
 Where our eternal good resides.
 By this the fire, through whose fair beams
 Life from above to Mankinde streams,
 Is kindled in our hearts, which glow
 Dying, yet dying greater grow;
 By this th'immortal Fountain flows,
 Which all Heaven forms below, bestows;
 By this descends that shower of light
 Which upwards doth our minds invite;
 By this th'Eternal Sun inspires
 And Souls with sacred lustre fires.

V.

AS God doth to the Minde dispen-
 Its Being, Life, Intelligence,
 So doth the Minde the Soul acquaint
 How t'understand, to move, to paint;
 She thus prepar'd, the Sun that shines
 In the Eternal Breast designs,
 And here what she includes diffuses,
 Exciting every thing that uses
 Motion and sense (beneath her state)
 To live, to know, to operate.
 Inferiour Venus hence took Birth;
 Who shines in Heav'n, but lives on Earth,
 And o're the World her shadow spreads:
 The elder in the Suns Glasse reads

Her Face, through the confused skyreen
 Of a dark Shade-obscurely seen;
 She Lustre from the sun receives,
 And to the Other Lustre gives;
 Celestial Love on this depends,
 The younger, vulgar Love attends.

VI.

Form'd by th' eternal Look of God,
 From the Suns most sublime abode,
 The Soul descends into Mans Heart,
 Imprinting there with wondrous Art
 What Worth She borrowed of Her Starre,
 And brought in her Celestial Carre;
 As well as humane Matter yeilds,
 She thus her curious Mansion builds;
 Yet all those frames from the divine
 Impression differently decline:
 The Sun, who's figur'd here, his Beams
 Into anothers Bosome streams;
 In whose agreeing Soul he staves,
 And guilds it with his virtuous Rayes:
 The Heart in which Affection's bred,
 Is thus by pleasing Errour fed.

VII.

The Heart where pleasing Errour reigns,
 This object as her Childe maintains,
 By the fair Light that in her shines
 (A rare Celestial Gift,) refines;

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And

And by degrees at last doth bring
 To her first splendours sacred Spring :
 From this divine Look, one Sun passes
 Through three refulgent Burning-glasses,
 Kindling all Beauty, which the Spirit,
 The Body, and the Minde inherit.
 These rich Spoyles, by th' Eye first caught,
 Are to the Souls next Handmaid brought,
 Who there resides : She to the Brest
 Sends them ; reform'd, but not exprest :
 The Heart, from Matter Beauty takes
 Of many one Conception makes ;
 And what were meant by Natures Laws,
 Distinct, She in one Picture draws.

VIII.

THe Heart by Love allur'd to see
 Within her self her Progenie ;
 This, like the Suns reflected Rayes
 Upon the Waters face, survayes ;
 Yet some divine, though clouded Light
 Seems here to twinckle, and invite
 The pious Soul, a Beauty more
 Sublime, and Perfect to adore.
 Who sees no longer his dim shade
 Upon the Earths vast Globe display'd,
 But certain Lustre, of the True
 Suns truest Image, now in view.
 The Soul thus entering in the Minde,
 There such uncertainty doth finde,

That she to clearer Light applies
Her Armes, and near the first Sun flies:
She by his splendour beaution grows,
By loving whom all Beauty flows
Upon the Minde, Soul, World, and All
Included in this spacious Ball.

IX.

BUt hold! Love stops the forward Course
That me beyond my scope would force.
Great Power! if any Soul appears,
Who not alone the blossomes wears,
But of the rich Fruit is possest,
Lend him thy Light, deny the rest.

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The



The Third Book



To treat of both Loves belongs to different Sciences; Vulgar Love to Natural or Moral Philosophy; Divine, to Theology or Metaphysics. Solomon discourseth excellently of the first in *Ecclesiastes*, as a Natural Philosopher, in his *Proverbs* as a Moral: Of the Second in his *Canticles*, esteemed the most divine of all the Songs in Scripture.

Stanza I.

The chief order established by divine Wisdom in created things is, that every inferiour Nature be immediately governed by the superiour; whom whilst it obeys, it is guarded from all ill, and lead without any obstruction to its determinate felicity; but if through too much affection to its own liberty, and desire to prefer the licentious life before the profitable, it rebell from the superiour nature, it falls into a double inconvenience. First, like a ship given over by the Pilot, it lights sometimes on one Rock, sometimes on another, without hope of reaching the Port. Secondly, it loseth the command it had over the Natures subjected to it, as it hath deprived its superiour of his. Irrational Nature is ruled by another, unfit for its Imperfection to rule any. God by his ineffable Excellence provides
for

for every thing, himself needs not the providence of any other : betwixt the two extreams, God and Bruits, are Angels and Rational Souls, governing others, and govern'd by others : The first Hierarchy of Angels immediately illuminated by God, enlighten the next under them ; the last (by Platonists termed *Demons*, by the Hebrews דמונים as Guardians of *Men*) are set over us as We over Irrationals, So *Psal.* 8. Whilst the Angels continued subject to the divine Power, they retained their Authority over other Creatures ; but when *Lucifer* and his Companions, through inordinate love of their own Excellence, aspir'd to be equal with God, and to be conserved, as he, by their own strength, they fell from Glory to extream Misery ; and when they lost the Priviledge they had over others, seeing us freed from their Empire, enviously every hour insidiate our good. The same order is in the lesser World, our Soul : the inferiour faculties are directed by the superiour, whom following they erre not. The imaginative corrects the mistakes of outward sense ; Reason is illuminated by the Intellect, nor do we at any time miscarry, but when the Imaginative will not give credit to Reason, or Reason confident of it self, resists the Intellect. In the desiderative the Appetite is govern'd by the Rational, the Rational by the Intellectual, which our Poet implies, saying,

[*Love whose hand guides my hearts strict reins.*]

The cognoscitive powers are seated in the *Head*, the desiderative in the *Heart* : In every well order'd Soul the Appetite is govern'd by Intellectual

Love; implied by the Metaphore of *Reines* borrowed from *Plato* in his *Phædrus*.

[*Love to advance my flight, will lend
The wings by which he did descend
Into my heart--*]

When any superiour vertue is said to *descend*, we imply not that it leaves its own height to come down to us, but draws us up to it self: its descending to us, is our ascending to it: otherwise such conjunction would be the imperfection of the vertue, not the perfection of him who receives it.

II.

[*Love flowing from the sacred Spring
Of uncreated good--*]

From the Fountain of divine goodness into our Souls in which that influx is terminated.

[*When born, &c.*]

The order, participation, conversion of Ideas; See *lib. 2. Sect.*

[*--how Heaven he moves, the Soul
Informs, and doth the World controul.*]

Of these three properties Love is not the efficient: God produceth the Ideas in the Angelick Minde; the Minde illustrates the Soul with Ideal Beauty; Heaven is moved by its proper Soul: But without Love these principles do not operate: He is cause of the Mindes conversion to God, and of the Souls to the Minde; without which the Ideas would not descend into the one, nor the specifick reasons into the other: the Soul not illuminated by these,

these, could not elicit this sensible form out of matter by the motion of Heaven.

III.

When the first emanation from God (the plenty of Ideas) descended into the Angelick Minde, she, desiring their perfection reverts to God, obtaining of him what she covets; which the more fully she possesseth, the more fervently she loves. This desire, (Celestial Love,) born of the obscure Minde and Ideas, is explain'd in this *Stanza*.

[--true Heaven--]

God, who includes all created beings, as Heaven all sensible, *lib. 2. Sect.* Onely Spiritual things according to Platonists are true and real, the rest but shadows and images of these.

[--the sacred Sun]

The light of Ideas streaming from God.

[--enlivened leaves--]

The Metaphore of *Leaves* relates to the Orchard of *Jupiter*, where these Ideas were planted 2. 10. Enlivened as having in themselves the principle of their operation, Intellection, the noblest life, as the Psalmist, *Give me understanding and I shall live*. So the Cabalists to the second *Sephirah*, which is *Wisdom*, attribute the name of *Life*.

[--adorn bestowing form--]

To *adorn* denotes no more then accidentall perfection, but Ideas are the Substance of the Minde,

the Minde, and therefore he adds *bestowing* for which though they come to her from without, receives not as accidents, but as her first intrinsic act: which our Author implies, terming her *definite* innate.

[*And by this Love exalted, turns
Into the Sun, for whom she burns.*]

Love transforms the lover into the thing loved.

[*--Wealth and Want--*]

Porus and Penia. 2. 10.

IV.

The properties of Celestial Love are in this *State* discovered.

[*--in new fetters caught--*]

The Soul being oppress'd by the Body, her desire of Intellectual Beauty sleeps; but awakened by Love, is by the sensible Beauty of the Body led last to their Fountain, God.

[*--which glow*

Dying, yet glowing greater grow.]

Motion and Operation are the signes of life, the privation of death: in him who applies himself to the intellectual part, the rational and the sensible fail; by the Rational he is Man; by the Intellectual communicates with Angels: As Man he dyes, *reviv'd* an Angel. Thus the Heart *dyes* in the flame of Intellectual Love, yet consumes not, but by this death *grows greater*, receives a new and more sublime life. See in *Plato* the Fables of *Alceus* and *Orpheus*.

V.

This Stanza is a description of sensible Beauty.

[The elder in the Sun's glasse reads
Her face, through the confused skreen
Of a dark shade obscurely seen.]

Sensible light is the act and efficacy of corporeal, natural light of Intelligible Beauty. Ideas in their ascent into the inform Anglick Minde, were as clouds and figures in the Night: As he who by moon-light seeth some fair object, desires to view and enjoy it more fully in the day; so the Minde weakly beholding in her self the Ideal Beauty dim, and opacous (which our Author calls *the skreen of dark shade*) by reason of the Night of her imperfection, turns (like the Moon) to the eternal Sun, to perfect her Beauty by him; to whom addressing her self, she becomes Intelligible light; clearing the way of Celestial Venus, and rendering it visible to the eye of the first Minde.

In sensible Beauty we consider first the object in self; the same at Midnight as at Noon: Secondly the light, in a manner the Soul thereof: the Author supposeth, that as the first part of sensible Beauty (corporeal forms) proceeds from the first part of Intellectual Beauty (Ideal forms,) so sensible light flows from the intelligible descending upon Ideas.

VL VII. VIII.

Corporeal Beauty implies, first the material disposition of the Body, consisting of quantity in the proportion and distance of parts, of quality in figure and

and colour: Secondly, a certain quality which not be exprest by any term better then Gracefulness, shining in all that is fair; This is proper to *Venus*, Beauty, which kindles the fire of Love in Mankind: They who affirm it results from disposition of the Body, the sight, figure, colour of features, are easily confuted by experience. We see many persons exact, and unspeakable in every part, destitute of this grace, comeliness; others lesse perfect in those particular conditions, excellently graceful and comely; *Catullus*,

*Many think Quintia beauious; fair and tall,
And strait she is, a part I grant her all,
But altogether beauious I deny:
For not one grace doth that large shape supply.*

He grants her Perfection of Quality, Figure and Quantity, yet not allows her handsome, wanting this Grace. This then must by consequence be ascribed to the Soul; which when perfectly lucid, transfuseth even into the Body some Beam of its Splendour. When *Moses* came from the Divine Vision in the Mount, his face did shine exceedingly, that the People could not behold it, unless veild. *Porphyrius* relates, that when *Plotinus* his Soul was elevated by divine Contemplation, an extraordinary brightness appear'd in his look. *Plotinus* himself avers, that there was never a beautiful Person wicked, that this Gracefulness

The Body is a certain signe of Perfection in the
Proverbs 17. 24. *Wisdom shineth in the coun-*
tenance of the Wise.
From Material Beauty We ascend to the first
attain by six Degrees : the Soul through the
Image represents to her self the Beauty of some
particular Person, inclines to it, is pleased with
it, and while she rests here, is in the first, the
lowest imperfect material degree. 2. She reforms
her imagination the Image she hath received,
making it more perfect as more spiritual ; and
separating it from Matter, brings it a little nea-
rer to Ideal Beauty. 3. By the light of the agent
Intellect abstracting this Form from all singulari-
ties, she considers the universal Nature of Corpo-
real Beauty by it self : This is the highest degree
the Soul can reach whilst she goes no further
than Sense. 4. Reflecting upon her own Ope-
ration, the knowledge of universal Beauty, and
considering that every thing founded in Matter is
particular, she concludes this universality pro-
ceeds not from the outward Object, but her
intrinsic Power : and reasons thus : If in the
same Glasse of Material Phantasmes this Beau-
ty is represented by vertue of my Light, it
follows, that beholding it in the clear Mir-
rour of my substance devested of those
clouds, it will appear more perspicuous : thus
turning into her self, she findes the Image
of Ideal Beauty communicated to her by the
Intellect, the Object of Celestial Love. 5.
She

7. She ascends from this Idea in her self, to the
 where Celestial *Venus* is, in her proper form: *Venus*
 in fulness of her Beauty not being comprehended
 by any particular Intellect, she as much as
 lies, endeavours to be united to the first Mind,
 chiefest of Creatures, and general Habitation
 Ideal Beauty, obtaining this, she terminates,
 fixeth her journey; this is the first and last degree
 They are all imply'd in the 6, 7, and 8 *Stanzas*.

[Form'd by th' Eternal look, &c.]

Platonists affirm some Souls are of the nature
Saturn, others of *Jupiter* or some other Planet;
 meaning, one Soul hath more Conformity in its Nature
 with the Soul of the Heaven of *Saturn*, then with
 that of *Jupiter*, and so on the contrary; of which there
 can be no internal Cause, assigned; the External
 God, who (as *Plato* in his *Timæus*) Soweth
 scattereth Souls, some in the Moon, others in the
 Planets and Stars, the Instruments of Time.

Many imagine the Rational Soul descending from
 her Star, in her *Vehiculum Cæleste*, of her self forming
 the Body, to which by that Medium she is united.
 Our Author upon these grounds supposeth, that
 to the *Vehiculum* of the Soul, by her endued with
 Power to form the Body, is infused from her Star
 particular formative vertue, distinct according to
 that Star; thus the aspect of one is Saturnine, of
 another Jovial, &c. in their looks we read the nature
 of their Souls.

But because inferiour Matter is not ever obedient
 to the Stamp, the vertue of the Soul is not always

are equally exprest in the visible Effigies; hence happens that two of the same Nature are unlike; Matter whereof the one consists, being lesse disposed to receive that Figure then the other; but in that is compleat is in this imperfect; our Author infers, that the figures of two Bodies being formed by vertue of the same Star, this Community begets Love.

[From the Suns most sublime abroad.]

The Tropicke of Cancer: by which Souls according to Platonists descend, ascending by Capricorn. Cancer is the House of the Moon, who predominates over the vital Parts, Capricorn of Saturn pre-ling over Contemplation.

[The Heart in which affection's bred
Is thus by pleasing Error fed.]

Frequently, if not alwayes, the Lover believes that which he loves more beautiful then it is, he holds it in the Image his Soul hath formed of it; much fairer as more separate from Matter, the principle of Deformity; besides, the Soul is more indulgent in her Affection to this Species, considering it is her own Childe produc'd in her Imagination.

[--one Sun passes

Through three refulgent Burning-glasses.]

One Light flowing from God, beautifies the Angelick, the Rational Nature, and the Sensible World.

[--the Souls next Hand-maid--]

The Imaginative

[--to the Breast

The

The *Breast* and *Heart* here taken for the
because her nearest Lodging; the Fountain of
and Heat.

[--reform'd but not exprest.]

Reform'd by the Imagination from the deformity of Matter; yet not reduc'd to perfect immutability, without which true Beauty is not *Exprest*.

F I N I S.

